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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FATTED CALF.

MRS. BRATTLE, when she heard her daughter's voice, was so confounded, dismayed and frightened that for a while she could give no direction as to what should be done. She had screamed at first, having some dim idea in her mind that the form she saw was not of living flesh and blood. And Carry herself had been hardly more composed or mistress of herself than her mother. She had strayed thither, never having quite made up her mind to any settled purpose. From the spot in which she had hidden herself under the bridge when the policeman passed her she had started when the evening sun was setting, and had wandered on slowly till the old familiar landmarks of the parish were reached. And then she came to the river, and looking across could just see the eaves of the mill through the willows by the last gloaming of the sunlight. Then she stood and paused, and every now and again had crept on a few feet as her courage came to her; and at last, by the well-known little path, she had crept down behind the mill, crossing the stream by

the board which had once been so accustomed to her feet, and had made her way into the garden, and had heard her mother and sister as they talked together at the open window. Any idea which she had hitherto entertained of not making herself known to them at the mill—of not making herself known, at any rate, to her mother and sister—left her at once at that moment. There had been upon her a waking dream, a horrid dream, that the waters of the mill-stream might flow over her head, and hide her wickedness and her misery from the eyes of men; and she had stood and shuddered as she saw the river, but she had never really thought that her own strength would suffice for that termination to her sorrows. It was more probable that she would be doomed to lie during the night beneath a hedge, and then perish of the morning cold. But now, as she heard the voices at the window, there could be no choice for her but that she should make herself known—not though her father should kill her.

Even Fanny was driven beyond the strength of her usual composure by the strangeness of this advent. "Carry! Carry!" she exclaimed over and over

again, not aloud—and indeed her voice was never loud—but with bated wonder. The two sisters held each other by the hand, and Carry's other hand still grasped her mother's arm. "Oh, mother, I am so tired!" said the girl. "Oh, mother, I think that I shall die!"

"My child—my poor child! What shall we do, Fan?"

"Bring her in, of course," said Fanny.

"But your father—"

"We couldn't turn her away from the very window, and she like that, mother."

"Don't turn me away, Fanny. Dear Fanny, do not turn me away," said Carry, striving to take her sister by the other hand.

"No, Carry, we will not," said Fanny, trying to settle her mind to some plan of action. Any idea of keeping the thing long secret from her father she knew that she could not entertain, but for this night she resolved at last that shelter should be given to the discarded daughter without the father's knowledge. But even in doing this there would be difficulty. Carry must be brought in through the window, as any disturbance at the front of the house would arouse the miller. And then Mrs. Brattle must be made to go to her own room, or her absence would create suspicion and confusion. Fanny, too, had terrible doubts as to her mother's powers of going to her bed and lying there without revealing to her husband that some cause of great excitement had arisen. And then it might be that the miller would come to his daughter's room and insist that the outcast should be made an outcast again, even in the middle of the night. He was a man so stern, so obstinate, so unforgiving, so masterful, that Fanny, though she would face any danger as regarded herself, knew that terrible things might happen. It seemed to her that Carry was very weak. If their father came to them in his wrath, might she not die in her despair? Nevertheless it was necessary that something should be done. "We must let her get in at the window, mother," she said. "It won't do, nohow, to unbar the door."

"But what if he was to kill her out-

right? Oh, Carry! oh, my child! I dunna know as she can get in along of her weakness." But Carry was not so tired as that. She had been in and out of that window scores of times; and now, when she heard that the permission was accorded to her, she was not long before she was in her mother's arms. "My own Carry! my own bairn!—my girl, my darling!" And the poor mother satisfied the longings of her heart with infinite caresses.

Fanny in the mean time had crept out to the kitchen, and now returned with food in a plate, and cold tea. "My girl," she said, "you must eat a bit, and then we will have you to bed. When the morn comes, we must think about it."

"Fanny, you was always the best that there ever was," said Carry, speaking from her mother's bosom.

"And now, mother," continued Fanny, "you must creep off. Indeed you must, or of course father'll wake up. And, mother, don't say a word to-morrow when he rises. I'll go to him in the mill myself. That'll be best." Then, with longings that could hardly be repressed, with warm, thick, clinging kisses, with a hot, rapid, repeated assurance that everything, everything had been forgiven—that her own Carry was once more her own, own Carry—the poor mother allowed herself to be banished. There seemed to her to be such a world of cruelty in the fact that Fanny might remain for the whole of that night with the dear one who had returned to them, while she must be sent away, perhaps not to see her again if the storm in the morning should rise too loudly! Fanny, with great craft, accompanied her mother to her room, so that if the old man should speak she might be there to answer; but the miller slept soundly after his day of labor, and never stirred.

"What will he do to me, Fan?" the wanderer asked as soon as her sister returned.

"Don't think of it now, my pet," said Fanny, softened almost as her mother was softened by the sight of her sister.

"Will he kill me, Fan?"

"No, dear; he will not lay a hand upon you. It is his words that are so rough! Carry, Carry, will you be good?"

"I will, dear—indeed I will. I have not been bad since Mr. Fenwick came."

"My sister, if you will be good I will never leave you. My heart's darling, my beauty, my pretty one! Carry, you shall be the same to me as always, if you'll be good. I'll never cast it up again you, if you'll be good." Then she, too, filled herself full and satisfied the hungry craving of her love with the warmth of her caresses. "But thee'll be famished, lass. I'll see thee eat a bit, and then I'll put thee comfortable to bed."

Poor Carry Brattle was famished, and ate the bread and bacon which were set before her, and drank the cold tea, with an appetite which was perhaps unbecoming the romance of her position. Her sister stood over her, cutting a slice now and then from the loaf, telling her that she had taken nothing, smoothing her hair, and wishing for her sake that the fare were better. "I'm afeard of father, Fan—awfully; but for all that, it's the sweetest meal as I've had since I left the mill." Then Fanny was on her knees beside the returned profligate, covering even the dear one's garments with her kisses.

It was late before Fanny laid herself down by her sister's side that night. "Carry," she whispered when her sister was undressed, "will you kneel here and say your prayers as you used to?" Carry, without a word, did as she was bidden, and hid her face upon her hands in her sister's lap. No word was spoken out loud, but Fanny was satisfied that her sister had been in earnest. "Now sleep, my darling, and when I've just tidied your things for the morning, I will be with you." The wanderer again obeyed, and in a few moments the work of the past two days befriended her and she was asleep. Then the sister went to her task with the soiled frock and the soiled shoes, and looked up things clean and decent for the morrow. It would be at any rate well that Carry

should appear before her father without the stain of the road upon her.

As the lost one lay asleep there, with her soft ringlets all loose upon the pillow, still beautiful, still soft, lovely, though an outcast from the dearest rights of womanhood, with so much of innocence on her brow, with so much left of the grace of childhood, though the glory of the flower had been destroyed by the unworthy hand that had ravished its sweetness, Fanny, sitting in the corner of the room over her work, with her eye from moment to moment turned upon the sleeper, could not keep her mind from wandering away in thoughts on the strange destiny of woman. She knew that there had been moments in her life in which her great love for her sister had been tinged with envy. No young lad had ever waited in the dusk to hear the sound of her footfall—no half-impudent but half-bashful glances had ever been thrown after her as she went through the village on her business. To be a homely, household thing, useful indeed in this world, and with high hopes for the future, but still to be a drudge—that had been her destiny. There was never a woman to whom the idea of being loved was not the sweetest thought that her mind could produce. Fate had made her plain, and no man had loved her. The same chance had made Carry pretty—the belle of the village, the acknowledged beauty of Bullhampton. And there she lay—a thing said to be so foul that even a father could not endure to have her name mentioned in his ears! And yet, how small had been her fault compared with other crimes for which men and women are forgiven speedily, even if it has been held that pardon has ever been required!

She came over and knelt down and kissed her sister on her brow; and as she did so she swore to herself that by her, even in the inmost recesses of her bosom, Carry should never be held to be evil, to be a castaway, to be one of whom, as her sister, it would behoove her to be ashamed. She had told Carry that she would "never cast it up against

her." She now resolved that there should be no such casting up even in her own judgment. Had she too been fair, might not she also have fallen?

At five o'clock on the following morning the miller went out from the house to his mill, according to his daily practice. Fanny heard his heavy step, heard the bar withdrawn, heard the shutters removed from the kitchen window, and knew that her father was as yet in ignorance of the inmate who had been harbored. Fanny, at once arose from her bed, careful not to disturb her companion. She had thought it all out—whether she would have Carry ready dressed for an escape should it be that her father would demand imperiously that she should be sent adrift from the mill, or whether it might not be better that she should be able to plead at the first moment that her sister was in bed, tired, asleep—at any rate undressed—and that some little time must be allowed? Might it not be that even in that hour her father's heart might be softened? But she must lose no time in going to him. The hired man who now tended the mill with her father came always at six, and that which she had to say to him must be said with no ear to hear her but his own. It would have been impossible even for her to remind him of his daughter before a stranger. She slipped her clothes on, therefore, and within ten minutes of her father's departure followed him into the mill.

The old man had gone aloft, and she heard his slow, heavy feet as he was moving the sacks which were above her head. She considered for a moment, and thinking it better that she should not herself ascend the little ladder—knowing that it might be well that she should have the power of instant retreat to the house—she called to him from below.

"What's wanted now?" demanded the old man as soon as he heard her.

"Father, I must speak to you," she said. "Father, you must come down to me." Then he came down slowly, without a word, and stood before her,

waiting to hear her tidings. "Father," she said, "there is some one in the house, and I have come to tell you."

"Sam has come, then?" said he; and she could see that there was a sparkle of joy in his eye as he spoke. Oh, if she could only make the return of that other child as grateful to him as would have been the return of his son!

"No, father, it isn't Sam."

"Who be it, then?" The tone of his voice and the color and bearing of his face were changed as he asked the question. She saw at once that he had guessed the truth. "It isn't—it isn't—?"

"Yes, father, it is Carry." As she spoke she came close to him and strove to take his hand, but he thrust both his hands into his pockets and turned himself half away from her. "Father, she is our flesh and blood: you will not turn against her, now that she has come back to us and is sorry for her faults?"

"She is a —" But his other daughter had stopped his mouth with her hand before the word had been uttered.

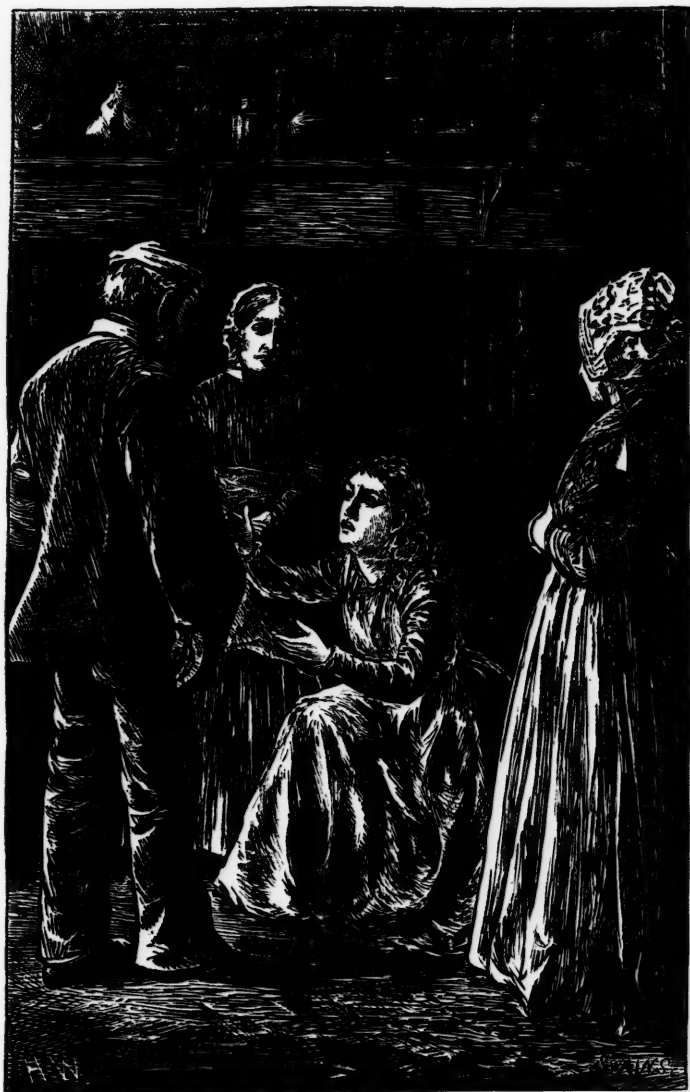
"Father, who among us has not done wrong at times?"

"She has disgraced my gray hairs, and made me a reproach and a shame. I will not see her. Bid her begone. I will not speak to her or look at her. How came she there? When did she come?"

Then Fanny told her father the whole story—everything as it occurred—and did not forget to add her own conviction that Carry's life had been decent in all respects since the vicar had found a home for her in Salisbury. "You would not have it go on like that, father? She is naught to our parson."

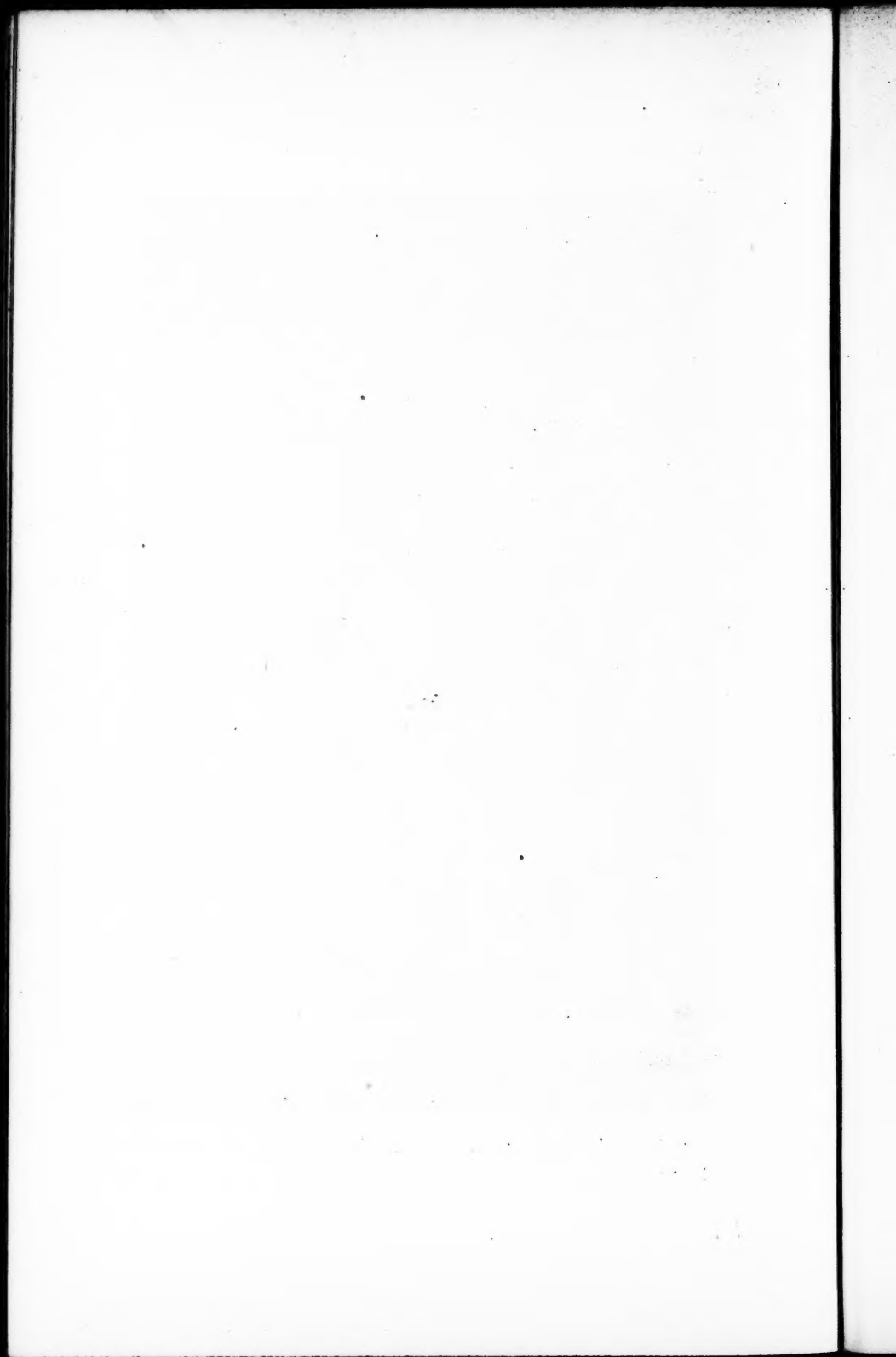
"I will pay. As long as there is a shilling left, I will pay for her. She shall not live on the charity of any man, whether parson or no parson. But I will not see her. While she be here you may just send me my vittals to the mill. If she be not gone afore night, I will sleep here among the sacks."

She stayed with him till the laborer came, and then she returned to the house, having failed as yet to touch his heart. She went back and told her



“Father,” she said, “if I may bide with you—if I may bide with you—”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chapter LIII.]



story to her mother, and then a part of it to Carry, who was still in bed. Indeed, she had found her mother by Carry's bedside, and had to wait till she could separate them before she could tell any story to either. "What does he say of me, Fan?" asked the poor sinner. "Does he say that I must go? Will he never speak to me again? I will just throw myself into the mill-race and have done with it." Her sister bade her rise and dress herself, but to remain where she was. It could not be expected, she said, but that their father would be hard to persuade. "I know that he will kill me when he sees me," said Carry.

At eight o'clock, Fanny took the old man his breakfast to the mill, while Mrs. Brattle waited on Carry as though she had deserved all the good things which a mother could do for a child. The miller sat upon a sack at the back of the building, while the hired man took his meal of bread and cheese in the front, and Fanny remained close at his elbow. While the old man was eating she said nothing to him. He was very slow, and sat with his eyes fixed upon the morsel of sky which was visible through the small aperture, thinking evidently of anything but the food that he was swallowing. Presently he returned the empty bowl and plate to his daughter, as though he were about at once to resume his work. Hitherto he had not uttered a single word since she had come to him.

"Father," she said, "think of it. Is it not good to have mercy and to forgive? Would you drive your girl out again upon the streets?"

The miller still did not speak, but turned his face round upon his daughter with a gaze of such agony that she threw herself on the sack beside him and clung to him with her arms round his neck.

"If she were such as thee, Fan!" he said. "Oh, if she were such as thee!" Then again he turned away his face, that she might not see the tear that was forcing itself into the corner of his eye.

She remained with him an hour before he moved. His companion in the mill

did not come near them, knowing, as the poor do know on such occasions, there was something going on which would lead them to prefer that he should be absent. The words that were said between them were not very many, but at the end of the hour Fanny returned to the house.

"Carry," she said, "father is coming in."

"If he looks at me it will kill me," said Carry.

Mrs. Brattle was so lost in her hopes and fears that she knew not what to do or how to bestow herself. A minute had hardly passed when the miller's step was heard, and Carry knew that she was in the presence of her father. She had been sitting, but now she rose and went to him and knelt at his feet.

"Father," she said, "if I may bide with you—if I may bide with you—" But her voice was lost in sobbing, and she could make no promise as to her future conduct.

"She may stay with us," the father said, turning to his eldest daughter, "but I shall never be able to show my face again about the parish."

He had uttered no words of forgiveness to his daughter, nor had he bestowed upon her any kiss. Fanny had raised her when she was on the ground at his feet, and had made her seat herself apart.

"In all the whole world," he said, looking round upon his wife and his elder child, raising his hand as he uttered the words, and speaking with an emphasis that was terrible to the hearers, "there is nothing so vile as a harlot." All the dreaded fierceness of his manner had then come back to him, and neither of them had dared to answer him. After that he at once went back to the mill, and to Fanny, who followed him, he vouchsafed to repeat the permission that his daughter should be allowed to remain beneath his roof.

Between twelve and one she again went to fetch him to his dinner. At first he declared that he would not come, that he was busy, and that he would eat a morsel where he was, in

the mill. But Fanny argued the matter with him :

"Is it always to be so, father?"

"I do not know. What matters it, so as I have strength to do a turn of work?"

"It must not be that her presence should drive you from the house. Think of mother, and what she will suffer. Father, you must come."

Then he allowed himself to be led into the house, and he sat in his accustomed chair and ate his dinner in gloomy silence. But after dinner he would not smoke.

"I tell 'ee, lass, I do not want the pipe to-day. Now't has got itself done. D'ye think as how grist'll grind itself without hands?"

When Carry said that it would be better than this that she should go again, Fanny told her to remember that evil things could not be cured in a day. With the mother that afternoon was, on the whole, a happy time, for she sat with her lost child's hand within her own. Late in the evening, when the miller returned to his rest, Carry moved about the house softly, resuming some old task to which in former days she had been accustomed; and as she did so the miller's eyes would wander round the room after her, but he did not speak to her on that day, nor did he pronounce her name.

Two other circumstances which bear upon our story occurred at the mill that afternoon. After their tea, at which the miller did not make his appearance, Fanny Brattle put on her bonnet and ran across the fields to the vicarage. After all the trouble that Mr. Fenwick had taken, it was, she thought, necessary that he should be told what had happened.

"That is the best news," said he, "that I have heard this many a day."

"I knew that you would be glad to hear that the poor child has found her home again." Then Fanny told the whole story—how Carry had escaped from Salisbury, being driven to do so by fear of the law-proceedings at which she had been summoned to attend—how her father had sworn that he would not

yield, and how at length he had yielded. When Fanny told the vicar and Mrs. Fenwick that the old man had as yet not spoken to his daughter, they both desired her to be of good cheer.

"That will come, Fanny," said Mrs. Fenwick, "if she once be allowed to sit at table with him."

"Of course it will come," said the vicar. "In a week or two you will find that she is his favorite."

"She was the favorite with us all, sir, once," said Fanny, "and may God send that it shall be so again! A winsome thing like her is made to be loved. You'll come and see her, Mr. Fenwick, some day?" Mr. Fenwick promised that he would, and Fanny returned to the mill.

The other circumstance was the arrival of Constable Toffy at the mill during Fanny's absence. In the course of the day news had traveled into the village that Carry Brattle was again at the mill; and Constable Toffy, who, in regard to the Brattle family was somewhat discomfited by the transactions of the previous day at Heytesbury, heard the news. He was aware—being in that respect more capable than Lord Trowbridge of receiving enlightenment—that the result of all the inquiries made in regard to the murder did, in truth, contain no tittle of evidence against Sam. As constables go, Constable Toffy was a good man, and he would be wronged if it were to be said of him that he regretted Sam's escape; but his nature was as is the nature of constables, and he could not rid himself of that feeling of disappointment which always attends baffled efforts. And though he saw that there was no evidence against Sam, he did not therefore necessarily think that the young man was innocent. It may be doubted whether, to the normal policeman's mind, any man is ever altogether absolved of any crime with which that man's name has been once connected. He felt, therefore, somewhat sore against the Brattles; and then there was the fact that Carry Brattle, who had been regularly "subpœnaed," had kept herself out of the way, most flagitiously,

illegally and damnably. She had run off from Salisbury just as though she were a free person to do as she pleased with herself, and not subject to police orders! When, therefore, he heard that Carry was at the mill—she having made herself liable to some terribly heavy fine by her contumacy—it was manifestly his duty to see after her and let her know that she was wanted.

At the mill he saw only the miller himself, and his visit was not altogether satisfactory. Old Brattle, who understood very little of the case, but who did understand that his own son had been made clear in reference to that accusation, had no idea that his daughter had any concern with that matter—other than what had fallen to her lot in reference to her brother. When, therefore, Toffy inquired after Caroline Brattle, and desired to know whether she was at the mill, and also was anxious to be informed why she had not attended at Heytesbury in accordance with the requirements of the law, the miller turned upon him and declared that if anybody said a word against Sam Brattle in reference to the murder—the magistrates having settled that matter—he, Jacob Brattle, old as he was, would “see it out” with that malignant slanderer. Constable Toffy did his best to make the matter clear to the miller, but failed utterly. Had he a warrant to search for anybody? Toffy had no warrant. Toffy only desired to know whether Caroline Brattle was or was not beneath her father’s roof. The old miller, declaring to himself that, though his child had shamed him, he would not deny her, now that she was again one of the family, acknowledged so much, but refused the constable admittance to the house.

“But, Mr. Brattle,” said the constable, “she was subpoenaed.”

“I know now’t o’ that,” answered the miller, not deigning to turn his face round to his antagonist.

“But you know, Mr. Brattle, the law must have its course.”

“No I don’t. And it ain’t law as you should come here a-hindering o’

me; and it ain’t law as you should walk that unfortunate young woman off with you to prison.”

“But she’s wanted, Mr. Brattle—not in the way of going to prison, but before the magistrates.

“There’s a deal of things is wanted as ain’t to be had. Anyways, you ain’t no call to my house now, and as them as is there is in trouble, I’ll ax you to be so kind as—as just to leave us alone.”

Toffy, pretending that he was satisfied with the information received, and merely adding that Caroline Brattle must certainly, at some future time, be made to appear before the magistrates at Heytesbury, took his departure with more good-humor than the miller deserved from him, and returned to the village.

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. GILMORE’S RUBIES.

MARY LOWTHER struggled hard for a week to reconcile herself to her new fate, and at the end of the week had very nearly given way. The gloom which had fallen upon her acted upon her lover and then reacted upon herself. Could he have been light in hand, could he have talked to her about ordinary subjects, could he have behaved toward her with any even of the light courtesies of the every-day lover, she would have been better able to fight her battle. But when he was with her there was a something in his manner which always seemed to accuse her in that she, to whom he was giving so much, would give him nothing in return. He did not complain in words. He did not willfully resent her coldness to him. But he looked, and walked, and spoke, and seemed to imply by every deed that he was conscious of being an injured man. At the end of the week he made her a handsome present, and in receiving it she had to assume some pleasure. But the failure was complete, and each of the two knew how great was the failure. Of course there would be other presents. And he had already

—already, though no allusion to the day for the marriage had yet been made—begun to press on for those changes in his house for which she would not ask, but which he was determined to effect for her comfort. There had been another visit to the house and gardens, and he had told her that this should be done, unless she objected, and that that other change should be made, if it were not opposed to her wishes. She made an attempt to be enthusiastic—enthusiastic on the wrong side—to be zealous to save him money—and the whole morning was beyond measure sad and gloomy. Then she asked herself whether she meant to go through with it. If not, the sooner that she retreated and hid herself and her disgrace for the rest of her life the better. She had accepted him at last because she had been made to believe that by doing so she would benefit him, and because she had taught herself to think that it was her duty to disregard herself. She had thought of herself till she was sick of the subject. What did it matter—about herself—as long as she could be of some service to some one? And so thinking, she had accepted him. But now she had begun to fear that were she to marry this man she could not be of service to him. And when the thing should be done—if ever it were done—there would be no undoing it. Would not her life be a life of sin if she were to live as the wife of a man whom she did not love, while perhaps she would be unable not to love another man?

Nothing of all this was told to the vicar, but Mrs. Fenwick knew what was going on in her friend's mind, and spoke her own very freely. "Hitherto," she said, "I have given you credit all through for good conduct and good feeling; but I shall be driven to condemn you if you now allow a foolish, morbid, sickly idea to interfere with his happiness and your own."

"But what if I can do nothing for his happiness?"

"That is nonsense. He is not a man whom you despise or dislike. If you will only meet him half-way, you will

soon find that your sympathies will grow."

"There never will be a spark of sympathy between us."

"Mary, that is most horribly wicked. What you mean is this, that he is not light and gay as a lover. Of course he remembers the occurrences of the last six months. Of course he cannot be so happy as he might have been had Walter Marrable never been at Loring. There must be something to be conquered, something to be got over, after such an episode. But you may set your face against doing that, or you may strive to do it. For his sake, if not for your own, the struggle should be made."

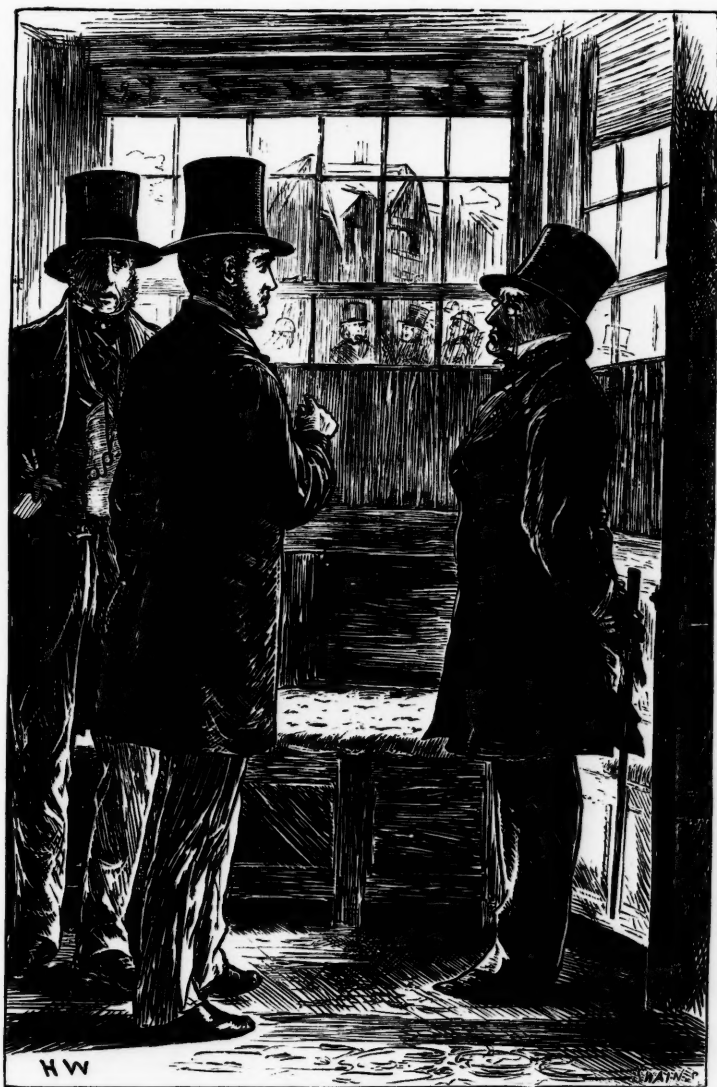
"A man may struggle to draw a loaded wagon, but he won't move it."

"The load in this case is of your own laying on. One hour of frank kindness on your part would dispel his gloom. He is not gloomy by nature."

Then Mary Lowther tried to achieve that hour of frank kindness, and again failed. She failed, and was conscious of her failure; and there came a time—and that within three weeks of her engagement—in which she had all but made up her mind to return the ring which he had given her, and to leave Bullhampton for ever. Could it be right that she should marry a man that she did not love?

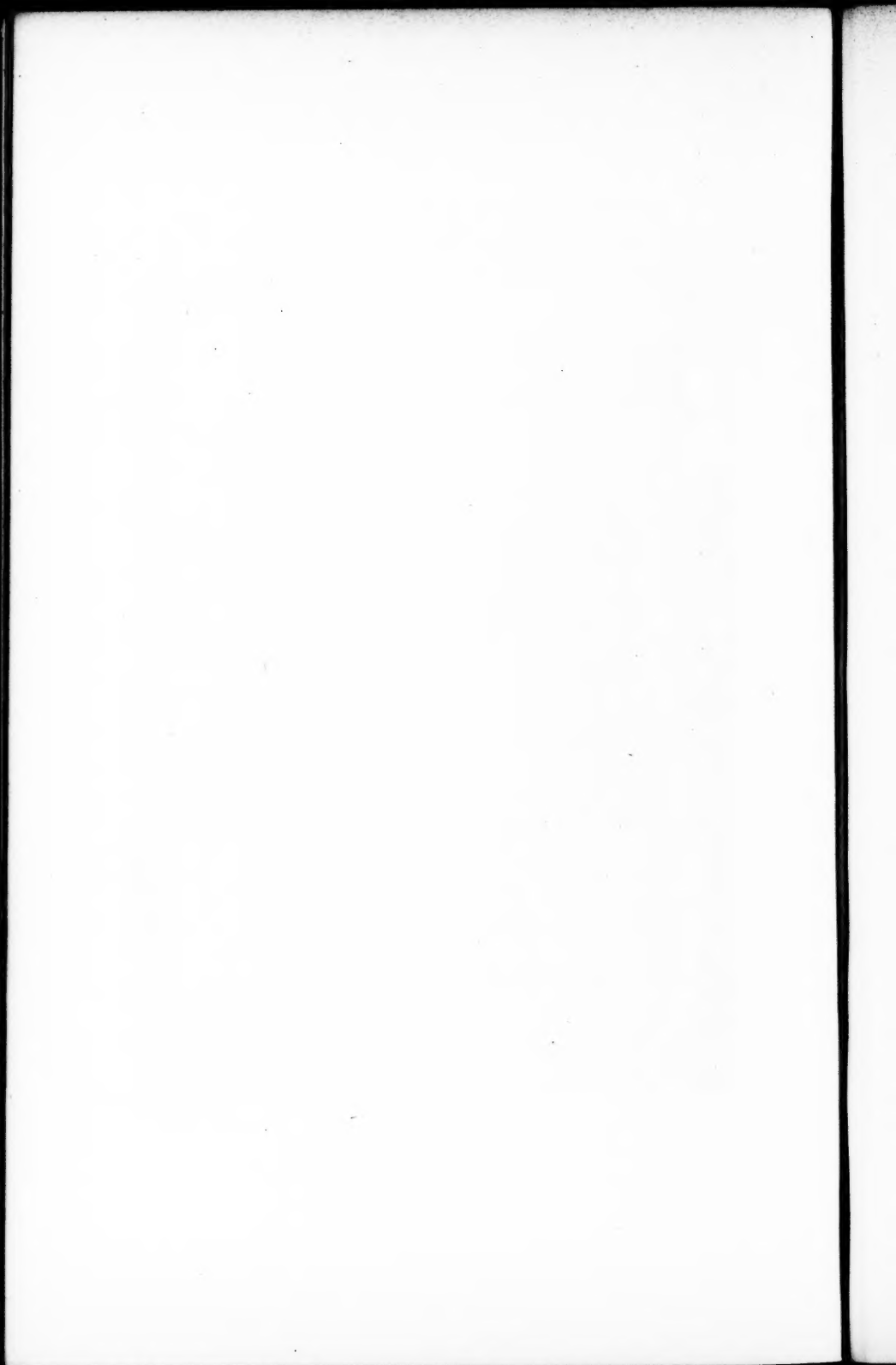
That was her argument with herself, and yet she was deterred from doing as she contemplated by a circumstance which could have had no effect on that argument. She received from her aunt Marrable the following letter, in which was certainly no word capable of making her think that now, at last, she could love the man whom she had promised to marry. And yet this letter so affected her that she told herself that she would go on and become the wife of Harry Gilmore. She would struggle yet again and force herself to succeed. The wagon, no doubt, was heavily laden, but still, with sufficient labor, it might perhaps be moved.

Miss Marrable had been asked to go over to Dunripple when Mary Lowther went to Bullhampton. It had been long



Mr. Gilmore and Lord Trowbridge in the parlor of the Bull Inn.

[Vicar of Bulhampton. Chap. XLVII.]



since she had been there, and she had not thought ever to make such a visit. But there came letters, and there were rejoinders, which were going on before Mary's departure; and at last it was determined that Miss Marrable should go to Dunripple and pay a visit to her cousin. But she did not do this till long after Walter Marrable had left the place. She had written to Mary soon after her arrival, and in this first letter there had been no word about Walter; but in her second letter she spoke very freely of Walter Marrable, as the reader shall see:

"DUNRIPPLE, 2d July, 1868.

"DEAR MARY:

"I got your letter on Saturday, and cannot help wishing that it had been written in better spirits. However, I do not doubt but that it will all come right soon. I am quite sure that the best thing you can do is to let Mr. Gilmore name an early day. Of course you never intended that there should be a long engagement. Such a thing, where there is no possible reason for it, must be out of the question. And it will be much better to take advantage of the fine weather than to put it off till the winter has nearly come. Fix some day in August or early in September. I am sure you will be much happier married than you are single; and he will be gratified, which is, I suppose, to count for something.

"I am very happy here, but yet I long to get home. At my time of life one must always be strange among strangers. Nothing can be kinder than Sir Gregory, in his sort of fashion. Gregory Marrable, the son, is, I fear, in a bad way. He is unlike his father, and laughs at his own ailments, but everybody in the house—except perhaps Sir Gregory—knows that he is very ill. He never comes down at all now, but lives in two rooms, which he has together up stairs. We go and see him every day, but he is hardly able to talk to any one. Sir Gregory never mentions the subject to me, but Mrs. Brownlow is quite confident that if anything were to happen to Gre-

gory Marrable, Walter would be asked to come to Dunripple as the heir, and to give up the army altogether.

"I get on very well with Mrs. Brownlow, but of course we cannot be like old friends. Edith is a very nice girl, but rather shy. She never talks about herself, and is too silent to be questioned. I do not, however, doubt for a moment but that she will be Walter Marrable's wife. I think it likely that they are not engaged as yet, as in that case I think Mrs. Brownlow would tell me; but many things have been said which leave on my mind a conviction that it will be so. He is to be here again in August, and from the way in which Mrs. Brownlow speaks of his coming, there is no doubt that she expects it. That he paid great attention to Edith when he was here before, I am quite sure; and I take it he is only waiting till—" in writing so far Miss Marrable had intended to signify that Captain Marrable had been slow to ask Edith Brownlow to be his wife while at Dunripple, because he could not bring himself so soon to show himself indifferent to his former love; but that now he would not hesitate, knowing, as he would know, that his former love had bestowed herself elsewhere; but in this there would have been a grievous accusation against Mary, and she was therefore compelled to fill up her sentence in some other form—"till things should have arranged themselves a little.

"And it will be all for the best. She is a very nice, quiet, lady-like girl, and so great a favorite with her uncle that should his son die before him his great object in life will be her welfare. Walter Marrable, as her husband, would live at Dunripple just as though the place were his own. And indeed there would be no one between him and the property except his own father. Some arrangement could be made as to buying out his life-interest—for which indeed he has taken the money beforehand, with a vengeance—and then Walter would be settled for life. Would not this be all for the best?

"I shall go home about the 14th.

They want me to stay, but I shall have been away quite long enough. I don't know whether people ought to go from home at all after a certain age. I get cross because I can't have the sort of chair I like to sit on; and then they don't put any green tea into the pot, and I don't like to ask to have any made, as I doubt whether they have any green tea in the house. And I find it bad to be among invalids, with whom, indeed I can sympathize, but for whom I cannot pretend that I feel any great affection. As we grow old we become incapable of new tenderness, and rather resent the calls that are made upon us for pity. The luxury of devotion to misery is as much the privilege of the young as is that of devotion to love.

"Write soon, dearest; and remember that the best news I can have will be tidings as to the day fixed for your marriage. And remember, too, that I won't have any question about your being married at Bullhampton. It would be quite improper. He must come to Loring; and I needn't say how glad I shall be to see the Fenwicks. Parson John will expect to marry you, but Mr. Fenwick might come and assist.

"Your most affectionate aunt,

"SARAH MARRABLE."

It was not the entreaty made by her aunt that an early day should be fixed for the marriage which made Mary Lowther determine that she would yet once more attempt to drag the wagon. She could have withstood such entreaty as that, and, had the letter gone no farther, would probably have replied to it by saying that no day could be fixed at all. But with the letter there came an assurance that Walter Marrable had forgotten her, was about to marry Edith Brownlow, and that therefore all ideas of love and truth and sympathy and joint beating of mutual hearts, with the rest of it, might be thrown to the winds. She would marry Harry Gilmore, and take care that he had good dinners, and would give her mind to flannel petticoats and coal for the poor of Bullhampton, and would altogether come

down from the pedestal which she had once striven to erect for herself. From that high but tottering pedestal, propped up on shafts of romance and poetry, she would come down; but there would remain for her the lower, firmer standing-block, of which duty was the sole support. It was no doubt most unreasonable that any such change should come upon her in consequence of her aunt's letter. She had never for a moment told herself that Walter Marrable could ever be anything to her since that day on which she had by her own deed liberated him from his troth; and indeed had done more than that—had forced him to accept that liberation. Why, then, should his engagement with another woman have any effect with her, either in one direction or in the other? She herself had submitted to a new engagement—had done so before he had shown any sign of being fickle. She could not therefore be angry with him. And yet, because he could be fickle, because he could do that very thing which she had openly declared her purpose of doing, she persuaded herself—for a week or two—that any sacrifice made to him would be a sacrifice to folly and a neglect of duty.

At this time, during this week or two, there came to her, direct from the jewelers in London, a magnificent set of rubies—ear-rings, brooch, bracelets and necklace. The rubies she had seen before, and knew that they had belonged to Mr. Gilmore's mother. Mrs. Fenwick had told him that the setting was so old that no lady could wear them now, and there had been a presentiment that they would be forthcoming in a new form. Mary had said that of course such ornaments as these would come into her hands only when she became Mrs. Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick had laughed, and told her that she did not understand the romantic generosity of her lover. And now the jewelry had come to her at the parsonage without a word from Gilmore, and was spread out in its pretty cases on the vicarage drawing-room table. Now, if ever, must she say that she could not do as she had promised.

"Mary," said Mrs. Fenwick, "you must go up to him to-morrow and tell him how noble he is."

Mary waited perhaps for a whole minute before she answered. She would willingly have given the jewels away for ever and ever, so that they might not have been there now to trouble her. But she did answer at last, knowing, as she did so, that her last chance was gone.

"He is noble," she said, slowly, "and I will go and tell him so. I'll go now, if it is not too late."

"Do, do! You'll be sure to find him." And Mrs. Fenwick, in her enthusiasm, embraced her friend and kissed her.

Mary put on her hat and walked off at once through the garden and across the fields, and into the Privets; and close to the house she met her lover. He did not see her till he heard her step, and then turned short round, almost as though fearing something.

"Harry," she said, "those jewels have come. Oh dear! they are not mine yet. Why did you have them sent to me?"

There was something in the word *yet*, or in her tone as she spoke it, which made his heart leap as it had never leaped before.

"If they're not yours, I don't know whom they belong to," he said; and his eye was bright and his voice almost shook with emotion.

"Are you doing anything?" she asked.

"Nothing on earth."

"Then come and see them."

So they walked off, and he, at any rate on that occasion, was a happy lover. For a few minutes—perhaps for an hour—he did allow himself to believe that he was destined to enjoy that rapture of requited affection in longing for which his very soul had become sick. As she walked back with him to the vicarage her hand rested heavily on his arm, and when she asked him some question about his land, she was able so to modulate her voice as to make him believe that she was learning to regard his interests as her own. He stopped her at the gate leading into the vicarage garden, and once more made to her an assurance of his regard.

"Mary," he said, "if love will beget love, I think that you must love me at last."

"I will love you," she said, pressing his arm still more closely. But even then she could not bring herself to tell him that she did love him.

CHAPTER LV.

GLEBE LAND.

THE fifteenth of July was a Sunday, and it had been settled for some time past that on this day Mr. Puddleham would preach for the first time in his new chapel. The building had been hurried on through the early summer in order that this might be achieved; and although the fittings were not completed, and the outward signs of the masons and laborers had not been removed—although the heaps of mortar were still there, and time had not yet sufficed to have the chips cleared away—on Sunday, the fifteenth of July, the chapel was opened. Great efforts were made to have it filled on the occasion. The builder from Salisbury came over with all his family, not deterred by the consideration that whereas the Puddlehamites of Bullhampton were Primitive Methodists, he was a regular Wesleyan. And many in the parish were got to visit the chapel on this the day of its glory who had less business there than even the builder from Salisbury. In most parishes there are some who think it well to let the parson know that they are independent and do not care for him, though they profess to be of his flock; and then, too, the novelty of the thing had its attraction, and the well-known fact that the site chosen for the building had been as gall and wormwood to the parson and his family. These causes together brought a crowd to the vicarage gate on that Sunday morning, and it was quite clear that the new chapel would be full, and that Mr. Puddleham's first Sunday would be a success.

And then the chapel, of course, had a bell—a bell which was declared

by Mrs. Fenwick to be the hoarsest, loudest, most unmusical and ill-founded miscreant of a bell that was ever suspended over a building for the torture of delicate ears. It certainly was a loud and brazen bell, but Mr. Fenwick expressed his opinion that there was nothing amiss with it. When his wife declared that it sounded as though it came from the midst of the shrubs at their own front gate, he reminded her that their own church-bells sounded as though they came from the lower garden. That one sound should be held by them to be musical and the other abominable he declared to be a prejudice. Then there was a great argument about the bells, in which Mrs. Fenwick and Mary Lowther and Harry Gilmore were all against the vicar. And throughout the discussion it was known to them all that there were no ears in the parish to which the bells were so really odious as they were to the ears of the vicar himself. In his heart of hearts he hated the chapel, and, in spite of all his endeavors to the contrary, his feelings toward Mr. Puddleham were not those which the Christian religion requires one neighbor to bear to another. But he made the struggle, and for some weeks past had not said a word against Mr. Puddleham. In regard to the marquis the thing was different. The marquis should have known better, and against the marquis he did say a great many words.

They began to ring the bell on that Sunday morning before ten o'clock. Mrs. Fenwick was still sitting at the breakfast-table, with the windows open, when the sound was first heard—first heard, that is, on that morning. She looked at Mary, groaned and put her hands to her ears. The vicar laughed and walked about the room.

"At what time do they begin?" said Mary.

"Not till eleven," said Mrs. Fenwick. "There, it wants a quarter to ten now, and they mean to go on with that music for an hour and a quarter!"

"We shall be keeping them company by and by," said the vicar.

"The poor old church-bells won't be heard through it," said Mrs. Fenwick.

Mrs. Fenwick was in the habit of going to the village school for half an hour before the service on Sunday mornings, and on this morning she started from the house, according to her custom, at a little after ten. Mary Lowther went with her, and as the school was in the village, and could be reached much easier by the front gate than by the path round by the church, the two ladies walked out boldly before the new chapel. The reader may perhaps remember that Mrs. Fenwick had promised her husband to withdraw that cutward animosity to the chapel which she had evinced by not using the vicarage entrance. As they went there was a crowd collected, and they found that, after the manner of the Primitive Methodists in their more enthusiastic days, a procession of worshippers had been formed in the village, which at this very moment was making its way to the chapel. Mrs. Fenwick, as she stood aside to make way for them, declared that the bell sounded as though it were within her bonnet. When they reached the school they found that many a child was absent who should have been there, and Mrs. Fenwick knew that the truant urchins were amusing themselves at the new building. And with those who were not truant the clang of the new bell distracted terribly that attention which was due to the collect. Mrs. Fenwick herself confessed afterward that she hardly knew what she was teaching.

Mr. Fenwick, according to his habit, went into his own study when the ladies went to the school, and there, according to custom also on Sunday mornings, his letters were brought to him some few minutes before he started on his walk through the garden to the church. On this morning there were a couple of letters for himself, and he opened them both. One was from a tradesman in Salisbury, and the other was from his wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Quickenham. Before he started he read Mr. Quickenham's letter, and then did his best to forget it and put it out of his mind till

the morning service should be over. The letter was as follows :

"PUMP COURT, June 30, 1868.

"DEAR FENWICK :

"I have found, as I thought I should, that Lord Trowbridge has no property or right whatever in the bit of ground on which your enemies have been building their new Ebenezer. The spot is a part of the glebe, and as such seems to have been first abandoned by a certain parson named Brandon, who was your predecessor's predecessor. There can, however, be no doubt that the ground is glebe, and that you are bound to protect it, as such, on behalf of your successors and of the patrons of the living.

"I found some difficulty in getting at the terrier of the parish, which you, who consider yourself to be a model parson, I dare say, have never seen. I have, however, found it in duplicate. The clerk of the Board of Guardians, who should, I believe, have a copy of it, knew nothing about it, and had never heard of such a document. Your bishop's registrar was not much more learned; but I did find it in the bishop's chancery; and there is a copy of it also at Saint John's, which seems to imply that great attention has been paid by the college as patron to the interests of the parish priest. This is more than has been done by the incumbent, who seems to be an ignorant fellow in such matters. I wonder how many parsons there are in the Church who would let a marquis and a Methodist minister, between them, build a chapel on the parish glebe?

"Yours ever,

"RICHARD QUICKENHAM.

"If I were to charge you through an attorney for my trouble, you'd have to mortgage your life-interest in the bit of land to pay me. I enclose a draft from the terrier, as far as the plot of ground and the vicarage gate are concerned."

Here was information! This detestable combination of dissenting and tyrannically territorial influences had been used to build a Methodist chapel upon land of which he, during his in-

cumbency in the parish, was the freehold possessor! What an ass he must have been not to know his own possessions! How ridiculous would he appear when he should come forward to claim as a part of the glebe a morsel of land to which he had paid no special attention whatever since he had been in the parish! And then, what would it be his duty to do? Mr. Quickenham had clearly stated that on behalf of the college, which was the patron of the living, and on behalf of his successors, it was his duty to claim the land. And was it possible that he should not do so after such usage as he had received from Lord Trowbridge? So meditating, but grieving that he should be driven at such a moment to have his mind forcibly filled with such matters—still hearing the chapel-bell, which in his ears drowned the sound from his own modest belfry, and altogether doubtful as to what step he would take—he entered his own church. It was manifest to him that of the poorer part of his usual audience, and of the smaller farmers, one-half were in attendance upon Mr. Puddleham's triumph.

During the whole of that afternoon he said not a word of the barrister's letter to any one. He struggled to banish the subject from his thoughts. Failing to do that, he did banish it from his tongue. The letter was in the pocket of his coat, but he showed it to no one. Gilmore dined at the vicarage, but even to him he was silent. Of course the conversation at dinner turned upon the chapel. It was impossible that on such a day they should speak of anything else. Even as they sat at their early dinner Mr. Puddleham's bell was ringing, and no doubt there was a vigor in the pulling of it which would not be maintained when the pulling of it should have become a thing of every week. There had been a compact made, in accordance with which the vicar's wife was to be debarred from saying anything against the chapel, and no doubt when the compact was made the understanding was that she should give over hating the chapel. This had, of course,

been found to be impossible, but in a certain way she had complied with the compact. The noise of the bell, however, was considered to be beyond the compact, and on this occasion she was almost violent in the expression of her wrath. Her husband listened to her, and sat without rebuking her, silent, with the lawyer's letter in his pocket. This bell had been put up on his own land, and he could pull it down to-morrow. It had been put up by the express agency of Lord Trowbridge, and with the direct view of annoying him; and Lord Trowbridge had behaved to him in a manner which set all Christian charity at defiance. He told himself plainly that he had no desire to forgive Lord Trowbridge—that life in this world, as it is constituted, would not be compatible with such forgiveness—that he would not, indeed, desire to injure Lord Trowbridge otherwise than by exacting such penalty as would force him and such as he to restrain their tyranny; but that to forgive him till he should have been so forced would be weak and injurious to the community. As to that, he had quite made up his mind, in spite of all doctrine to the contrary. Men in this world would have to go naked if they gave their coats to the robbers who took their cloaks; and going naked is manifestly inexpedient. His office of parish priest would be lowered in the world if he forgave, out of hand, such offences as these which had been committed against him by Lord Trowbridge. This he understood clearly. And now he might put down not only the bell, but with the bell the ill-conditioned peer who had caused it to be put up on glebe land. All this went through his mind again and again as he determined that on that day, being Sunday, he would think no more about it.

When the Monday came it was necessary that he should show the letter to his wife—to his wife, and to the squire, and to Mary Lowther. He had no idea of keeping the matter secret from his near friends and advisers; but he had an idea that it would be well that he should make up his mind as to what he would

do before he asked their advice. He started, therefore, for a turn through the parish before breakfast on Monday morning, and resolved as to his course of action. On no consideration whatever would he have the chapel pulled down. It was necessary for his purpose that he should have his triumph over the marquis, and he would have it. But the chapel had been built for a good purpose, which it would adequately serve, and, let what might be said to him by his wife or others, he would not have a brick of it disturbed. No doubt he had no more power to give the land for its present or any other purpose than had the marquis. It might very probably be his duty to take care that the land was not appropriated to wrong purposes. It might be that he had already neglected his duty in not knowing, or in not having taken care to learn, the precise limits of the glebe which had been given over to him for his use during his incumbency. Nevertheless, there was the chapel, and there it should stand, as far as he was concerned. If the churchwardens, or the archdeacon, or the college, or the bishop had power to interfere—as to which he was altogether ignorant—and chose to exercise that power, he could not help it. He was nearly sure that his own churchwardens would be guided altogether by himself, and as far as he was concerned the chapel should remain unmolested. Having thus resolved, he came back to breakfast and read Mr. Quickenham's letter aloud to his wife and Mary Lowther.

"Glebe!" said the vicar's wife.

"Do you mean that it is part of your own land?" asked Mary.

"Exactly that," said the vicar.

"And that old thief of a marquis has given away what belongs to us?" said Mrs. Fenwick.

"He has given away what did not belong to himself," said the vicar. "But I can't admit that he's a thief."

"Surely, he ought to have known," said Mary.

"As for that, so ought I to have known, I suppose. The whole thing is

one of the most ridiculous mistakes that ever was made. It has absolutely come to pass that here, in the middle of Wiltshire, with all our maps and surveys and parish records, no one concerned has known to whom belonged a quarter of an acre of land in the centre of the village. It is just a thing to write an article about in a newspaper; but I can't say that one party is more to blame than the other—that is, in regard to the ignorance displayed."

"And what will you do, Frank?"

"Nothing."

"You will do nothing, Frank?"

"I will do nothing; but I will take care to let the marquis know the nature of his generosity. I fancy that I am bound to take on myself that labor, and I must say that it won't trouble me much to have to write the letter."

"You won't pull it down, Frank?"

"No, my dear."

"I would, before a week was over."

"So would I," said Mary. "I don't think it ought to be there."

"Of course it ought not to be there," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"They might as well have it here in the garden," said Mary.

"Just the same," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"It is not in the garden; and as it has been built it shall remain, as far as I am concerned. I shall rather like it, now that I know I am the landlord. I think I shall claim a sitting." This was the vicar's decision on the Monday morning, and from that decision the two ladies were quite unable to move him.

This occurred a day or two after the affair of the rubies, and at a time when Mary was being very hard pressed to name a day for her wedding. Of course such pressure had been the result of Mr. Gilmore's success on that occasion. She had then resolutely gone to work to overcome her own and his melancholy gloom; and having in a great degree succeeded, it was only natural that he should bring up that question of his marriage day. She, when she had accepted him, had done so with a stipulation that she should not be hurried; but we

all know what such stipulations are worth. Who is to define what is and what is not hurry? They had now been engaged a month, and the squire was clearly of opinion that there had been no hurry. "September was the nicest month in the year," he said, "for getting married and going abroad. September in Switzerland, October among the Italian lakes, November in Florence and Rome, so that they might get home before Christmas, after a short visit to Naples." That was the squire's programme, and his whole manner was altered as he made it. He thought he knew the nature of the girl well enough to be sure that, though she would profess no passionate love for him before starting on such a journey, she would change her tone before she returned. It should be no fault of his if she did not change it. Mary had at first declined to fix any day—had talked of next year, had declared that she would not be hurried. She had carried on the fight even after the affair of the rubies, but she had fought in opposition to strong and well-disciplined forces on the other side, and she had begun to admit to herself that it might be expedient that she should yield. The thing was to be done, and why not have it done at once? She had not as yet yielded, but she had begun to think that she would yield.

At such a period it was of course natural that the squire should be daily at the vicarage, and on this Monday morning he came down while the minds of all his friends there were intent on the strange information received from Mr. Quickenham. The vicar was not by when Mr. Gilmore was told, and he was thus easily induced to join in the opinion that the chapel should be made to disappear. He had a landlord's idea about land, and was thoroughly well disposed to stop any encroachment on the part of the marquis.

"Lord Trowbridge must pull it down himself and put it up again elsewhere," said the squire.

"But Frank says that he won't let the marquis pull it down," said Mrs. Fen-

wick, almost moved to tears by the tragedy of the occasion.

Then the vicar joined them, and the matter was earnestly debated—so earnestly that on that occasion not a word was said as to the day of the wedding.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE VICAR'S VENGEANCE.

No eloquence on the part of the two ladies at the vicarage, or of the squire, could turn Mr. Fenwick from his purpose, but he did consent at last to go over with the squire to Salisbury, and to consult Mr. Chamberlaine. A proposition was made to him as to consulting the bishop, for whom personally he always expressed a liking, and whose office he declared that he held in the highest veneration; but he explained that this was not a matter in which the bishop should be invited to exercise authority.

"The bishop has nothing to do with my freehold," he said.

"But if you want an opinion," said the squire, "why not go to a man whose opinion will be worth having?"

Then the vicar explained again. His respect for the bishop was so great that any opinion coming from his lordship would, to him, be more than advice—it would be law, so great was his mingled admiration of the man and respect for the office.

"What he means," said Mrs. Fenwick, "is, that he won't go to the bishop because he has made up his mind already. You are, both of you, throwing away your time and money in going to Salisbury at all."

"I'm not sure but what she's right there," said the vicar. Nevertheless, they went to Salisbury.

The Rev. Henry Fitzackerly Chamberlaine was very eloquent, clear and argumentative on the subject, and perhaps a little overbearing. He insisted that the chapel should be removed without a moment's delay, and that notice as to its removal should be served upon all the persons concerned—upon

Mr. Puddleham, upon the builder, upon the chapel trustees, the elders of the congregation—"if there be any elders," said Mr. Chamberlaine, with a delightful touch of irony—and upon the marquis and the marquis's agent. He was eloquent, authoritative and loud. When the vicar remarked that, after all, the chapel had been built for a good purpose, Mr. Chamberlaine became quite excited in his eloquence.

"The glebe of Bullhampton, Mr. Fenwick," said he, "has not been confided to your care for the propagation of dissent."

"Nor has the vicarage-house been confided to me for the reading of novels, but that is what goes on there."

"The house is for your private comfort," said the prebendary.

"And so is the glebe," said the vicar; "and I shall not be comfortable if I make these people pull down a house of prayer."

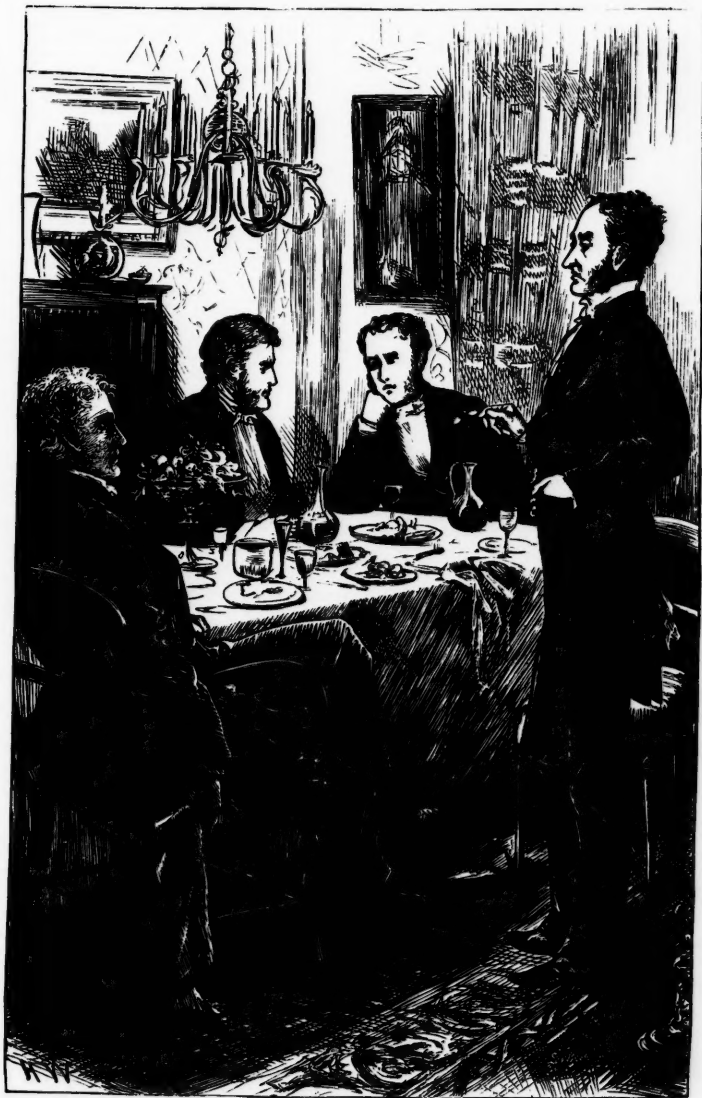
And there was another argument against the vicar's views—very strong. This glebe was only given to him in trust. He was bound so to use it that it should fall into the hands of his successor unimpaired and with full capability for fruition. "You have no right to leave to another the demolition of a building the erection of which you should have prevented." This argument was more difficult of answer than the other, but Mr. Fenwick did answer it.

"I feel all that," said he; "and I think it likely that my estate may be liable for the expense of removal. The chapel may be brought in as a dilapidation. But that which I can answer with my purse need not lie upon my conscience. I could let the bit of land, I have no doubt—though not on a building lease."

"But they have built on it," said Mr. Chamberlaine.

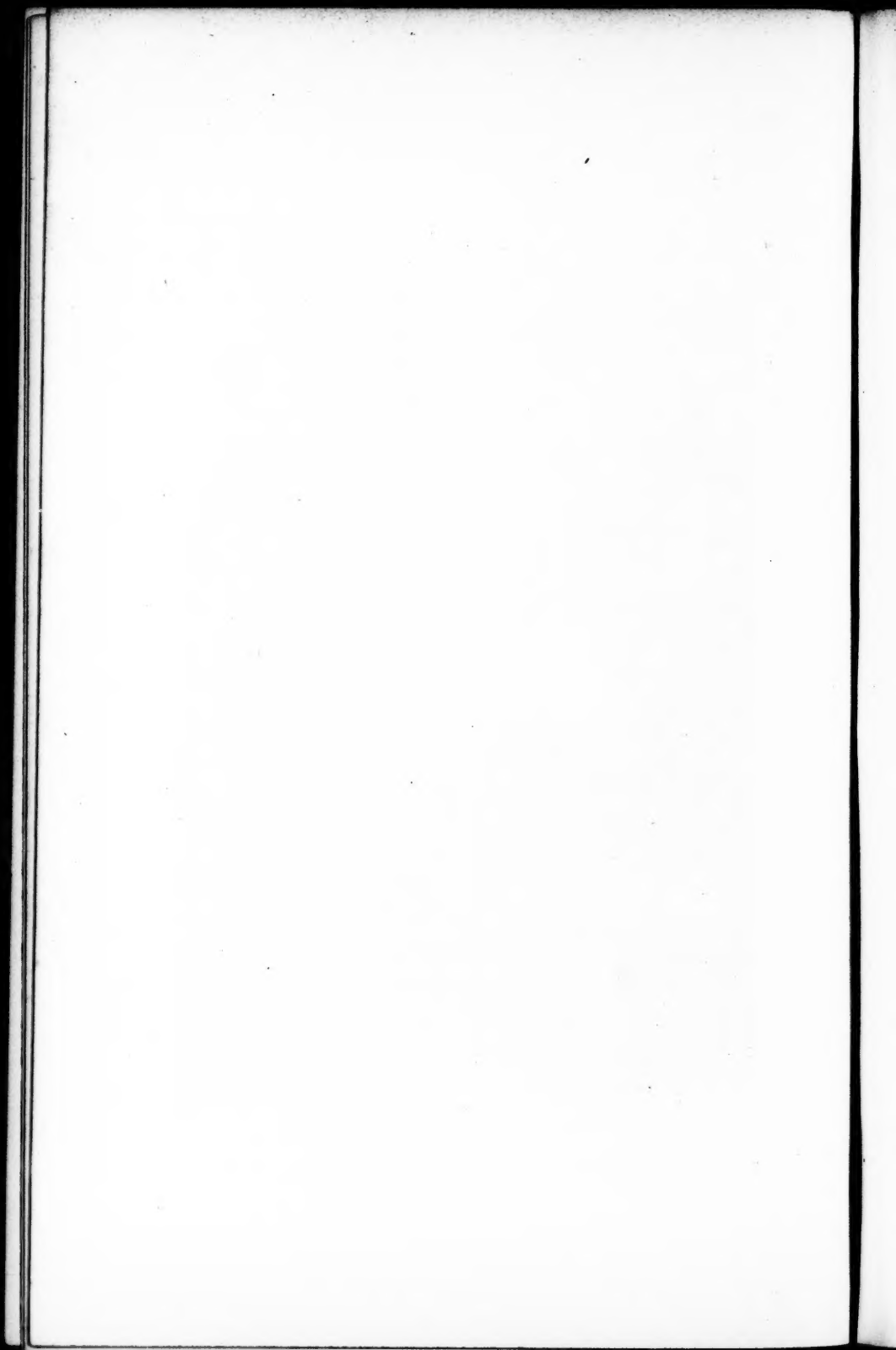
"No doubt, they have; and I can see that my estate may be called upon to restore the bit of ground to its former position. What I can't see is, that I am bound to enforce the removal now."

Mr. Chamberlaine took up the matter with great spirit, and gave a couple of



Mr. Quickenham expresses his opinion.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XLII.]



hours to the discussion, but the vicar was not shaken.

The vicar was not shaken, but his manner as he went out from the prebendary's presence left some doubt as to his firmness in the mind both of that dignitary and of the squire. He thanked Mr. Chamberlaine very courteously, and acknowledged that there was a great deal in the arguments which had been used.

"I am sure you will find it best to clear your ground of the nuisance at once," said Mr. Chamberlaine, with that high tone which he knew so well how to assume; and these were the last words spoken.

"Well?" said the squire, as soon as they were out in the close, asking his friend as to his decision.

"It's a very knotty point," said Fenwick.

"I don't much like my uncle's tone," said the squire — "I never do — but I think he is right."

"I won't say but what he may be."

"It'll have to come down, Frank," said the squire.

"No doubt—some day. But I am quite sure as to this, Harry—that when you have a doubt as to your duty, you can't be wrong in delaying that the doing of which would gratify your own ill-will. Don't you go and tell this to the women; but to my eyes that conventicle at Bullhampton is the most hideous, abominable and disagreeable object that ever was placed upon the earth."

"So it is to mine," said the squire.

"And therefore I won't touch a brick of it. It shall be my hair shirt, my fast-day, my sacrifice of a broken heart, my little pet good work. It will enable me to take all the good things of the world that come in my way, and flatter myself that I am not self-indulgent. There is not a dissenter in Bullhampton will get so much out of the chapel as I will."

"I fancy they can make you have it pulled down."

"Then their making me shall be my hair shirt, and I shall be fitted just as well." Upon that they went back to

Bullhampton, and the squire told the two ladies what had passed—as to the hair shirt and all.

Mr. Fenwick in making for himself his hair shirt did not think it necessary to abstain from writing to the Marquis of Trowbridge. This he did on that same day after his return from Salisbury. In the middle of the winter he had written a letter to the marquis, remonstrating against the building of the chapel opposite to his own gate. He now took out his copy of that letter, and the answer to it, in which the agent of the marquis had told him that the marquis considered that the spot in question was the most eligible site which his lordship could bestow for the purpose in question. Our vicar was very anxious not to disturb the chapel now that it was built, but he was quite as anxious to disturb the marquis. In the formation of that hair shirt which he was minded to wear he did not intend to weave in any mercy toward the marquis. It behooved him to punish the marquis for the good of society in general. As a trespasser he forgave the marquis in a Christian point of view; but as a pestilent wasp on the earth, stinging folks right and left with an arrogance the ignorance of which was the only excuse to be made for his cruelty, he thought it to be his duty to set his heel upon the marquis; which he did by writing the following letter:

"BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, July 18, 1868.

"MY LORD MARQUIS:

"On the 3d of January last I ventured to write to your lordship with the object of saving myself and my family from a great annoyance, and of saving you also from the disgrace of subjecting me to it. I then submitted to you the expediency of giving in the parish some other site for the erection of a dissenting chapel than the small patch of ground immediately opposite to the vicarage gate, which, as I explained to you, I had always regarded as belonging to the vicarage. I did not for a moment question your lordship's right to give the land in question, but appealed simply to your

good feeling. I confess that I took it for granted that even your lordship, in so very high-handed a proceeding, would take care to have right on your side. In answer to this I received a letter from your man of business, of which, as coming from him, I do not complain, but which, as a reply to my letter to your lordship, was an insult. The chapel has been built, and on last Sunday was opened for worship.

"I have now learned that the land which you have given away did not belong to your lordship, and never formed a portion of the Stowte estate in this parish. It was, and is, glebe land, and formed, at the time of your bestowal, a portion of my freehold as vicar. I acknowledge that I was remiss in presuming that you as a landlord knew the limits of your own rights, and that you would not trespass beyond them. I should have made my inquiry more urgently. I have made it now, and your lordship may satisfy yourself by referring to the maps of the parish lands, which are to be found in the bishop's chancery, and also at St. John's, Oxford, if you cannot do so by any survey of the estate in your possession. I enclose a sketch showing the exact limits of the glebe in respect to the vicarage entrance and the patch of ground in question. The fact is, that the chapel in question has been built on the glebe land by authority illegally and unjustly given by your lordship.

"The chapel is there; and though it is a pity that it should have been built, it would be a greater pity that it should be pulled down. It is my purpose to offer to the persons concerned a lease of the ground for the term of my incumbency at a nominal rent. I presume that a lease may be so framed as to protect the rights of my successor.

"I will not conclude this letter without expressing my opinion that gross as has been your lordship's ignorance in giving away land which did not belong to you, your fault in that respect has been very trifling in comparison with the malice you have shown to a clergyman of your own Church, settled in a

parish partly belonging to yourself, in having caused the erection of this chapel on the special spot selected with no other object than that of destroying my personal comfort and that of my wife.

"I have the honor to be your lordship's most obedient servant,

"FRANCIS FENWICK."

When he had finished his epistle he read it over more than once, and was satisfied that it would be vexatious to the marquis. It was his direct object to vex the marquis, and he had set about it with all his vigor. "I would skin him if I knew how," he had said to Gilmore. "He has done that to me which no man should forgive. He has spoken ill of me and calumniated me, not because he has thought ill of me, but because he has had a spite against me. They may keep their chapel, as far as I am concerned. But as for his lordship, I should think ill of myself if I spared him." He had his lordship on the hip, and he did not spare him. He showed the letter to his wife.

"Isn't malice a very strong word?" she said.

"I hope so," answered the vicar.

"What I mean is, might you not soften it without hurting your cause?"

"I think not. I conscientiously believe the accusation to be true. I endeavor so to live among my neighbors that I may not disgrace them or you or myself. This man has dared to accuse me openly of the grossest immorality and hypocrisy, when I am only doing my duty as I best know how to do it; and I do now believe in my heart that in making these charges he did not himself credit them. At any rate, no man can be justified in making such charges without evidence."

"But all that had nothing to do with the bit of ground, Frank."

"It is part and parcel of the same thing. He has chosen to treat me as an enemy, and has used all the influence of his wealth and rank to injure me. Now he must look to himself. I will not say a word of him or to him that is untrue; but as he has said evil

of me behind my back which he did not believe, so will I say the evil of him which I do believe to his face." The letter was sent, and before the day was over the vicar had recovered his good-humor.

And before the day was over the news was all through the parish. There was a certain ancient shoemaker in the village who had carried on business in Devizes, and had now retired to spend the evening of his life in his native place. Mr. Bolt was a quiet, inoffensive old man, but he was a dissenter, and was one of the elders and trustees who had been concerned in raising money for the chapel. To him the vicar had told the whole story, declaring at the same time that, as far as he was concerned, Mr. Puddleham and his congregation should, at any rate for the present, be made welcome to their chapel. This he had done immediately on his return from Salisbury, and before the letter to the marquis was written. Mr. Bolt, not unnaturally, saw his minister the same evening, and the thing was discussed in full conclave by the Puddlehamites. At the end of that discussion, Mr. Puddleham expressed his conviction that the story was a mare's nest from beginning to end. He didn't believe a word of it. The marquis was not the man to give away anything that did not belong to him. Somebody had hoaxed the vicar, or the vicar had hoaxed Mr. Bolt; or else—which Mr. Puddleham thought to be most likely—the vicar had gone mad with vexation at the glory and the triumph of the new chapel.

"He was uncommon civil," said Mr. Bolt, who at this moment was somewhat inclined to favor the vicar.

"No doubt, Mr. Bolt—no doubt," said Mr. Puddleham, who had quite recovered from his first dismay, and had worked himself up to a state of eloquent enthusiasm. "I dare say he was civil. Why not? In old days, when we hardly dared to talk of having a decent house of prayer of our own in which to worship our God, he was always civil. No one has ever heard me

accuse Mr. Fenwick of incivility. But will any one tell me that he is a friend to our mode of worship? Gentlemen, we must look to ourselves, and I for one tell you that that chapel is ours. You won't find that his ban will keep me out of my pulpit. Glebe, indeed! why should the vicar have glebe on the other side of the road from his house? Or, for the matter of that, why should he have glebe at all?" This was so decisive that no one at the meeting had a word to say after Mr. Puddleham had finished his speech.

When the marquis received his letter he was up in London. Lord Trowbridge was not much given to London life, but was usually compelled by circumstances—the circumstances being the custom of society, as pleaded by his two daughters—to spend the months of May, June and July at the family mansion in Grosvenor Square. Moreover, though the marquis never opened his mouth in the House of Lords, it was, as he thought, imperative on him to give to the leader of his party the occasional support of his personal presence. Our vicar, knowing this, had addressed his letter to Grosvenor Square, and it had thus reached its destination without material loss of time.

Lord Trowbridge by this time knew the handwriting of his enemy; and, as he broke the envelope, there came upon him an idea that it might be wise to refuse the letter and to let it go back to its writer unopened. It was beneath his dignity to correspond with a man or to receive letters from a man who would probably insult him. But before he could make up his mind the envelope had been opened and the letter had been read. His wrath, when he had read it, no writer of a simple prose narration should attempt to describe. "Disgrace," "insult," "ignorance" and "malice"—these were the words with which the marquis found himself pelted by this pestilent, abominable and most improper clergyman. As to the gist of the letter itself, it was some time before he understood it. And when he did begin to understand it, he

did not as yet begin to believe it. His intelligence worked slowly, whereas his wrath worked quickly. But at last he began to ask himself whether the accusation made against him could possibly be based on truth. When the question of giving the land had been under consideration, it had never occurred to any one concerned that it could belong to the glebe. There had been some momentary suspicion that the spot might possibly have been so long used as common land as to give room for a question on that side, but no one had dreamed that any other claimant could arise. That the whole village of Bullhampton belonged to the marquis was notorious. Of course there was the glebe. But who could think that the morsel of neglected land lying on the other side of the road belonged to the vicarage? The marquis did not believe it now. This was some piece of wickedness concocted by the venomous brain of the iniquitous vicar, more abominable than all his other wickednesses. The marquis did not believe it, but he walked up and down his room all the morning thinking of it. The marquis

was sure that it was not true, and yet he could not for a moment get the idea out of his mind. Of course he must tell St. George. The language of the letter which had been sent to him was so wicked that St. George must at least agree with him now in his anger against this man. And could nothing be done to punish the man? Prosecutions in regard to anonymous letters, threatening letters, begging letters, passed through his mind. He knew that punishment had been inflicted on the writers of insolent letters to royalty. And letters had been proved to be criminal as being libelous, only then they must be published; and letters were sometimes held to form a conspiracy, but he could not quite see his way to that. He knew that he was not royal, and he knew that the vicar neither threatened him nor begged aught from him. What if St. George should tell him again that this vicar had right on his side? He cast the matter about in his mind all the day; and then, late in the afternoon, he got into his carriage and had himself driven to the chambers of Messrs. Boothby, the family lawyers.

THE BIRD.

I KNOW a little bird that singeth ever,
 "Sweet Heart!"
 From out its nest above the glancing river,
 "Sweet Heart!"
 No other songster ever coming near it:
 I, in my lonely chamber lying, hear it,
 "Sweet Heart!"
 Still to the Morning, brightly gemmed and fair,
 "Sweet Heart!"
 Still to the Noon, throned on the quivering air,
 "Sweet Heart!"
 Still to the pensive Eve, her pale brow shading,
 With star-gemmed fingers, from the daylight fading,
 "Sweet Heart!"

Loud when the black storm's wings are furled away,

"Sweet Heart!"

Low when the mists are rising cold and gray,

"Sweet Heart!"

Once at the midnight, waked by pain, I heard it

Pipe shrill and clear, as though some thought had stirred it,

"Sweet Heart!"

O little, happy bird! 'tis never, never

"False Heart!"

Nor dost thou chide thy tender bird-mate ever,

"Cold Heart!"

Thou hast not felt the curse of Eden lying

Cold on thy wings, else wouldst thou now be sighing

"Sad Heart!"

SARA T. SMITH.

THE PENN FAMILY.

THE object of the present paper—written at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania—is to bring down to the present day a history of the Penn Family, rather than to commemorate its elder branches or enter upon a history of the State.

Beginning with Sir William Penn, the father of our Founder, and one of England's great admirals, we briefly trace his ancestry to William Penn, who died in the year 1591. His son, Giles Penn, was the father of Sir William, knight, the latter born 1621, and married, 1643, to Margaret Jasper. The admiral must have been a man of great ability in his profession, and was certainly most precocious, having risen at twenty-one to be captain in the English navy; vice-admiral of Ireland, at twenty-six; admiral in the Straits, at twenty-nine; vice-admiral of England, at thirty-one; general in the Dutch war, at thirty-two; member of Parliament, at thirty-four; governor of Kingsale, at thirty-nine; and captain-commander under the duke of York, at forty-three. He died in his fiftieth year: his epitaph

in the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, after enumerating his services, says,

"He withdrew,

Prepared and made for his end; and with a gentle and Even Gale, in much peace, arrived and anchored in his Last and Best Port, at Wanstead in ye County of Essex,

Ye 16th of September, 1670, being then but 49 years and 4 months old;

To whose name and merit his surviving Lady hath erected this remembrance."

It sounds oddly in the ear of a Pennsylvanian, when he gets to England, to learn that the name and fame of Admiral Penn are more known and generally appreciated than the actions of the Founder of our State. But so it too often is: one meets with many English people who have never given a thought to the value and importance of this settlement. Time will decide between the reputations of the father and son. The one fought bravely and won by arms the island of Jamaica for the Crown—the other founded a great commonwealth, and introduced laws whose significant value has impressed itself on a whole great nation's history; and all time will but strengthen his claims on the gratitude of the ages.

In his great law, passed in 1682 at Chester, is found the grand declaration as to liberty of conscience: "Nor shall he or she at any time be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry whatever, contrary to his or her mind, but shall freely and fully enjoy his or her Christian liberty in that respect, without any interruption or reflection." The effect of this law can scarcely be appreciated. It had a powerful influence on other States when forming their constitutions, which were adapted to this enlarged view; differing materially from the example of the Old World, from which so many had fled, and so many more are fleeing. The basis of the Proprietary government was not Christianity restricted to particular tenets — not a Church establishment with tithes and spiritual courts — but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men. The story of the foundation of Pennsylvania, the rescue of the Proprietary interests from many and serious embarrassments and the correspondence of the Founder with his agent here, are full of human interest; and the last, detailing, as it does, the sorrows and anxieties of the "great and good Penn," cannot be even hastily perused without profound emotion.

The long agony was at last over. William Penn died on 30th July, 1718. The Province passed to his sons—a principality now of such importance, with its coal, iron, petroleum and so-forth, that the mind fails to grasp its value. It would have been fair to anticipate that the family which had obtained and planted so great a seed would continue for centuries to reap the ripened fruit. Such, however, was not the case. The sons met with opposition, as did their father, and with the usual difficulties attendant on the founding of a province: some agents embezzled the money obtained by sales of land, while the daily wants of each Proprietary absorbed much of the proceeds obtained by parting in haste with the most valuable properties. At the same time it is right to record that their revenues from the

State were not inconsiderable, and were mainly expended in the adornment of their dwellings of Stoke and of Pennsylvania Castle. These revenues have now almost entirely ceased.

William Penn had by his first wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, a son, William, upon whom he settled the estates in England and Ireland inherited from Admiral Penn and those brought by his first wife, together producing an income of about fifteen hundred pounds per annum. These estates were then considered more valuable than the American possessions, which were devised to John, Thomas and Richard Penn, the sons by William Penn's second wife, Hannah Callowhill.

John Penn visited Pennsylvania in 1734, and died, without issue, in 1746, leaving his share of the Province to his brother Thomas, who came to Philadelphia in 1732, returning in 1740. Thomas married Lady Julianna Fermor, and died in 1775. A curious paper, drawn up by Thomas Penn and completed by Dr. Franklin in 1759, gives a minute calculation of the supposed worth of the Proprietary estate in Pennsylvania, and makes the aggregate value about ten millions sterling. Twenty years later, on the 27th November, 1779, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an Act (1 Smith, 479) for vesting the estate of the late Proprietaries in the Commonwealth. As this estate originally consisted of the entire soil of the Province, Sabine is correct in stating that it "was by far the largest that was forfeited in America, and perhaps that was ever sequestered during any civil war in either hemisphere." By this Act the Proprietaries' private estates, including the tenths or manors, were reserved to them, and the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling was agreed to be paid to the devisees and legatees of Thomas and Richard Penn on the termination of the war, "in remembrance of the enterprising spirit of the Founder," and "of the expectations and dependence of his descendants." The amount of money received by the State of Pennsylvania between 1781 and 1789

from the escheated lands of the heirs of William Penn, appears by the comptroller-general's account, as recorded in Janney's *Life of Penn*, to have been 824,094*l.* os. 7*d.* In addition to the compensation voted by this State, Parliament in 1790 granted an annuity of four thousand pounds per annum to the "heirs and descendants" of the Founder, "in consideration of the meritorious services of the said William Penn and of the losses which his family have sustained." This annuity is still regularly paid, the present recipient being, as I suppose, William Stuart, Esq., of Aldenham Abbey.

After the Revolution, with the exception of John Penn, son of Richard and grandson of William Penn, who was governor of Pennsylvania from 1763 to 1771, and from 1775 to the beginning of hostilities, and who died in Bucks county in 1795, Pennsylvanians saw and heard but little of the Founder's family. It may almost be said they were to us somewhat of a myth. The American ambassador for the time being, perhaps, had an annual invitation to pass a day or two at Stoke Park, but for a long time before my own first visit in 1845, scarcely half a dozen Pennsylvanians, if I am correctly informed, had been taken cordially by the hand by any member of the family. It does not appear that an acerbity had grown up in their minds, though they had to sustain their rights through many vexatious controversies about property; but other interests and connections absorbed their attention and thoughts.

Thomas Penn's eldest son, the late and last John Penn (grandson of the Founder), was a virtuoso, a builder and an ornament of fine residences—a man of fashion, no longer retaining, any more than the other relatives, the religious convictions of his great ancestor. He published two large octavo volumes of poems, elegantly illustrated; built successively the great house in Kensington Gardens, London, and the noble mansion of Stoke, whose magnificent park and grounds he laid out and planted.

He was governor of the island of Portland, from which is derived the celebrated stone used everywhere, and of which the new houses of Parliament are built. Portland is on the southern coast of England, one hundred and eighty-five miles from London, with which it is now connected by rail—is opposite Cherbourg on the French coast, and twenty miles west of the Isle of Wight. John Penn there constructed a handsome dwelling in the form of a castle: this was very properly named, at the suggestion of a titled female relative, Pennsylvania Castle.

The committee on publication of the Historical Society, by the aid of pictures and photographs, has obtained a painting of Pennsylvania Castle, from the brush of Mr. Edmund B. Bensell, a rising young artist. It was this marine residence which John's nephew, Granville John, after his sale of Stoke Park to Mr. Labouchere, member of a late Cabinet (now Lord Taunton), called his home.

Below the castle, on the rocks jutting into the sea, are the remains of Bow-and-Arrow Castle, one of the most ancient in England, built, says tradition, by King Arthur. Ruin as it is, it is still beautifully picturesque, and covered with very ancient ivy. The ivy had become yellow, from having exhausted the too little nourishment the rocks afforded, when an American, in 1865, with the assistance of Mr. Penn and the gardeners, supplied its roots with new earth to resuscitate its amber age. The ruin is in full view of the dining, drawing-room and library windows of the newer castle, which in itself, though castellated, is a modern residence, calculated for a large family, and abounding in every comfort. On a small mounted brass cannon on the front lawn, with its muzzle pointed seaward, is inscribed that it was presented by an intimate friend, a nobleman, to John Penn, "member of Parliament." This is the only record I can recall of John Penn's membership in the British House of Commons. The island of Portland is a singularly barren one as regards trees or,

cultivation; but by careful shelter and artistic planting, John Penn succeeded in surrounding the castle with belts of beautiful trees, the admiration of numerous visitors, who resort to the house and grounds during the bathing season at Weymouth. A ticket to see the "Governor's Castle" has to be obtained in the town, distant about eight miles. The magnificent government break-water, now constructing by convicts, has added, it is supposed, nothing to the value of the castle as a property; but since 1865 the island has been entered by a railroad, intended to convey the Portland stone to London, etc. The grounds belonging to the castle are situated on this valuable stone deposit, on the very apex of which occur remarkable remains of sea-fish, often taken out of the cleavage in a singular state of perfection and laid aside as specimens for museums: when a good one is found the workmen call attention to it, and receive as a right the expected fee.

Some of the customs of this island, but now fading away under the influence of a connection by bridges with the main land, are as curious and singular as anything related of the most uneducated, not to say heathen, populations.

At Portland, John Penn, as governor of the island, was regularly and officially in attendance on the court of George the Third when that monarch visited his favorite watering-place, Weymouth, adjoining the island. A likeness of John in full court-dress hangs among the family portraits in the picture-gallery at the castle; and there, opposite each other, are very good portraits of William Penn and James Logan. In another picture, John is seen in full military array, sword in hand, at the head of the Portland troop of horse, which he had organized for the defence of the English coast against the expected invasion of Napoleon.

John Penn also erected the modest mansion of Solitude, still standing on the west bank of the Schuylkill, opposite Fairmount, and part of our new park. He had a morbid dislike of in-

trusion during his hours of study. At Solitude there is still extant the underground passage between the detached kitchen and the dining-room. At the castle a still more elaborate arrangement was made for seclusion. All along the sea front of the mansion there is a private gallery, or hall, leading from the very beautiful sunny library to the drawing and dining-rooms in the great round tower. A good story is told somewhere that a servant at Solitude was determined to know how his master employed his time in those hours when he was not visible: he stationed himself at a keyhole one day, and saw his employer lying on a sofa, delightedly reading a volume of his own poems! His translations exhibit considerable literary acumen, but somehow were never popular. In his college days, says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1834, John Penn, in virtue of his maternal ancestry, was received as a nobleman at Cambridge, and the degree of M. A. was conferred on him in 1779. He died in 1834.

Granville Penn, John's younger brother (who died at Stoke in 1844), was a scholar, a writer of esteemed books; and in fact was called the most learned layman in England. He passed his entire life in literary pursuits and in the education of his children. He inherited Stoke and the Pennsylvania interest from his brother John. His life was not prolonged beyond a few years afterward, when Stoke, together with other property, and nearly all the small remaining Proprietary interests here, fell by inheritance to his oldest son, Granville John.

The Penns of our day, as we have seen, engaged in pursuits foreign to their interests in America, were naturally desirous to know what moneys could be recovered from lands still their own. Many successive agents in the old times, good and bad, had been employed to nurse or to sell—alas! to part with—property before it had fully ripened for a market. In 1845, Granville John was induced to propose a visit to Pennsylvania. He was naturally de-

sirous to know more than his father had known, and he resolved to see for himself the great State with which his name was so honorably and intimately connected. The "heir," as we may safely call him, visited us first in 1851, and subsequently paid us a second visit of some length. He was of course received with the respect due to his station: the gentlemen of Pennsylvania vied with each other to do him honor; he was the recipient of a public dinner; the mayor and councils of Philadelphia gave him a public reception, and his speeches on both occasions were remarkable for classical taste and dignified delivery. He returned these attentions by an elegant collation under tents at Solitude. He afterward visited many parts of this State, and extended his tour to Washington, Ohio, etc., expressing himself everywhere delighted with our scenery and people, and highly gratified to witness so much that was beautiful, and such great prosperity. His name was a passport to many kindnesses and civilities, which were evinced by railroad facilities and public attentions. The circumstance of the advent of the head of the house of Penn among us, after so long an estrangement, was truly admitted to be of great interest. A similar event cannot be hoped for: his only brother, Thomas, and the only survivor of the name, died without issue September 9, 1869, and was interred in the family vault at Stoke. We therefore of this generation have seen the last of the Founder's descendants of the name of Penn, unless some other branch should wisely take the family designation, not by birth its own.

Death has indeed been rife in the circle since 1845. The family at Stoke Park then consisted of the widow of Granville Penn, her husband then very recently deceased, a very old lady; Granville John; three unmarried sisters; and the youngest brother, William, who was educated for the Bar. The mother, the three daughters and the three sons are now all deceased; but a more happy and united family than they formed twenty-five years ago

it would be impossible to describe. Their surroundings were all of the very first class, as regards a truly noble residence; an extensive and perfectly-kept park, abounding in deer and other game; a library of great size and value; liveried servants, fine horses and coaches, with everything that could make life desirable. The picturesque park, as one rambled among its beautiful and ancient trees that had seen so many successive generations come and go, was as silent as any scene amid our own native forests. The servants had mowed the extensive lawns; the hot-house gardeners had set out the Italian portico with newly-flowered plants, covering the pots with lycopodiums and mosses, and the attendants had all disappeared before breakfast was announced: every sound was stilled, and the place was all one's own. The deer silently wandered among the ferns half as tall as themselves; the librarian, himself a learned man and an author of merit, was at his post to hand the guests any book they required, or the morning edition of the *London Times*. Such is an imperfect glimpse of the best English life. The impression was, How painful to leave it and to die!

One felt assured, on passing into the great entrance-hall beneath a funereal hatchment in memory of the late proprietor, that he was not entering a house of consistent Quakers, for one of the first objects was a pair of small brass cannon, taken by Admiral Penn in his Dutch wars, elegantly mounted and polished; and near by, opening on the left, was a fine billiard-room. Family prayers were not neglected: the numerous servants were regularly assembled, as is a usual custom in England: the service of the day was reverently read, and all, from the head of the house to the humblest individual, on their knees gave thanks for mercies received. The house was not wanting in memorials of Pennsylvania, a large portion of the Treaty Tree, sent by some members of the Historical Society, with a silver label on it, ornamenting the grand drawing-room of the second story,

which was reached by a superb and rather fatiguing marble staircase. The birds of Pennsylvania, too, were represented in elegant glass cases, together with Indian relics, and a finely-preserved beaver, which animal was once the annual tribute of the Penns to the Crown.

Stoke was purchased in 1760 of the noble family of Cobham by Thomas Penn, son of the Founder. It had been the property of Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing; of Lord Coke (Coke upon Littleton); and lastly of the Cobham family. Below the garrets, and at the extremity of one wing of the original mansion, had been a state bed-chamber, which, according to tradition, was once occupied by Queen Elizabeth, and where she gave an audience. The ceiling was marked in several places with the initials E. R. and a crown.

A commanding pillar by Wyatt, with a life-size figure of Sir Edward Coke, was erected by the late John Penn not far from the new house. The old manse was a quaint brick structure, as shown by a view from the pencil of the celebrated Mrs. Oliver: it is now mainly demolished, enough, however, being left to exhibit its character. What remains has been converted into the residence of the keeper of the park, with two apartments in the second story fitted up by the Penns as pleasure-rooms or resting-places, and furnished with portraits, hangings and other decorations in keeping with the age of its erection. Space has also been left for a fine racket-court under the old roof and walls.

But one of the chief interests of this old dwelling lies in the fact that it is the scene of Gray's "Long Story." The church, not far from the mansion, is Gray's church—the inspirer of his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." This exquisite poet and scholar was buried in the churchyard in the year 1771, without any kind of memorial to indicate the spot; but it is known to be near the grave of his venerated mother: a recent rector has placed a stone under

the window overlooking the scene, where the inscription by Gray is in substance as follows:

"The mother of many children,
One only of whom had the misfortune
To survive her."

But in 1798 a sarcophagus, elevated upon a pedestal, after an elegant design by James Wyatt, and with appropriate inscriptions, partly from Gray's odes and Elegy, was erected by John Penn upon a spot commanding the points of view connecting the interesting objects there particularized. On one side are the following eight lines of the Elegy, supposed to represent Gray himself:

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he."

On another side are lettered the following lines from the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College":

"Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!—
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

John Penn and other members of his family have shown, as the London *Times* remarks, the greatest regard for the memory of Gray; in fact, have identified their name with his.

Gray's house, on the large farm belonging to the estate, was most superbly ornamented by the celebrated architect Wyatt, who converted it into an Elizabethan mansion, with every possible accessory of ornament and beauty—fountains, etc.—at the expense of the late Mr. G. J. Penn, who designed occupying it at intervals for his own residence, though his time during the latter portion of his life was mostly passed in London, in attendance on his invalid brother. Some years, however, were greatly enjoyed by him in domestic tranquillity with his sisters in a desirable house in Belgravia.

Gray's house was finally sold to a man of wealth: in 1850 the government was in treaty for Stoke as a residence for the Prince of Wales, the negotiation failing only because it was determined the prince should live nearer to, or in, London. As an evidence of the value of these places, Stoke was sold for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and, if I am correctly informed, Gray's house and the large farm attached produced an equal sum.

The library of Stoke House is situated behind the front colonnade, and is one hundred and eighty feet in length: it is a noble room, and was nobly filled with the best books and best editions; among which the visitor could not fail to remark the original manuscript of Gray's *Elegy* (which was afterward sold for twelve hundred dollars) — only a few sheets with many alterations on them. This treasure was encased in a delicate, velvet-covered box, clasped and ornamented with gold. Every published edition of Gray was here enshrined: the first has the modest title-page, "Poems by Mr. Gray."

Stoke Park is surpassingly lovely, and being within an easy walk of Windsor, it is the shrine of the pilgrimage of travelers who appreciate true genius and finished poetical expression. The mansion was also a "show house," and its picture by West of the Treaty Tree, now removed to Philadelphia, and the family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with other treasures of art, together with John Penn's tasteful architecture and landscape gardening, and his extensive planting, attracted and still attract numerous visitors. In short, it is a fitting residence for a wealthy nobleman. Its buildings and artistic decorations must have absorbed a large part of the income from manors reserved in this Province.

A pleasant neighborly feeling existed between the royal family and the Penns: the fox-hounds of Windsor frequently were allowed to course through Stoke Park; John Penn sent on one occasion some of Pennsylvania's favorite canvas-back ducks for the royal table. In

1864, Herne's Oak, in the great Windsor Park, blew down. The Queen ordered the wood to be carefully preserved. Mr. Penn requested a small portion, which was cheerfully granted. A copy of Campbell's edition of Shakespeare, complete in one volume, and now in the writer's possession, is one of two copies bound with the relic, and the only one in America.

The late Granville John Penn, born November, 1803, whose gift to the Historical Society of the original belt of wampum will be remembered, and whose accomplishments, amiable disposition and refined manners endeared him to all who knew him, was educated for the Chancery bar, and read with a learned tutor who has since risen to great eminence. His scholarship he acquired at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degrees. Dr. Langley, the present archbishop of Canterbury, was his and his surviving brother's tutor there. Under the auspices of this distinguished prelate he had intended to reprint the *New Covenant*, a translation of the New Testament that had added to his father's well-earned reputation, and is even now in esteem—a work of at least as great merit as the translation by our own Charles Thompson, the "perpetual secretary" of the Continental Congress, and "the man of truth."

The early education of Granville John, and of his brothers, Thomas and William, was conducted by their father: they never had gone to any school previous to their entering college. While at college, it may be mentioned in passing, Mr. Granville John Penn acted as one of the pages at the gorgeous coronation of George the Fourth, a position much sought for by young men of family. He was fond of relating that on this great occasion the young pages, unaccustomed to waiting on others, entirely forgot to bring in the hot dishes; the royal company was consequently obliged to be contented with the cold collation set on for show during the ceremony; after which, the newly-fledged servitors had the satisfaction of consum-

ing the turtle soups, the game and other delicacies intended for royalty.

Granville John Penn passed most of his early years at his father's house in Hertford street, Mayfair, with Lord and Lady Cremorne, or at Stoke Park, whither the family regularly migrated during their uncle John's residence at the Portland castle at the period of the Weymouth season.

It must be added that the subject of my too brief memoir, the late Granville John Penn, was rather suddenly stricken down, though there were evidences for some time of a breaking up of his constitution. He died March 29, 1867, with a will unsigned in his hand—nobody being with him but his man-servant. By this omission of his signature all his property descended to his brother Thomas, a gentleman in clerical orders, a man of most extensive reading and research, but subsequently declared by a commission of lunacy incapable of managing his estates, which were consequently in Chancery, and since his death have gone to William Stuart, Esq., of Aldenham Abbey, Herts, his nearest of kin. The entire proceeds of Mr. Penn's very respectable means were intended for a young gentleman, a relative, whom he treated as a friend and almost as a son. Castle, life insurance and all his property are thus alienated from one who fully expected them—a striking instance, too often repeated, of the evils of delay.

The following notice appeared in the *London Times* :

"GRANVILLE JOHN PENN, ESQ.

"Granville John Penn, Esq., formerly of Stoke Park, Bucks, who died on the 29th ult., was the lineal representative of Sir William Penn, admiral of the fleet, temp. King Charles the Second, and of the admiral's only and illustrious son, William Penn, the Founder of Pennsylvania; and was the eldest son of Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, by his wife, Isabella, eldest daughter of General Gordon Forbes, colonel Twenty-ninth Foot; and grandson of his Excellency Governor Thomas Penn, and

his wife, Lady Julianna Fermor, daughter of Thomas, first earl of Pomfret. Mr. Granville John Penn was a deputy lieutenant and magistrate for Bucks, with which county he and his distinguished family had been so long associated. He died unmarried, and is succeeded by his only surviving brother, the Rev. Thomas Penn, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxon. Of the four sisters of Mr. Penn, just deceased, three died unmarried; and the eldest, Sophia, died the first wife of General Sir William Gomm, G. C. B., colonel Coldstream Guards. The Penns have left their memory lastingly connected with their former seat, Stoke Park, and its neighborhood. Stoke Park, since their time the residence of Lord Taunton, and now in the possession of Mr. Coleman, has close to it the time-honored and beautiful churchyard of Gray's Elegg, where Gray himself reposes, with little as yet to notify the fact, and where his grave might be passed unheeded but for the magnificent cenotaph erected not far from the churchyard to the poet's memory by the worthy John Penn, governor of Portland in the county of Dorset, and last hereditary governor of Pennsylvania, grandson of the Founder, William Penn, and uncle of the Mr. Penn just deceased. To the poet the Penns thus did honor, whilst, pursuant to the stringency of Quaker custom, their own great William Penn lies in an unmarked, humble grave in the Quakers' burial-ground of Jordans, a few miles from Stoke. Yet, as stated, the whole district is replete with recollections of the Penns, few visitors failing to see Jordans, and to associate the Penn name with Stoke Park and village, and the monument of Gray."

Mr. Penn's remains were solemnly deposited in the family vault in the church situated on glebe land in Stoke Park—"Gray's church"—to which the Penns had long been the most liberal patrons, a fine organ having been one of Granville John's last munificent gifts. As lord of the manor, the family pew occupied the entire basement beneath the steeple; which pew, unlike anything

we see in America, was a large room, with a fireplace in it, comfortable chairs and ottomans, and a curtain drawn at pleasure to conceal the inmates. The great tomb or vault of the Penns is situated about the centre of the church, and to gain access to it numerous pews have to be removed.

I have proposed to trace the descendants of William Penn to the present generation, and there are several reasons why I should do so. In a transaction so large as the settlement of this Commonwealth, where Proprietary interests and reservations of interests were frequent, there is no saying when the acquired rights may cease. As instances of those rights, two illustrations will suffice: Thomas Penn, son of the Founder, owned the site on which Easton, Pennsylvania, is built, and gave to the new town two squares of ground to erect thereon a court-house and a prison. In the deed it was stipulated that a *red rose* was to be paid at Christmas to the head of the family for ever, thus reserving a consideration. In course of time, the city fathers of Easton wished to remove their prison and court-house, and employ the ground as public squares. They could not divert the gift from its original purposes without consent of our chief: he happened to be with us, say, in 1852. Application was made to allow the change, and a liberal little cheque, "to save trouble," as the clerk expressed it, was sent, and I believe accepted, for granting the use of the squares to a new purpose.

The second instance. In every manor—and they were quite numerous—reservation was made of all the minerals. About five years ago a zinc company was formed to work certain mineral lands in Sinking Valley, Tyrone county. On examining the deeds it was found that the minerals were reserved, and a considerable sum per acre had to be paid to the agent of the Penns to extinguish the royalty.

It will be remembered that Admiral Penn declined one of the highest titles

in the gift of the Crown because his son, having turned Quaker, would never wear it. He did not foresee that his descendants would all return to the communion of the Church of England.

The Founder of Pennsylvania married, first, the daughter of a baronet—Springett; and it is worthy of note how many titles are still in possession of his present or late descendants.

Thomas, son of the Founder, married, at the age of fifty, Lady Julianna Fermor, daughter of the earl of Pomfret and Lempster. Her father's titles became extinct in 1867 by the decease of the earl of Pomfret, who died unmarried at his London residence in St. James' Place, in his forty-third year. Mr. G. J. Penn had been his guardian, as well as of his younger brother, also now deceased. Lord Pomfret received his degrees in 1845, and soon after took his seat in the House of Lords. His appearance was distinguished: tall and handsome, in his Oxford dress he looked the young nobleman. I find the following in the *London Times*: as it is brief and to our purpose, enumerating sundry near relatives, etc., it is here inserted:

"Wills and Bequests.—Probate of the will of the Right Hon. George William Richard Fermor, earl of Pomfret, late of Easton Neston, Northamptonshire, was granted by Her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 5th of August to his lordship's brothers-in-law, Sir Thomas George Hesketh and Colonel Thomas Wedderburn Ogilvy (Life Guards), and his (the testator's) cousin, Sir George William Denys, of Draycott Hall, Yorkshire, the executors. The personality was sworn under twenty thousand pounds. His lordship's will bears date the 13th of February, 1867, and he died on the 8th of June in St. James' Place, at the age of forty-three, a bachelor. The title becomes extinct. He has appointed and devised all his estates in Cumberland, subject to conditions of indenture of 1851 and otherwise, to his cousin, Sir George William Denys; and devises all his other freehold estates, over which he had a power of disposal, to such uses

as are contained in the settlement, and to be held in like manner; and leaves all his pictures, furniture and plate to be held with the settled estates in the county of Northampton. He bequeaths the residue of his personal property to his two sisters, Lady Anna Maria Arabella, wife of Sir Thomas G. Hesketh, M. P., of Rufford Hall, Leicestershire, and Lady Henrietta Louisa, wife of Colonel Thomas W. Ogilvy, in equal proportions." Pomfret Castle and the principal estates are in Northamptonshire.

Lady Julianna is always mentioned in the family with the greatest respect and regard. An engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of herself, surrounded by her young family, is a fine work of art and very rare.

While thus dwelling on the Penn family, it is interesting to remember that not only is the name of the Founder affixed to many places in our State, as well as elsewhere, but the names of his relations, such as Callowhill and Letitia, also occur as household words, and are to be found on our street corners; while in Easton, streets are still called Julianna, Fermor and Pomfret. Lancaster boasts of a Julianna Library, which, I am afraid, is composed mostly of musty volumes.

William Penn's granddaughter, Margaret, married Thomas Freame: their daughter, Philadelphia Hannah, born in Philadelphia, married Viscount Cremorne, of Dawson Grove, Ireland, and thus became Lady Cremorne. They owned and resided on a beautiful spot in London, on the Thames, which has been sold, and is known as Cremorne Gardens, a place long of fashionable resort. The title is still in existence, and the present head of the family has lately been created Earl Dartrey, his eldest son bearing the title of Lord Cremorne. Earl Dartrey is a nobleman of large income, and is an Irish peer: the family name is Dawson. He is in high favor, and at this time one of the lords of the court, and is constantly about the Queen.

There was a lovely portrait of Philadelphia Hannah Penn, Lady Cremorne,

in the great north room of Stoke, painted by Sir Joshua; one of the last acts of the late Mr. Penn having been the presentation of this portrait, and that of her husband, to Earl Dartrey. Lady Cremorne died so lately as 1826, at the age of eighty-six. Some of the Cremorne furniture and china and plate was at Pennsylvania Castle in 1865.

William Penn's son, Thomas, had a daughter, Sophia Margaret, who married, May 3, 1796, Archbishop Stuart of Armagh, a lineal descendant of the royal family of Stuarts, and lord primate of all Ireland. Very singularly, the archbishop, when ill with the gout and in great suffering, called for his opiate, prescribed to allay pain, when Mrs. Stuart, in her anxiety, administered the embrocation, which, being a poison, caused his death. It is said that on discovering her fatal mistake, she rushed into the street in her night-dress, and her hair turned white with the horror of her incautious act: certain it is that she never recovered her equanimity.

Their eldest son, William, who married Henrietta, daughter of Admiral Sir C. Pole, is now, by the decease of his near relatives, the head of the house of Penn.

Their daughter, Mary Julianna, married Thomas, Viscount Northland, Earl Ranfurly, the eldest son retaining the title of Northland. The title of Ranfurly is now held by an infant, the fourth earl. The family name is Knox. The Hon. Stuart Knox, son of a former earl, now represents (by what is called a pocket borough) Dungannon in Parliament—an arrangement which must ultimately be destroyed by the late Reform Bill.

I find the following brief notice in the *London Illustrated News* of July, 1866. It serves to continue our story, and is therefore inserted entire:

"THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF RANFURLY.—The Right Hon. Mary Julianna, countess dowager of Ranfurly, who died on July 10, 1866, at her town-house, 10 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Most Rev. William Stuart, lord arch-

bishop of Armagh, by his wife, Sophia Margaret Julianna, daughter of Thomas Penn, Esq., and his wife, Lady Julianna Penn, of Stoke Park, Stoke Pogis, Bucks, and was the granddaughter of King George the Third's celebrated prime minister, John, third earl of Bute, K. G., and was the sister of the present William Stuart, Esq., of Aldenham Abbey, Herts. Her ladyship was born April 3, 1797, and was married, February 8, 1815, to Thomas, second earl of Ranfurly, who died April 26, 1840. By this union her ladyship had issue—Thomas, third earl of Ranfurly, and two other sons, one of whom survives; and seven daughters, of whom six survive and four are married—viz., Lady Mary Stuart Page Read, of Sutton House, Suffolk; Lady Louisa Julianna Alexander, of Forkhill House, in the county of Armagh; Lady Julianna Caroline Walker; and Lady Adela Henrietta Goff, of Hale Park, Hants. The Lady Ranfurly just deceased was grandmother of Thomas Granville Henry Stuart, fourth and present earl of Ranfurly."

The now minor earl of Ranfurly, Thomas Granville Henry Stuart, is said to inherit a large rent-roll from estates in the North of Ireland, which will accumulate during his minority.

A son of the Most Rev. William Stuart, William Stuart, Esq., of Aldenham Abbey, Hertfordshire, and now the representative of the Penn family, is a gentleman of education and fortune. He lives in hospitable style, and has a noble library, in the centre of which, on a pedestal and gorgeous cushion, and covered with a glass urn reversed, is preserved the gold medal and long chain presented to Admiral Penn by Parliament. Its fellow, a like gift to Admiral Blake, was considered by the heirs of Blake intrinsically too valuable to retain, and was melted. Thus the Penn medal is unique.

The Most Rev. Dr. Stuart died in 1822. His remains were deposited in the family vault at Sutton, where, on one of the walls of the old church, is a marble tablet bearing the following interesting inscription:

"In the same vault with
The Honorable William Stuart, D. D.,
Primate of all Ireland,
Are deposited the remains of his Widow,
The Honorable Sophia Margaret,
The last surviving granddaughter of
William Penn,
The celebrated Founder of Pennsylvania.
Born 25th of December, 1764.
Died 29th of April, 1847.
Also Louisa, their youngest daughter,
Who departed this life 20th of December, 1823,
Aged 22 years."

A daughter of Granville Penn, sister of Granville John, and now deceased, married Sir William Gomm, K. C. B., still the beloved and favorite commander of the well-known and celebrated Coldstream Guards. At the age of eighty-nine he is a hale old gentleman, fond of society, attending all the court ceremonies and concerts, entertaining royalty at his own table, and taking his turn at the grouse during the shooting season. He was with Sir John Moore at Corunna so long ago as 1809, and commanded, before the last outbreak, the army of the interior of India, where he lived in great state. His retinue was accompanied by a large force of elephants, and with the train of an Eastern satrap he made an annual tour of inspection. Mr. G. J. Penn had repeated invitations to join him in these excursions, and to bring with him, as a companion, either an Englishman or an American; but these opportunities for a high ride on a howdah were declined. Returning from India, he purchased the late John Penn's great house in London, where he resides with a second wife. Sir William possesses some interests in Pennsylvania, which he acquired, however, by purchase. He is childless.

Our own Pennsylvania family of descendants of the Founder, the Gaskills and Halls, etc., are also the heirs of the honor of the lineage. They are descended from William Penn's oldest son, William, who married Mary Jones, and died in France. They are our highly-esteemed fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania, and possess the Irish estate.

William Penn's son William married Mary Jones, as above stated. Their son William married, first, Christiana Forbes; second, Ann Vaux. This third

William's daughter by his first wife, Christiana Gulielma, married Peter Gaskill. Their children were Jane, Thomas Penn, Alexander Forbes, Peter Penn and William Penn Gaskill. Peter Penn Gaskill married Elizabeth Edwards, of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, and left numerous issue; viz., William Penn; Thomas Penn, married to Mary McClenachen; Eliza Penn, Alexander Forbes; Peter Penn, married to Louisa Heath; Jane Penn, Isaac Penn; Christiana Gulielma, married to William Hall; William, Elizabeth, Caroline Rasleigh, Jonathan, Alice and Evelyne.

From Peter Penn Gaskill and Louisa Heath descended Elizabeth Penn; Louisa, married to William Gerald Fitzgerald; Mary Gulielma Penn, Gulielma Penn, Hetty Penn, Mary Penn, William Penn, Jane Penn, Emily Penn and Peter Penn.

Christiana Gulielma Gaskill married William Hall, who left descendants: viz., William Hall and Peter Hall.

In this connection it may be proper to advert for a moment to the residences of William Penn in England and Ireland. His early residence in Ireland, Shangarry Castle, is now an ivy-covered ruin, but its tall tower, rising above the bright-green foliage, gives a commanding and picturesque air to the remains. The Irish estates were in Chancery for a long period, which did not terminate till 1800, when they were divided between the heirs-at-law of Peter Gaskill and Alexander Durden. The latter married the widow of William Penn's oldest son, William, in 1767; and dying soon after, she left him, Durden, her sole heir.

Worminghurst House was situated on an eminence overlooking the beautiful South Downs of Sussex, and within a few miles of the sea. It was razed to the ground long since, and the Worminghurst estate absorbed in the domains of the duke of Norfolk: only the stables remain to mark the spot where stood that charming home so long brightened by the presiding presence of Penn's first wife, Gulielma Maria.

Ruscombe, where William Penn long

lived during the latter years of his life, and where he died, is about six miles from Reading, in Berkshire. The house, which was a fine one, was pulled down a few years since, to make way for a railroad. But to return to our narrative.

There are other descendants of the Founder whom this imperfect sketch should note. I have traced the family of Thomas, to save confusion, first. Richard, his brother (son of the Founder), was joint Proprietor with Thomas: he married Hannah Lardner, daughter of Richard Lardner, M. D. Their children were John Penn, governor of Pennsylvania from 1763 to the Revolution, who married Anne Allen, and died in Pennsylvania, but was buried in England; who also built Lansdowne, on the Schuylkill; Richard Penn, who married Mary Masters, and visited us in 1808; and Hannah, who married James Clayton.

Richard Penn and Mary Masters had issue—William, Richard, Hannah and Mary: the latter married Samuel Paynter. William visited Pennsylvania with his father in 1808, and remained here some years. His character was not an estimable one: he married here disreputably, and dying not long after, he left his widow but ill provided for: she went to Paris, where she was seen not many years since, still carrying the external marks of beauty.

Richard and Hannah never married, and survived to within a very few years. They settled at Richmond Hill, on the Thames, and finding their incomes insufficient for their style of life, Hannah came to Philadelphia and sold their properties in this city and Kensington at their then low values, and with the money thus obtained purchased a joint annuity. Richard, who was a genial, kind-hearted man, and the author of a little treatise on angling, has left his remaining Proprietary interests to his intimate friend Sir Peter Smith, who now comes in for a share of the dilapidated fortune which, by the exercise of reasonable prudence and management, might have made him one of the richest men of this rich age.

The last-named Richard undertook at

one time to examine the papers of William Penn, to which no biographer of our Founder has yet had full access—a fact to be deeply deplored. For his purpose a room at Stoke was prepared, and the librarian summoned, when huge trunks and drawers were placed at his disposal. The task proved too onerous, and was soon given up in despair. The next destination of these documents was a fireproof room of the Pantechnicon, in London, where they remained till 1864, together with the family and other pictures, plate and reserved valuables. In that year a portion of the letters and papers was transported to Pennsylvania Castle. There I saw some of them, particularly English letters to Penn from well-known celebrities; but nothing had been opened relating to Pennsylvania. It is for many reasons to be hoped the family will show mercy to these long-locked-up documents, and give them to the world under suitable auspices.

The little less than malicious charges of Lord Macaulay against William Penn, lately repeated (and distorted) by Victor Hugo, have been ably and successfully refuted; but it is well to say here that the late Granville John Penn found the most ample proofs of their falsity. He had collated from a number of family letters and papers sufficient to convince the world that the would-be historian's assertions were untrue accusations. Mr. Penn, unfortunately, did not live to lay the proofs before the public.

Lynford Lardner, brother to Hannah (Lardner) Penn, came to this country and was much esteemed and trusted by the Proprietaries: he was appointed receiver-general and keeper of the great seal. He was a gentleman in all the senses of that comprehensive word, and has left a family still high in the esteem of their fellow-citizens. They possess some valuable portraits of the Penns, sent them, with every token of esteem and regard, by Richard Penn: may we hope that these, now in the family of Richard Penn Lardner, Esq., will be carefully preserved?

For any further information regarding the family of Penn I refer to a

sheet entitled "*William Penn, Proprietary of Pennsylvania, his Ancestors and Descendants*." 1852. By Thomas Gilpin"—a painstaking and accurate genealogist and gentleman—from which may be gleaned many names and marriages here omitted.

The fragmentary particulars I have prepared will have exhibited, by inference, the career of some of the more prominent members of the family, who, though most respectably and honorably employed, abandoned to agents one of the finest inheritances on earth—a province situated on the isothermal line most conducive to the healthy growth and happiness of man; where fogs do not hide the light of heaven, nor hurricanes destroy whole cities at one fell blast; where the climate is not so cold in winter as to destroy the animals on which man depends for labor and food, as is the case farther northward, nor insupportably warm in the summer solstice, as in the country and islands south of us: a province where grow the best fruits, cereals and grass and vegetables in the utmost perfection and luxuriance; where iron and coal are in such abundance that no man has yet dared to calculate the date of their exhaustion; where perfect freedom as regards religious tenets—thanks to the Founder!—exists, and where we might all be as happy as it is possible to be on this planet—if we could only get rid of the politicians! In short, we have the best climate in the world, producing by the simple labors of the freeman, and, thanks to our own inventions, with lightened toil, nearly all needed luxuries. All this fair land and its abundance, of which even the tenths reserved at the Revolution were a princely estate, were left for the ease and honors of the Old World: it is not mere hyperbole to say *abandoned* for less noble objects of ambition. Agents and sub-agents, at a heavy cost, were employed; Proprietary governors were salaried and supported; the moneys received were almost always spent in advance; and a commission and an interest were charged by London

bankers, who kept an open account with the heirs as long as there was anything to authorize it. It sometimes seems to me that every stone composing the walls of Pennsylvania Castle cost a city lot; that every pane of glass in Stoke mansion alienated a ground-rent; while every grand entertainment in the London house may safely be said to have taken a farm. Or was it perhaps in the ordering of Providence that no moneyed oligarchy was to rule or oppress us?

An American was asked in London not many years ago, by a person in good society, and who ought to have known better, if Philadelphia was near Pennsylvania. It is true that many of our Transatlantic cousins know little of us: for this ignorance, however, we can forgive them, for we know little of many points, geographical and other, relating to them; but we could not forgive ourselves, and posterity would not forgive us, if we, who have been their contem-

poraries, allowed the inheritors of our Founder's name to be left without trace or memento. As a matter of taste and feeling we should make the record: if it is a duty, it is surely a matter of interest historically, to know the fate of the descendants of a great and good man. Such is the pleasing task of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania when it commemorates the good deeds of Penn—deeds which have resulted in truly great and permanent good. He sowed in sorrow—we are reaping the ripened fruit. We should rejoice to keep bright the chain, and record, as time passes rapidly away, the story of his posterity.

I am requested to state that the foregoing paper will form a portion of the preliminary matter in the *Penn and Logan Correspondence*, ably edited by Edward Armstrong, Esq., and about to be published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

JOHN JAY SMITH.

MATCH-MAKING.

IT is to be hoped that in giving this article its present attractive title we are not about to lead some inquiring young lady mind on to a reading by which she will awake to the fact that we are making no allusion whatever to matches matrimonial, and that our efforts to enlighten savor somewhat of false pretences.

We all—premissing, of course, that everybody is as old as ourselves—well remember the time when Bridget was dependent for the production of fire by which to perform household duties on a contrivance that was but one remove from the savage plan of rubbing two bits of wood together. We all remember the tinder-box and its accompaniments of flint and steel—an article now supposed to be so much a thing of the

past that we should almost as soon expect to see a beau of the days of Charlemagne promenading Broadway; and yet we can assert that with our own eyes have we seen within the year, in Central Virginia, a spot where the tinder-box is not yet expurged and where lucifers are looked on as a diabolical invention.

Strictly speaking, we may say that the first historical record of matches was intimately in relation to the tinder-box, and they were used by Bridget, after having scraped her knuckles with the flint and steel to deposit a spark in the cotton-rag tinder, that she might elucide a flame. These matches were simply a shaving taken from a slip of pine wood, the action of the plane causing them to curl, and either end dipped

in melted sulphur. In almost every country domestic establishment these useful articles were made at home, but in the cities boys and girls traversed the streets, and the prime article could be bought at two or three bunches for a penny, according to the state of the market.

The advance from the tinder-box to the first birth of the lucifer was quite equal to McClellan's advance on the Peninsula. Every chemist who undertook the matter based it upon phosphorus. At first, it came in the shape of a bit of the plain article rubbed on sandpaper, the friction causing it to ignite, and the application of a sulphur match producing the flame. Burnt fingers and the expense caused inventors to look farther, and the next step was a small wax taper, the wick of which was coated with phosphorus, and the whole enclosed in a small glass tube. When a light was wanted the end of the tube was broken off, and the contact of the air with the wick ignited it. Highly scientific, but expensive!

The next was the phosphorus-bottle. A small bit of phosphorus was put in a bottle and slightly burned with a heated wire, the bottle being quickly closed with a cork; the result was a phosphoric oxide, which, when a light was wanted, it was only necessary to bring into contact with a sulphur match. For many years these bottles were supposed to be the ultimatum of light-producing, until the German chemists went into the matter.

The first attempt at a serious change was that of one Honiberg, who thought he could substitute a calcined mixture of sugar, flour and alum, which had the quality of taking fire when exposed to the air. But as people would not be careful, Honiberg's method burnt out, and some things more scientific, though not more practical, were tried. The best of these was a glass reservoir holding a small supply of hydrogen gas, a column of water supported by a valve, an electrophorus, by aid of which an electric spark was made to ignite a small stream of hydrogen, which was

released from the reservoir by pressing the finger upon a valve lever on the top.

The next point was in pneumatics, and the construction of a hard metal syringe, at the end of which was a bit of tinder, or, as the boys call it, punk. The quick pressing down of the piston condensed the air in the tube, thereby producing sufficient heat to ignite the punk, and by the application of a sulphur match the requisite flame was obtained.

But all this would not do, and at last the chemists hit upon the idea that a mixture of chlorate of potash, sugar and gum would take fire if touched by sulphuric acid. With that the bottle came up again, and oblong paper boxes were made containing a bunch of matches tipped with the chlorate, and little bottles of the acid to dip in. These boxes were safe, and as they were prettily got up, the wood of the matches being oftentimes perfumed, they held sway for many years.

But at last the public and the match-makers came to the conclusion that cheapness must be reached, and that it could be done in no other way than by discarding fancy boxes, bottles and perfumes, and that the match must be made to ignite by friction alone. To reach this, various inventions were made, and we stepped as it were at once into the lucifer—or, as it was once called, the loco-foco—match. In the production of this essential little article almost every manufacturer undertakes to make a secret of the compound with which he tips his splints of wood, and asserts that his method is different from that of any one else; but, while we are not anxious to disclose trade secrets or lay open to an enterprising public the method of match-making, we will take the responsibility of asserting that very few of them depart far from a mixture of chlorate of potash, phosphorus, sulphuret of antimony, saltpetre and starch, though they may add what coloring matter they please to give their manufactures symmetry and beauty. This coloring matter is generally red ochre, red lead,

Prussian blue or smalt, and has nothing whatever to do with the action of the match.

For a long time after the invention of the lucifer, Yankee ingenuity did not seem to grasp the idea of its manufacture in this country. We looked to Germany for our supplies, and even to the present day we import largely, while a great part of our home manufacture is in the hands of the natives of that practically scientific land. Before going farther in describing our own processes, we will, as the point has been broached, say something about German and English match-making, to show how rapidly the business has grown into a trade of importance.

The German match trade began at Darmstadt in the year 1834, and that duchy has now about thirty-five large manufactories, turning out over two millions of boxes weekly. These boxes are not like ours, which contain one hundred matches each, but are cases, sometimes of wood, sometimes paper and sometimes tin, with a filling of from one thousand to fifteen hundred matches. These are sold on the spot, by the manufacturers, at about two cents, our money, per dozen boxes, while the splints, untipped, of which large quantities are exported to England and other countries, are sold at a still more astonishingly low rate, one manufacturer offering the untipped at the rate of ten thousand for one cent. In Austria and Bavaria both the finished matches and the splints are sold by the pound, at a rate that makes them come equally low.

From Germany the manufacture spread into other countries, and England especially took up the making with a vigor that has made her a serious rival to the former in the markets of the world. In England at this time there are some most extensive manufactories—one in Lancashire alone employing five hundred hands, keeping always on hand a stock of timber valued at seventy-five thousand dollars, using every week a ton and a half of sulphur and the same quantity of glue, and pro-

ducing an average of seventy millions of matches weekly.

In this country the manufacture is scattered through too many hands to compute the number made. We have no manufactories that can compete in size with those of Europe; and since the internal revenue tax of one cent per box has been added to the price, the makers are unanimous in assuring us that the demand has fallen off one-half. This must of course proceed from the simple fact that the consumer has now to pay two and a half cents for what a few years ago he obtained for one cent, or less, and, as a consequence, is more careful in the use, or, rather, more judicious in the waste.

Before the simple match which we hold so lightly in our every-day economy is fit to be handed over to us, not only is it necessary that individually it should go through a variety of manipulations, but before its production really great mechanical skill has been brought to bear in the construction of the machinery necessary for cutting the splints. In many cases, even of large manufactories, this department is entirely separate, and the splints, both round and square, are made and sold to the match-makers at a certain sum, leaving them to perform all the other necessary work to make them perfect illuminators.

Take our Yankeeizing arm, gentle inquirer into the mysteries, and let us wander through the sulphurous fumes in search of information.

The first process to which we shall introduce you is that of the conversion of the timber. The planks or pieces, you will perceive, from which all matches save matrimonial and sporting ones are made, are four feet in length. This timber is not necessarily the best stuff, as it had to be years ago, when the machines were fine knives for splitting—common wood doing just as well when perfectly free of knots. These slips of plank, four feet in length and two inches in thickness, are taken to a machine to be cut into slabs the exact thickness of a match. Formerly, fine circular saws were used to accomplish

this work, but have been rejected in favor of the present machine, which splits off the slabs by a motion similar to the eccentric of a steam engine, or a pushing stroke. This is a saving of forty per cent. in timber, there being no waste by sawdust.

This slab when cut off is ready for the machine that is to cut it into splints. The action of this is simply the revolution of a solid iron cylinder, about three inches in diameter, on which is a series of minute knives exactly distant the width of a match, and making eighteen upon the cylinder. The slab is passed in beneath this cylinder and the small platform that supports and presses it upward, and in seven and a half seconds is passed through, cut half its thickness. It is instantly reversed and the operation repeated; and in fifteen seconds eighteen splints four feet in length, and capable of making twenty-four matches each, or four hundred and thirty-two in all, are turned out. The same rate of progression for a day's work of ten hours would give one million thirty-six thousand eight hundred matches. Both round and square splints are made upon the same machine, the only difference being in the knives that do the cutting.

These splints, when cut, are put in bundles of fourteen hundred each, and, when not made by the match-makers, are sold to them at the rate of twenty-five cents a gross of one hundred and forty-four splints, or thirty-four hundred and fifty-six matches, which, counting one hundred to the box—that being honest measure—will make thirty-four and a half boxes, or somewhat less than a quarter of a gross of boxes of matches. To dispose of the splint-cutting, we have only to say that the cutters assert that before many months are gone they will have a machine in operation that will cut a thousand gross of splints a day, or three and a half millions of matches.

The splints being now transferred to the factory, the first process is to reduce the four feet to shorter lengths. This is done by cutting them to four inches, or twice the length of a match, this length

being kept for the purpose of dipping both ends by one process. This cutting is done without unbundling, and with one movement of a guillotine worked with a treadle, the cut matches falling loosely into a box.

From this cutter they go to the hands of the tiny creatures who fit them into frames for dipping—children scarce old enough to reach the low tables at which they work, standing through their ten hours, and placing the little morsels of wood rapidly in these frames, which are simply two uprights secured firmly by a cross-piece at the bottom, and having grooved slides which hold the matches firmly just far enough apart to keep them from touching, and their ends protruding on either side of the frame. Each of these frames will hold about three thousand matches, and upon being filled they are carried to an inspector, who shakes out whatever is loose, fastens the frame and passes it over to the dipper.

The dippers are the chief workmen of the occasion, each dipping-furnace accommodating two of them. The furnaces are kept at a high heat, and upon them stand, first, an iron plate with nothing upon it; second, a pan of sulphur, kept always in a fluid condition; and, third, another iron plate on which is the phosphoric composition that produces the light. This composition is kept always of the consistency of thick cream, and just sufficient of it allowed on the plate that it may not overflow, and be of the exact depth necessary for dipping, or about the eighteenth of an inch. The dipper takes the frame as it comes to his hand, putting it for a second or two upon the first hot plate, and instantly reversing it. This is done that any lingering moisture that may be in the wood shall be dried out. This done, by one dextrous movement, keeping it exactly even, it is dipped in the sulphur, which hardens immediately—reversed as before, and then instantly, in the phosphoric composition; and the illuminating process is finished. The frame goes on to a rack for drying, and in about two hours, unless the

weather is very heavy and damp, the matches are ready to be taken out.

This is done by another set of hands, who, on liberating them from the frame, put them into boxes laid regularly, and they are ready to be transported to the packing-room. Here another series of hands takes them in charge—girls of a larger growth, who sometimes, in manipulating the matches and boxes, show a wonderful dexterity. One whom we watched took up the loose matches—it being understood that they are yet double, or dipped at both ends—cut them into two by means of a treadle-cutter fitted to her work-bench, and put them into their boxes, putting on the lids, at the rate of four hundred boxes an hour! In taking up these matches, such was the accuracy of touch, by practice, that she never took more nor less than exactly the number that filled the box, the filling not leaving an interstice to insert even one more match.

Being boxed, the next process is packing; previous to which we will only mention that in most factories they cut their own paper for boxes, which are afterward given out to make at the rate of about three cents a gross compensation for making. The packing simply consists in making a package of one and a half dozen boxes, or eight packages to a gross. This gross, when complete, sells for two dollars and fifty cents: from this must be deducted the internal revenue stamp of one cent per box. The boxes are retailed at the rate of two and a half cents each.

And now that our matches are packed and ready for market, our duty ought to be done, but we see before us many questions yet to answer. Mr. Philanthropist wishes to know the medical statistics of the trade, and how far workmen or these tiny children of whom we have spoken are affected by it. Miss Timid wishes to know whether there are not terrible explosions sometimes, and men, women and children sent whirling skyward without a moment's notice. Materfamilias, with due memory of the unpleasant effects when she has lit a lucifer in too close prox-

imity to her own nose, would inquire whether the continued smell of the sulphur and phosphorus does not affect the appetites of the little ones and prevent them enjoying their dinner; and Paterfamilias would like to know whether "the villainous sulphur and saltpetre" have not the effect of destroying the clothes either by burning or by the fumes.

We will endeavor to answer each of these, to the best of our ability, in their order. If we went according to our questioning of employers and employes, we should dismiss all these interrogatories with a decided negative, but shall answer from our observation. Each and all, workmen and children, declared themselves in perfect health, except one little mite of five years old, who said she had a corn on her little toe; but as we could not trace this to sulphur or phosphorus, we dismiss it. The dippers had good color, though this undoubtedly arose from the heat of the furnaces. The muscles were as firm as in the generality of men who do not work at heavy labor. The tongue was somewhat furred and the eyes were bloodshot, but whether from phosphorus or something in a more liquid condition, we will not say. One of these had been three years dipping—the other, one.

Those physicians who have looked into the matter in Europe declare that after a year in this service the workman is subject to a disease of the jaw, which takes the form of a crumbling of the bone, defying all efforts to stop it until the jaw drops off. To avert this, the manufacturers have undertaken to introduce a new kind of phosphorus, denominated by chemists amorphous or allotropic, but so far the effort has not been successful.

To the second query the manufacturers answer that there can be no explosion, though there may be fire; yet with ordinary care this can always be guarded against. Sometimes the dipper's plate will take fire, but the result is only the loss of a little of the composition and a little time. If a carrying box with a few thousand matches

takes fire, an application under the hydrant settles the question; and if combustion breaks out anywhere, the hands are so well up in their work that no confusion arises: the seat of the difficulty is reached in a moment, and all goes on as before. The visitor can hardly walk through a match-factory without producing fire half a dozen times from the contact of his boot-soles with the loose matches on the floor, but that is a matter of no consequence, and the fire is allowed to extinguish itself.

On the matter of appetite, we can only assert that we were present when the bell sounded twelve o'clock, and saw scores of the future mothers of America sit down to their bread, pie and pickles—these seeming to form the favorite diet of the young ladies—and we could not

remark any lassitude or disinclination for their rations.

On the subject of clothes, we think the fumes have a deleterious effect on woollens, tending to rot or to soften the fibre. A stout piece of woolen cloth that had been four months over the dipping furnace readily yielded to the pressure of the finger and established a hole. Of the burns we shall say nothing.

And now, having answered these questions, and feeling that we have nothing more to say, we think it would be better to follow the advice of that sage who said, "Never make a speech until you have something to say, and stop as soon as you have said it." With this view we leave in the hands of our friends our dissertation on Match-making.

J. W. WATSON.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

CHAPTER I.

HOISTING THE FLAG.

A DREARY, murky November day brooded over Southampton, and an impenetrable fog hung over sea and shore alike, penetrating the clothing, chilling the blood and depressing the spirits of every unlucky person who was so unfortunate as to come within the range of its influence. The passengers on the steamship *America*, from Bremen for New York via Southampton, found the brief period of their stay at the latter port almost unendurable; and while some paced the wet decks impatiently, others grumbled both loudly and deeply in the cabins, or shut themselves up in their state-rooms in sulky discomfort. Those who remained on deck had at least the amusement of watching for the steamboat which was to bring the Southampton passengers—a pastime which, however, being indefinitely prolonged, began to grow wearisome. It

came at last—a wretched little vessel, rather smaller than the smallest of the noisy tugs that puff and paddle on our American rivers—and the wet, sick, unsheltered passengers were gradually transferred to the deck of the ship.

Among those who appeared to have suffered most severely from the rocking of the miserable little steamboat was a young, fair-haired girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, who seemed almost insensible. She would have fallen had not one of her fellow-travelers, a lady evidently not much her senior, thrown her arm around her: thus aided, she managed to reach the steamer's deck and to totter down the staircase leading to the ladies' cabin. The active, busy steward at once bustled up to the two young girls:

"Your names, ladies, if you please. I will point out your state-rooms in a moment. Miss Marion Nugent—Miss Rhoda Steele? Miss Nugent, berth No. 20, state-room G—"

"Cannot I occupy the same state-room with this young lady?" interrupted the taller girl, who was still lending the support of her arm to sustain her half-fainting companion.

"Do not leave me, please," murmured the sufferer.

The steward threw a compassionate glance upon the pair, went away, and after a short consultation with the unseen powers, returned and said that the arrangement had been effected, and that they could take possession at once of their state-room, into which he proceeded to usher them. It was more spacious than such apartments usually are, and abounded with all those little contrivances for comfort and convenience for which the steamers of the North German Lloyds are justly famed. The invalid sank down on the soft-cushioned little sofa and gasped painfully for breath.

"For Heaven's sake, get me some wine or some brandy!" exclaimed her companion. "This poor thing seems very ill; and do tell the doctor to come here at once."

With a quick, energetic movement, as she spoke she unclasped the heavy waterproof cloak of the sufferer and threw it back, thus revealing a fair, pallid face, framed in loosened curls of silky golden hair. It was a face that must have looked singularly lovely when tinted with the rosy hues of health, so delicate were the features and so large and blue the half-closed eyes, but it was ghastly pale, and a livid, bluish tinge had settled around the small mouth, whose ruby hues had fled to give place to a sickly purple. The steward speedily returned with some brandy, the bull's-eye was thrown open, and the cold sea air and potent spirit soon asserted their restorative powers. She sat up, a more natural color overspreading her countenance, and she murmured inarticulately a few words of thanks, while the kind-hearted steward hastened away again in search of the doctor.

"I am subject to these attacks," she said, faintly, to her companion when

they were again left alone. "Only feel how my heart is beating."

The ship's surgeon soon made his appearance. He was a young, light-haired, solemn-looking German, who shook his head and looked very grave as he listened to the labored breathing and felt the bounding, irregular pulse of the sufferer.

"It is a pity that the ship has started," he said in very good English, "for I hardly think you are fitted to bear the fatigues of a sea-voyage at this season of the year; and had we been still at anchor, I should have counseled you to return to shore. But it is too late now, and you must try to keep as quiet as possible. I would advise you to retire to your berth at once: it will probably be a stormy night, and you had better settle yourself comfortably before the motion begins to be unpleasant. I will see you again in the morning, and if you feel worse meanwhile, let me know at once."

The doctor and the steward then quitted the state-room, and its two occupants, being left alone, surveyed each other curiously.

The active and energetic girl who had acted as spokeswoman and directress throughout the brief scene we have just described had let fall her waterproof cloak and stood arrayed in a black velvet jacket and dark silk skirt, both much the worse for wear, and contrasting sadly with the neat but simple traveling costume of her companion. But about her slender, finely-proportioned figure there was an air of style and grace which lent an elegance even to her shabby and faded finery, and which was wanting in the owner of the fresher and more appropriate attire. Her face was beautiful, with a singular and weird beauty which owed nothing of its fascinations to the ordinary charms of delicate outlines and dainty coloring. Her features were small and attenuated, and her complexion was of a sallow paleness, whose lack of freshness seemed caused by dissipation and late hours or by the ravages of illness. Heavy masses of soft silken hair, black as mid-

night, with bluish reflections on its lustrous waves (*bleu à force d'être noir*, as Alexandre Dumas describes such tresses), untortured by crimping-pins or curling-tongs, were rolled back in plain folds above her low, broad brow. Her eyes would have lent beauty to a plainer face. Large almost to a fault, of that dark, clear blue which is too perfect and too transparent ever to look black even under the shadow of such long, thick eyelashes as shaded them in the present instance, they were perfectly magnificent; and their lustrous azure and ever-varying expression lent to the mobile countenance of their possessor its most potent and peculiar charm.

She was the first to speak. "Do you not think you had better retire to your berth?" she asked. "The rocking of the ship is increasing, and we had better, early as it is, settle ourselves for the night, before it becomes so violent as to prevent us from moving."

At this moment two porters made their appearance laden with packages. Two small new trunks—one marked R. S., the other M. N.—were deposited on the floor and identified by their possessors. The sick girl then attempted, with trembling hands, to disembarass herself of her apparel, but it was not without much assistance from her companion that she was enabled to remove her traveling costume and make her preparations for retiring. At last, however, she was ready, and was about to make an attempt to reach the upper berth, which was the one allotted to her by number, when a quick, imperative gesture from her companion stopped her.

"No, no," she said: "you must take the lower berth. I can reach the upper one without any trouble, and you are not strong enough for so much exertion."

"You are very, very kind," said the invalid, gratefully. She sank back on the pillow and watched the other for some minutes in silence, as she quietly and quickly gathered up and put in order the scattered articles with which the state-room was strewn.

"Will you not give me that little black bag?" she said at last. "Thanks! that is it. I wished to be certain that I had put my letter of introduction in it. Ah! here it is, quite safe. It would never do for me to lose that letter, for the lady with whom I am going to live as governess has never seen me, and she might take me for an impostor were I to come without it. An English lady who was her most intimate friend engaged me for her. I wonder what New York is like?—very rough and wild, no doubt, and I am afraid I shall be much annoyed by the rattlesnakes. You are going to New York too, are you not?"

"I am."

"Have you friends there?"

"None."

"I wish I had some acquaintances among our fellow-passengers, but I do not know a single one. Do you?"

"No."

"You have not told me your name yet. Mine is Marion Nugent; and yours—"

"Is not so pretty a one—Rhoda Steele."

There was something in the tone of these replies that quelled the invalid's disposition to talk, and she remained silent while her companion finished her arrangements and prepared to take possession of her berth. It was time that she did so. The threatened gale was by this time blowing in earnest, and the ship was commencing to roll fearfully; so, after securing all the boxes and bags as well as possible, and hanging up all the scattered garments, she made a hasty retreat to her couch, and lay there only half undressed, but utterly prostrate, and as unable to touch the tea and biscuits brought by the attentive stewardess as was her more delicate and suffering room-mate.

Time passed on: the daylight faded from the sky, a feeble glimmering lamp shed its faint rays into the state-room, and the great steamship went steadily on, though rocked and tossed like a plaything by the whistling winds and angry sea. Then midnight came: the lights in the state-rooms were extin-

guished, and a profound silence reigned throughout the cabins, broken only by the ceaseless throb of the mighty engines and the noisy clanking of the screw.

The state-room was wrapped in profound darkness when Rhoda Steele awoke with a start as from some troubled dream. Was she still dreaming, or did she indeed hear a strange choking sound proceeding from the lower berth? She sprang to the floor at once, heeding neither the darkness nor the violent motion, and clinging to the side of the berth she called aloud. There was no answer: even the gurgling, choking sound she had at first heard had ceased. She put out her hand, and it encountered her companion's face. It was deathly cold, and the features quivered as if convulsed under her touch. Again she called aloud—still no answer; and then, thoroughly frightened, she caught up a cloak from the sofa, threw it around her, and opening the state-room door, she rushed into the cabin. It was almost deserted. The lamps swung heavily overhead, swayed by the unceasing rolling of the ship; a drowsy waiter slumbered at one of the tables, his head resting on his folded arms; and one or two sleepy passengers tried to maintain a recumbent posture on the broad sofas that lined the sides. The cries of the terrified girl soon brought several of the waiters to her assistance, and Captain Wessels himself, who had not retired to rest, owing to the stormy weather, came to ascertain the cause of the unusual disturbance. Her story was quickly told: lights were brought, and the captain accompanied her back to the state-room.

It was a pitiful sight that met their eyes. The young girl lay motionless in her berth, her face tinged with a livid bluish hue, her eyes closed, and her small hands clenched as if in agony.

"The doctor!—run for the doctor!" was the instant and universal exclamation. The doctor came. One look at the pallid face, one touch on the slender wrist, and he turned with a grave face to the bystanders.

"There is nothing to be done," he said. "She is dead. I feared some such catastrophe when I saw her last evening. She was in the last stages of heart disease."

"And who was she?—what was her name?" asked kind-hearted Captain Wessels, looking down with pitying eyes at the fair pale face.

The steward brought his lists.

"Berth No. 22," he read—"Miss Rhoda Steele."

"And this young lady?" continued the captain, turning to the other occupant of the state-room, who had sunk back as if exhausted on the sofa, still enveloped in the shrouding folds of her large waterproof cloak.

She raised her head. The answer came after a moment's hesitation—came with a strange, defiant ring in its tone:

"My name is Marion Nugent."

CHAPTER II.

UNDER FULL SAIL.

MORE than a year has passed away since the events narrated in our first chapter took place, and the curtain now rises on a far different scene—a dinner-party in one of the most splendid of the gorgeous mansions on Madison avenue, New York.

Mrs. Walton Rutherford, the giver of the entertainment in question, was a member of a class unhappily now fast dying out of New York society—one of those ladies of high social position and ancient lineage who adorn the station which they occupy as much by their virtues as by their social talents. A high-minded, pure-souled matron, a devoted wife and mother, as well as a queen of society, inheriting the noble qualities of her Revolutionary forefathers as well as their great estates—such was the lady who presided over the brilliant festivity we are about to describe. She had been left for many years a widow, and her surviving children—two sons, Clement and Horace—were both of mature age; Horace, the younger, being just thirty years old,

and Clement, the elder, some seven years his senior. Mrs. Rutherford herself was a few years over sixty. A year or two before the period at which our story opens a terrible misfortune had befallen her. Amaurosis—that most insidious and unmanageable of diseases of the eye—had attacked her vision, and in a few months after it declared itself she was totally, hopelessly blind. But, although debarred by her infirmity from going into society, she still received her friends in her own home; and her evening receptions and elegant dinners were always cited as being among the most agreeable and successful entertainments of the season.

Another sorrow had recently come to trouble the calm of her honored and tranquil existence—the marriage of her eldest son. Clement Rutherford, unlike any other member of the family, was a cold, reserved man, unpleasant in temper and disagreeable in manner. When he was still quite a boy, his mother's only sister, Miss Myra Van Vleyden, had died, and had bequeathed to him the large fortune which she had inherited conjointly with Mrs. Rutherford from her father, the two sisters being the only children of Schuyler Van Vleyden. She was a soured, morose old maid, and probably saw some congeniality of disposition in her eldest nephew which caused her to single him out as her heir. After he attained to years of manhood, he always manifested a decided antipathy to ladies' society, and was generally looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor; so that when he announced to his mother the fact of his engagement to Mrs. Archer's pretty governess, Miss Nugent, her distress of mind was fully equalled by her astonishment. The match met with her strongest disapproval, as was to have been expected; for it was hardly probable that she, the oldest surviving representative of the old Knickerbocker family the Van Vleydens, an acknowledged leader of society by the triple right of wealth, birth and intellect, should be inclined to welcome very warmly as a daughter-in-law the penniless beauty

who had been occupied for some months past in teaching Mrs. Archer's little daughters the rudiments of French and music. Moreover, the investigations and inquiries respecting the young lady's origin which she had at once caused to be instituted on hearing of her son's engagement, had revealed a state of affairs which had placed Miss Nugent in a very unenviable light. Her parents were well born, though poor. She was the daughter of a curate in the North of England, who had lost his young wife by heart disease when Marion was but a few months old, and two years later Mr. Nugent died of consumption, leaving his little daughter to the care of his unmarried and elderly brother, the Reverend Walter Nugent, who, though the living he held was but a small one, contrived to rear and educate his niece as his own child. He had only allowed her to leave him and become a governess on the assurance of the village physician that her health was seriously impaired, and that a sea voyage and complete change of scene would prove the best and surest of restoratives. But the pained though manly tone of the letter in which he replied to Mrs. Rutherford's inquiries had prepossessed that warm-hearted, high-minded lady most strongly against her future daughter-in-law. "I loved Marion always as though she were my own child," wrote Mr. Nugent, "and I cannot but look upon her total neglect of me since her arrival in America as being wholly inexcusable. She has never even written me one line since her departure, and I learned of her safe arrival only by the newspapers. I can but infer from her obstinate and persistent silence that she wishes to sever all ties between herself and me, and I have resigned myself to the prospect of a lonely and cheerless old age. I trust that she may be happy in the brilliant marriage which, you say, she is about to make, and I can assure her that her old uncle will never disturb her in her new prosperity."

Mrs. Rutherford had one long, stormy interview with her eldest son, and learn-

ing therein that his determination to marry Miss Nugent was fixed and unalterable, she had with commendable wisdom accepted the situation, and resolved to so order the conduct of herself and her relatives as to give the scandalous world no room for that contemptuous pity and abundant gossip which an open rupture between herself and her son would doubtless have occasioned.

The manner of the wooing had been in this wise: John Archer, a sober, staid gentleman of great wealth, was Clement Rutherford's most intimate friend, and naturally, when the Archers moved into their new and splendid villa at Newport, Clement was invited to spend a few weeks with them—an invitation which he readily accepted. A few days after his arrival, Mrs. Archer, who was a pretty, lively little coquette, not in the least sobered by some thirteen years of married life, offered to drive him out in her little phaeton. "John has just given me a new pair of ponies," she said—"such perfect beauties and so gentle that I long to drive them." So the pretty, stylish equipage, with its fair driver and faultless appointments, made its first appearance on the avenue that afternoon, and also, I am sorry to say, its last; for the "gentle beauties" aforesaid, excited to emulation by the number of spirited steeds around them, became ambitious of distinction, and sought for and decidedly obtained it by running away, thereby overturning the phaeton, breaking the harness, bruising Mrs. Archer severely and dislocating Mr. Rutherford's ankle.

Mrs. Archer was as well as ever in a few days, but the injuries received by her guest proved sufficiently serious to compel him to maintain a recumbent position for a long time, and prevented him from walking for several weeks. She made every arrangement possible for his comfort, and she had a charming little reception-room on the ground floor, adjoining the library, fitted up as a bed-chamber, and installed him there; so that as soon as he was able to quit his bed for a sofa, he could be wheeled into the latter apartment, and there en-

joy the distractions of literature and society. For a few days after he made his first appearance there his lovely hostess was all attention and devotion; but, finding that he was anything but an agreeable or impressionable companion, she soon wearied of his society. Mr. Archer, shortly after the accident had taken place, had been summoned from home by important business connected with some mining property which he possessed, and which necessitated his presence in the interior of Pennsylvania; so Mrs. Archer, thus left with the entertainment of her most uncongenial guest exclusively confided to her care, came speedily to the conclusion that he was a nuisance, and began to look about for a substitute to relieve her from her unwelcome duties. She decided that her pretty governess, who spoke French so well, and sang little French *chansonnettes* so sweetly, and got herself up in such a charming manner, giving so much "chic" and style even to the simplest of toilettes, was just the person to take upon herself the task of amusing the uninteresting invalid.

"Do look after Mr. Rutherford a little, there's a dear, good creature," whispered Mrs. Archer confidentially to Miss Nugent. "He is dreadfully tiresome, to be sure, but John thinks the world of him, you know, and it would not exactly do to leave him alone all the time. I wish him to receive every attention while he is in the house, of course; but as for sitting for hours at a time with him in that stuffy little library—just in the height of the season, too—why, I cannot think of doing it. If you will just go and sit with him sometimes, and read to him a little, it will be an absolute charity to me. I'll see that Alice and Emily do not get into any mischief."

Which, considering that the young ladies in question were, one twelve, the other ten years of age, and both much addicted to flirtation and dancing the "German," was rather a rash promise and inconsiderately made.

So Miss Nugent was definitely installed as reader and *garde malade* in general,

and Clement Rutherford soon learned to await her coming with impatience and to welcome her with delight. All his life long will he remember those summer days, when her voice and the low plash of the far-off ocean waves wove themselves together into music as she read, and when the blue splendors of her lustrous eyes lent a new meaning to the poet's story as it flowed in melodious verses from her lips. Then came a day when the book was laid aside, and the impassioned utterances of poetry gave place to the more prosaic but not less fervent accents of a newly-awakened passion. Cold, silent and morose as Clement Rutherford had always been, it had so happened that but few women had ever attempted to attract him, notwithstanding his wealth and social position; and the interested motives of those few had been so apparent that he had been repelled and disgusted, instead of being fascinated, by their wiles; so that Miss Nugent's grace and beauty and syren charms proved all too potent for his unoccupied though icy heart to resist; and thus it chanced that the day before Mr. Rutherford left Newport he astonished his hostess by requesting a private interview with her, and therein announcing his engagement to her governess.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," Mrs. Archer said afterward to an intimate friend. "I never should have suspected that such a quiet, stupid man as he was would fall in love in that ridiculous kind of a way. Good gracious! how indignant old Mrs. Rutherford will be! and I shall be blamed for the whole affair, no doubt. I wish John had never brought the man here—I never *did* like him; and then, too, it is so provoking to lose Miss Nugent just now, while we are at Newport. Of course I can find no one to replace her till we return to New York. Well, I always *was* an unlucky little woman."

The marriage took place in the latter part of September, only a few weeks after the engagement had been first announced. Mrs. Rutherford, true to her resolution of making the best of the

affair, was careful that none of the usual courtesies and observances should be neglected. The bridal gifts from the Rutherford family, if less splendid, were as numerous as they would have been had Mr. Rutherford married a member of his mother's decorous, high-bred "set," and all his immediate relatives called most punctiliously on the bride when the newly-wedded pair arrived in New York after their six weeks' trip to Philadelphia and Washington.

Mr. Rutherford decided to take rooms at the Brevoort House till he could purchase a suitable residence. His mother's splendid home was not thrown open to receive him and his unwelcome bride, as it would have been had he made a choice more consonant with her wishes.

But we have wandered far from the dinner given by Mrs. Rutherford in honor of her new daughter-in-law, and with which our chapter commences.

It was a superb entertainment, as the Rutherford dinners usually were. The service of gold plate purchased by Schuyler Van Vleyden when he was minister to Austria adorned the table, which was also decorated with three splendid pyramids of choicest flowers. An exquisite bouquet bloomed in front of each lady's plate, and the painted blossoms on the peerless dinner-service of rare old Sèvres vied in every respect save fragrance with their living counterparts. An unseen orchestra, stationed in the conservatory, sent forth strains of music, now grave, now gay, as Gounod or Offenbach ruled the tuneful spirit of the hour. Twelve guests only were present, including Mrs. John Archer, to whom Mrs. Rutherford had in this fashion testified her forgiveness, and who had accepted the proffered olive-branch with delight, wearing, in order to do honor to the occasion, an exquisite dress, fresh from one of the most renowned *ateliers* of Parisian fashion. Mrs. Rutherford, as usual, notwithstanding her infirmity, presided with unflinching grace and dignity; and in her splendid dress of black satin, brocaded with bouquets of flowers in their natural hues, her cap and collar of priceless old

point lace, and her antequely set but magnificent ornaments of sapphires and diamonds, she still looked a queen of society. A well-trained servant was stationed behind her chair, who from time to time placed before her suitably-prepared portions of the various delicacies of the entertainment, of which she slightly partook, in order to obviate the restraint which her presence at the festivity without participating in it would have occasioned. On her left hand sat her younger son, Horace, whose watchful eyes followed her every movement, and whose loving care anticipated her every wish. He was a tall, stalwart-looking young man, fair-haired and blue-eyed, like his elder brother, but his frank, joyous expression and winning manners bore no resemblance to the sullen countenance and surly demeanor of Clement.

The bride was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes. Attired in rich, creamy-white satin, the corsage shaded with folds of delicate lace, with coral ornaments on her neck and arms, and with the heavy masses of her dark hair interwoven with coral beads, she looked extremely beautiful, and was pronounced by the ladies present to be "handsome and stylish-looking, but decidedly dull." This latter accusation was more truthful than such charges usually are. Mrs. Clement Rutherford did feel unusually stupid. She was *ennuyé* by the long, formal, stately dinner; she knew but few of the persons present; and her point-lace fan was frequently called into requisition to conceal her yawns. The game had been served before her next neighbor, a sprightly young New Yorker, who had been rather fascinated by her beauty, contrived to arouse her into something like animation. He succeeded at last, however, and it was not long before an unusually brilliant sally drew a merry laugh from her lips. Her laugh was peculiar—a low, musical, trilling sound, mirthful and melodious as the chime of a silver bell.

As its joyous music rang on the air, Mrs. Rutherford turned ghastly pale. She gasped convulsively, half rose from

her seat and fell back in a deathlike swoon.

Of course all was instantly confusion and dismay. The guests sprang up, the waiters hurried forward—Horace was instantly at his mother's side.

"She has only fainted," he said in his clear, decided tones. "She will be better in a few moments. Let me beg of you, my friends, to resume your seats. Clement, will you oblige me by taking our mother's post?"

With the help of Mrs. Rutherford's special attendant, Horace supported the already reviving sufferer from the room. They conveyed her to her sleeping apartment, where restoratives and cold water were freely used, and she soon regained perfect consciousness. But returning animation seemed to bring with it a strange and overwhelming sorrow. When the servant had retired, leaving her alone with her son, she refused to answer any of his queries, and burying her face in her pillow, she wept with convulsive and irrepressible violence. At length the very vehemence of her grief seemed, by exhausting itself, to restore her to comparative calm: her tears ceased to flow, her heavy sobs no longer shook her frame, and she remained for some time perfectly quiet and silent. At length she spoke:

"Horace!"

"What is it, mother?"

"Describe to me the personal appearance of your brother's wife—minutely, as though a picture were to be painted from your words."

It was no unusual request. Horace was in the habit of thus minutely describing persons and places for his mother's benefit.

"She is rather below the middle height, and her form, though slender, is finely moulded and of perfect proportions. Her hands and feet are faultless, and her walk is extremely graceful, resembling more the gait of a Frenchwoman than that of an English girl. Her complexion is pale and rather sallow, and her countenance is full of expression, which varies constantly when she talks. The lower part of her face

is somewhat too thin for perfect beauty, and the chin is inclined to be pointed, and the cheeks are rather hollow, but the upper part is superb. Her brow is low and broad, and she folds back from it the heavy waves of her black hair in the plainest possible style. Her eyes are her chief beauty, and would transfigure any face into loveliness. They are very large, and of a dark, transparent blue, of so lustrous and so perfect an azure that not even in shadow do they look black. Stay—I can give you a better idea of her appearance than by multiplying words. Did you, when you were in Munich, visit the Gallery of Beauties in the Royal Palace?"

"I did."

"Do you remember the portrait of Lola Montez?"

"Certainly—as though I had seen it yesterday."

"Marion resembles that portrait very strikingly, particularly in the shape and carriage of her head."

"I am not mistaken—it is she. Would that I had never lived to see this day!" And Mrs. Rutherford wrung her hands in an agony of helpless, hopeless distress.

"It is she?" repeated Horace, in perplexity. "Whom do you mean, mother? Who was Marion Nugent?"

"She is not Marion Nugent—this impostor who has thrust herself into our midst, bringing scandal and dishonor as her dower."

"And who, then, is she?"

Mrs. Rutherford turned toward him and fixed on his face her tear-bathed eyes, as though sight were restored to her, and she were trying to read his thoughts in his countenance.

"Why should I tell you?" she said, after a pause: "why reveal to you the shameful secret, and tell of a misfortune which is without a remedy? Clement is married: what words of mine can divorce him? And who will believe the evidence of a blind woman? If I were not blind, I might openly denounce her, but now—" And again she wrung her hands in unspeakable anguish.

Horace knelt beside his mother's couch and folded her hands in his own.

"I will believe you, mother," he said, earnestly. "Trust me—tell me all. If this woman whom my brother has married be an impostor, he may yet be freed from the matrimonial chain."

"Could that be possible?"

"It may be. Let me try, at least. I will devote myself to your service if you will but confide in me."

"Close the door, and then come near me, Horace—nearer still. I *will* tell you all."

Two days later the steamship *Pereire* sailed from New York for Brest, numbering among her passengers Horace Rutherford.

CHAPTER III.

STRIKING THE FLAG.

THE events narrated in our last chapter took place early in November, and it was not till the following March that the astonished friends of Horace Rutherford saw him reappear amongst them as suddenly and as unexpectedly as he had departed. "Business of importance" was the sole explanation he vouchsafed to those who questioned him respecting the motive of his brief European tour; and with that answer public curiosity was perforce obliged to content itself. Society had, in fact, grown weary of discussing the affairs of the Rutherford family. Clement Rutherford's *mésalliance*, his mother's sudden illness at that memorable dinner-party, her subsequent seclusion from the world, and Horace's inexplicable absence, had all afforded food for the insatiable appetite of the scandal-mongers. Then Gossip grew eloquent respecting the flirtations and "fast" manners of Clement Rutherford's wife, and whispered that the old lady's seizure had been either apoplexy or paralysis, brought on by her distress of mind at her son's marriage, and that she had never been herself since. Next, the elegant establishment of the newly-wedded pair on Twenty-sixth street,

with its gorgeous furniture and costly appointments, furnished a theme for much conversation, and doubts were expressed as to whether the "Upper Ten" would honor with its august presence the ball which Mrs. Clement Rutherford proposed giving on Shrove Tuesday, which in that year came about the middle of March. But as to that, it was generally conceded that they would. Youth, beauty, wealth and the shadow of an old family name could cover a multitude of such sins as rapid manners, desperate flirtations and a questionable origin; and notwithstanding her fastness, and, worse still, her *ci-devant* governess-ship, Mrs. Clement Rutherford was a decided social success.

On the day succeeding that on which he had arrived, Horace made his appearance at his brother's house. Clement had not heard of his return, and received him with a cordiality strikingly at variance with his usual manner.

"Come into the library," he said, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "I have some fine cigars for you to try, and you can tell me something about your travels."

"Thank you, Clement: I believe I must decline your offer. I have a message for your wife: can I see her?"

A cloud swept over the brow of the elder brother.

"I suppose you can," he said, coldly, looking at his watch as he spoke. "Two o'clock. She took breakfast about half an hour ago, so she is probably at home. You had better go up stairs to her *boudoir*, as she calls it, and Christine, her maid, will tell her that you wish to see her."

He turned away, and was about to leave the room when Horace caught his hand.

"Clement! brother! Answer me one question: Are you happy in your married life?"

"Go ask the scandal-mongers of New York," was the bitter reply: "they are eloquent respecting the perfection of my connubial bliss."

"If she had been a kind and affectionate wife, if she had made him hap-

py," muttered Horace as he ascended the stairs, "my task would have been a harder one. Now my duty is clear, and my course lies smooth and straight before me."

The room into which he was ushered by Christine, the pretty French maid, was a perfect marvel of elegance and extravagance. It was very small, and on every part of it had been lavished all that the combined efforts of taste and expenditure could achieve. The walls had been painted in fresco by an eminent Italian artist, and bevies of rosy Cupids, trailing after them garlands of many-hued flowers, disported on a background of a delicate green tint. The same tints and design were repeated in the Aubusson carpet, and on the fine Gobelin tapestry which covered the few chairs and the one luxurious couch that formed the useful furniture of the tiny apartment. Étagères of carved and gilded wood occupied each corner, and, together with the low mantelshelf (which was upheld by two dancing nymphs in Carrara marble), were crowded with costly trifles in Bohemian glass, Dresden and Sèvres porcelain, gilded bronze, carved ivory and Parian ware. An easel, drawn toward the centre of the room, supported the one painting that it contained, the designs on the walls being unsuited for the proper display of pictures. This one picture had evidently been selected on account of the contrast which it afforded to the gay coloring and *riante* style of the decorations. It was a superb marine view by Hamilton—a cloudy sunset above a stormy sea, the lurid sinking sun flinging streaks of blood-red light upon the leaden waters that, in the foreground, foamed and dashed themselves wildly against the rocks of a barren and precipitous shore.

Horace stood lost in contemplation before the easel, when the door opened and his sister-in-law entered. He turned to greet her, and her beauty, enhanced as it was by the elegance of her attire, drew from him an involuntary glance of admiration. Her dress was an exemplification of how much splendor

may be lavished on a morning-costume without rendering it absolutely and ridiculously inappropriate. She wore a robe of turquoise-blue Indian cashmere, edged around the long train and flowing sleeves with a broad border of that marvelous gold embroidery which only Eastern fingers can execute or Eastern imaginations devise. A band of the same embroidery confined the robe around her slender, supple waist, and showed to advantage the perfection of her figure. A brooch and long eardrop-pendants of lustreless yellow gold, and a fan of azure silk with gilded sticks, were the adjuncts to this costume, whose rich hues and gorgeous effects would have crushed a less brilliant and stylish-looking woman, but which were wonderfully becoming to its graceful wearer.

"Welcome home, Horace!" she said in that low sweet voice which was one of her most potent charms. "How kind it is of you to pay me a visit so soon after your return!"

She placed herself on the couch and motioned to him to take a seat near her. He drew up his chair, and a short, embarrassed pause succeeded.

Mrs. Rutherford toyed with her fan and stole glances from under her long black lashes at her visitor, who sat twisting one of his gloves and wishing most ardently that Providence had entrusted the painful task before him to some one of a more obdurate and less chivalrous nature.

Wearied of silence, the lady spoke at last.

"Have you nothing of interest respecting your travels to tell me?" she asked.

Her voice seemed to break the spell which paralyzed him. He turned toward her with the look of one who nerves himself up to take a desperate resolution:

"Yes: I have a story to relate to you, and one of more than common interest."

"Really!" She yawned behind her fan. "Excuse me, but I was at Mrs. Houdon's ball last evening, and the 'German' was kept up till five o'clock this morning. I am wretchedly tired.

Now do go on with your story: I have no doubt but that I shall find it amusing, but do not be much surprised if I fall asleep."

"I think you will find it interesting, and I have no fear of its putting you to sleep. But you must make me one promise. I am but a poor narrator, and you must engage not to interrupt me."

"I have no hesitation in promising to remain perfectly quiet, no matter how startling your incidents or how vivid your descriptions may be."

She leaned back among the cushions with another stifed yawn and shaded her eyes with her fan. Without heeding the veiled impertinence of her manner, Horace commenced his narrative:

"Some twenty-five years ago a friendless, penniless Englishwoman died at one of the cheap boarding-schools in Dieppe, where she had officiated for some time as English teacher and general drudge. She left behind her a little girl about five years of age—a pretty, engaging child, whose beauty and infantile fascinations so won the heart of Madame Tellier, the proprietress of the establishment, that she decided to take charge of the little creature and educate her, her project being to fit her for the post of English teacher in her school. But the pretty child grew up to be a beautiful but unprincipled girl, with an inborn passion for indolence and luxury. At the age of seventeen she eloped from the school with a young Parisian gentleman, who had been spending the summer months at one of the seaside hotels in Dieppe, and her benefactress saw her and heard of her no more.

"We will pass over the events of the next few years. It would hardly interest you to follow, as I did, each step by which the heroine of my history progressed ever downward on the path of vice. We find her at last traveling in Italy under the protection of the Count von Erlenstein, an Austrian noble of great wealth and dissolute character. She has cast aside the name she once bore, and, anticipating the jewel-borrowed cognomens of Cora Pearl and La Reine

Topaze, she adopts a title from the profusion of pink coral jewelry which she habitually wears, and Rose Sherbrooke is known as Rose Coral."

Horace paused. A short, sharp sound broke the momentary silence: it was caused by the snapping of one of the gilded fan-sticks under the pressure of the white, rigid fingers that clasped it. But the listener kept her face hidden, and but for that convulsive motion the speaker might have fancied that she slept, so silent and motionless did she remain. After a short pause Horace continued:

"The attachment of Count von Erlenstein proved to be a lasting one, and we find Rose Coral at a later period installed in a luxurious establishment in Vienna, and one of the reigning queens of that realm of many sovereigns, the *demi-monde* of the gay capital of Austria. But the count falls ill; his sickness speedily assumes a dangerous form; his death deprives Rose Coral of her splendor; and the sunny streets of Vienna know her fair face no more. I will not retrace for you, as I could do, each step in her rapid descent from luxury to poverty, from splendor to vice, from celebrity to ruin. But one day she makes her appearance, under the name of Rhoda Steele, on board the steamship *America*, bound for New York. The state-room which she occupies is shared by a young girl named Marion Nugent, whose future career is to be that of a governess in the United States. On the first night out one of the occupants of the state-room is taken suddenly ill and dies, the corpse is committed to the deep, and it is reported throughout the ship that the name of the deceased is Rhoda Steele. The tale was false: it was Marion Nugent who died—it was Rose Sherbrooke, *alias* Rose Coral, *alias* Rhoda Steele, who lived to rob the dead girl of her effects and to assume her name!"

The broken fan was flung violently to the floor, and Mrs. Rutherford sprang to her feet, her face livid with passion and her blue eyes blazing with a steel-like light.

"How dare you come here to assert such falsehoods?" she cried. "You have always hated me—you and all the rest of your haughty family—because it pleased Clement Rutherford to marry me—me, a penniless governess. But I am your sister-in-law, and I *demand* that you treat me with proper respect. You came here to-day simply to insult me. Well, sir, I will summon my husband, and he shall protect me from your insolence."

She turned toward the door as she spoke, but he motioned her back with an imperative and scornful gesture.

"Softly, Rose Coral," he said, with a sneer: "the manners of the Quartier Brèda are not much to my taste, nor do they suit the character you have been pleased to assume. Do you think me so void of common sense as to return home without full proof of your identity? I have in my possession a large colored photograph of you, taken some years ago by Hildebrandt of Vienna, and endorsed by him on the back with a certificate stating that it is an accurate likeness of the celebrated Rose Coral. Secondly, I have brought home with me two witnesses—one is Jane Sheldon, late housekeeper for the Rev. Walter Nugent, and formerly nurse to the deceased Marion Nugent; and the other is a French hairdresser who lived many years in Vienna, and who, for several months, daily arranged the profuse tresses of Rose Coral. One will prove who you are *not*, and the other will as certainly prove who you *are*."

"Who I *was*," she said, defiantly. "I will deny it no longer: I am Rose Sherbrooke, once known as Rose Coral, and, what is more to the purpose, I am the wife of Clement Rutherford. Have a care, my brother Horace, lest you reveal to the world that your immaculate relatives have been touching pitch of the blackest hue and greatest tenacity. Prove me to be the vilest of my sex, I remain none the less a wedded wife—your brother's wife—and I defy you. The game is played out, and I have won it."

She threw herself back in her chair

and cast on him a glance of insolent disdain. Horace Rutherford looked at her with a scornful smile.

"The game is *not* played out," he said, calmly. "One card remains in my hand, and I produce it. It is the Ace of Diamonds, and its title is The Rose of the Morning."

A livid paleness overspread Mrs. Rutherford's features, and a stifled cry escaped from her lips. She half rose from her seat, but, seeming to recollect herself, she sank back and covered her face with her hands. Horace continued, after a momentary pause:

"My investigations into the history of the Count Wilhelm von Erlenstein during the last years of his life revealed the fact that he had lost the most valuable of the jewels of his family. It had been stolen. It was a pink diamond of great size and beauty, known to gem-connoisseurs by the name of The Rose of the Morning—one of those remarkable stones which have a history and a pedigree, and which are as well known by reputation to diamond-fanciers as are Raphael's Transfiguration and the Apollo Belvidere to the lovers of art. This gem was worn by Count Wilhelm as a clasp to the plume in his toque at a fancy ball given by one of the Metternich family, at which he appeared in the costume of Henri III. of France. He afterward, with culpable carelessness, placed it, amongst his studs, pins, watch-chains and other similar bijouterie, in a small steel cabinet which stood in his bed-chamber. His illness and the dismissal of Rose Coral occurred soon after the fancy ball in question, and it was not till his heir, the present count, had been for some time in possession of the estates that it was discovered that the great diamond was missing. It was not to be found, and suspicion immediately fell upon the late count's valet, a Frenchman named Antoine Laisalle, who was found to have been mysteriously possessed of a large sum of money after the count's death. He was arrested, and it was conclusively proved that he had stolen a number of valuable trinkets from his dying mas-

ter, but still no trace of The Rose of the Morning could be discovered, and Laisalle strenuously denied all knowledge respecting it. The family offered large rewards for its recovery, and the detectives of all the large cities of Europe have been for some time on the alert to discover it, but in vain. As soon as I heard this story, I thought that I could make a tolerably shrewd guess as to the whereabouts of the missing jewel; and I caused investigations to be set on foot in New York by a trusty agent, which resulted in the discovery that The Rose of the Morning had been sold some six months before to a jeweler in Maiden lane for about one-twenty-fifth of its value, the peculiar tint of the stone, and the purchaser's ignorance of the estimation in which it is held by the gem-fanciers of Europe, having militated against the magnitude of the valuation set upon it. It was secured for me at a comparatively trifling price. The person who sold it to the jeweler some six months ago, in spite of a partial disguise and an assumed name, was easy to recognize, from the description given, as that lady of many names, Mrs. John Archer's governess. Now, Rose Coral, what say you? You may be Mrs. Clement Rutherford, my brother's lawful wife, but you are not the less a thief and a criminal, for whom the laws have terrible punishment and bitter degradation."

"This is but a poor invention: where are your proofs?" she cried, looking up as she spoke, but her faltering voice and quivering lips contradicted her words.

"Here is my chief witness." He drew off his left-hand glove as he spoke, and extended his hand toward her. On the third finger blazed the beautiful gem of which he had spoken, its great size and purity fully displayed in the pale afternoon sunlight that flashed back in rosy radiance from its bright-tinted depths.

"It is almost too large to wear as a ring," he said with great coolness, looking at the jewel, "but I wish it to run no further risks till I can transfer it to its lawful owner, which will be as soon

as it has played its talismanic part by freeing my brother from his impostor-wife."

The lady rose from her seat, pale, calm and resolved.

"Further insults are useless, sir," she said. "The game is ended now, and you have won it. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"You must sail for Europe in one of next week's steamers, leaving behind you such a confession of guilt as will enable my brother to procure a divorce without revealing the shameful fact that he was the innocent means of introducing an impostor—a *ci-devant* lorette—to his family and friends as his wife. Better this scandal of an elopement than the horror of having such a story made public. An income amply sufficient for your wants will be settled upon you, on condition that you never return to the United States, and never, in any way, proclaim the fact that Mrs. Clement Rutherford and Rose Coral were one and the same person."

"I accept your conditions," she said, wearily. "I will go, never to return. Now leave me. But stay: will you not answer me one question?"

"I will, certainly."

"Who was it that discovered my secret?"

"My mother — my blind mother. Some years ago, before she lost her sight, I accompanied her on a short European tour, in which we visited England, France, Switzerland, and finally Italy. While we were at Rome I fell ill with the fever of the country, and my physicians gave orders that as soon as I was well enough to travel I should leave Italy for a more bracing climate. We had not visited Naples, and I was anxious that my mother should not return home without seeing the wonders of that city; so as soon as I became convalescent I prevailed upon her to leave me in the care of some friends and to join a party who were going thither. During her stay she went frequently to the opera. One evening she was greatly disturbed by the loud talking and laughing of some persons in

the box next to the one she occupied, and she was much struck with the beauty, the brilliant toilette and the boisterous conduct of one of the female members of the party. She inquired the name of the person she had thus remarked. It was yourself, and she learned not only your name, but your whole history. When at her own dinner-table she heard the sweet and singular laugh that had so struck her on that occasion, the sensitiveness of hearing peculiar to the blind caused her to recognize the sound at once; and the description which I afterward gave her of your personal appearance only changed torturing doubt into agonizing certainty."

"Thanks for your courtesy: I will detain you no longer."

Horace bowed and approached the door. Suddenly, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he turned back.

"Believe me, this task has been a hard one," he said, earnestly. "And remember, if hereafter you may need pecuniary aid, do not hesitate to apply to me. For Heaven's sake, do not return to the life you once led. There was one redeeming feature in the imposture which you practiced: it showed that some yearning for a pure name and an innocent life was yet possible to you."

"I want no sermons," she answered, abruptly. "Only leave me at peace. Go: I am sick of the sight of you."

As he closed the door he cast one parting glance on the room and its occupant. She stood leaning against the back of a large arm-chair, her clasped hands resting on the top, and her white, rigid face set in the fixed calmness of total despair.

Thus left alone, she remained standing for some time as motionless as though she were a marble statue and not a living woman. Suddenly she seemed to take some desperate resolve: she threw back her head with a bitter, mirthless laugh, and going to the bell she rang it. Her maid quickly appeared.

"I have a wretched headache, Christine," she said. "I shall not come down to dinner, and do not disturb me till

nine o'clock: that will give me time enough to dress for Mrs. Winchester's ball. I will wear the pale-blue satin and my point-lace tunic. Be sure you change the white roses that loop it for pink ones, and lay out my parure of pearls and diamonds, and my point-lace fan and handkerchief. Now bring me the two phials that stand on the third shelf of the closet in my bed-chamber."

Christine departed on her errand and soon returned, bringing with her two bottles, the smallest of which was labeled "Solution of Morphia—POISON. Dose for an adult, ten drops;" while the largest was simply inscribed "Sulphuric Ether." These she placed on the chimney-piece, and then proceeded to arrange the cushions of the lounge and to draw the curtains. "I will now leave madame to her repose," she said. "Does madame need anything more?"

"No, I shall want nothing more," was the reply. The door closed upon the maid's retreating form, and Mrs. Rutherford instantly shot the bolt.

She cast a sad and wistful glance around the dainty room and on its glittering contents. "*J'étais si bien ici*," she said regretfully. "I had found here the existence which suited me, and now the end has come. It is not in my nature to remain satisfied with a life of poverty and respectability, and I will not return to one of degradation and vice. But, after all, what does it matter? My fate would have found me sooner or later, and this soft couch is better than a hospital bed or the slabs of La Morgue: this draught is more soothing than the cold waters of the Thames or the Seine. Life is no longer a game that is worth the candle: let us extinguish the lights and put the cards away."

She took up the phial of morphia, drew the little sofa nearer to the fireplace and extended herself upon it. The daylight faded from the sky and night came, and with the night came sleep—a sleep whose dream was of Eternity, and whose wakening light would be the dawn of the resurrection morning.

"Accidental death" was the verdict of the coroner and the newspapers, and, in fact, of the world in general—a conclusion much assisted by the evidence of Christine, who testified that her mistress was in the habit of using narcotics and anaesthetics in large quantities to relieve the pain of the neuralgic headaches from which she was a constant sufferer. Society said, "How sad! Dreadful, is it not?" and went on its way—not exactly rejoicing, for the death of Mrs. Rutherford deprived its members of her long-promised, long-talked-of Shrove-Tuesday ball, and consequently the gay world mourned her loss very sincerely for a short time; in fact, till a well-known leader of fashion announced her intention of giving a fancy-dress party on the night thus left vacant, whereupon Society was consoled, and Mrs. Rutherford's sad fate was forgotten.

Only two persons—Horace Rutherford and his mother—suspected that her death was not an accidental one; but they guarded their secret carefully, and Clement Rutherford will never learn that his dead wife was other than the innocent English girl she represented herself to be. Walter Nugent wrote a pathetic letter to Mrs. Rutherford, begging that a lock of his lost and now forgiven darling's hair might be sent to him; and it cost Horace a sharp pang of regret when he substituted for the black, wavy tress furnished by Clement a golden ringlet purchased from one of the leading hairdressers of New York.

"Heaven forgive me!" he said to himself, remorsefully, as he sealed the little packet; "but I really think that this is one of the cases wherein one cannot be blamed for not revealing the truth."

A few months later, Horace Rutherford stood in Greenwood Cemetery contemplating with curiosity and interest the inscription on a recently-erected monument of pure white marble.

"Sacred to the memory of Marion Nugent, beloved wife of Clement Rutherford," he read. "Well, this is con-

sistent at least. She wears the disguise of a virtuous woman in her very tomb. Marlon Nugent rests beneath the waves of the Atlantic ocean, and here Rose Sherbrooke sleeps in an honored grave beneath the shelter of the dead girl's

stainless name. But the deception has power to harm no longer, so let us leave her in peace. It is well for our family that, even as a sunken wreck, we still find this pirate bark Under False Colors."

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

THE TWO FLAGS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CUBA.

[*Gall's Express*, published in Kingston, Jamaica, says: A poor unfortunate seaman had been apprehended on a charge of being implicated in a filibustering expedition, and he was thrust into prison, and afterward condemned to be shot, on evidence as unlikely and improbable as any one could conceive. He was an American, the son of English parents, and notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the English and American consuls, the Spanish authorities seemed determined to sacrifice this poor man's life. On the morning appointed for his execution he was marched out to the usual place amidst a great show of bloody solemnity. He was immediately followed by Mr. Ramsden, British vice-consul, and the American vice-consul, to make a still further protest in the prisoner's favor. Mr. Ramsden read the document, protesting in the name of England and America, declaring that the prisoner was altogether innocent of the charge which had been laid against him, demanding his immediate release, and declaring, if the unfortunate man's life was taken, those who took it would be guilty of murder, and would be answerable alike to the governments of England and the United States of America. During the reading of the document, which was done with calmness and determination, the prisoner fainted from excitement, and there were strong signs of impatience on the part of the Spanish troops, who manifested a thorough determination to force the authorities to take this man's life in spite of all remonstrance. A consultation followed, and Mr. Ramsden and the American consul were eventually informed that their remonstrance came too late: the prisoner had already been sentenced to death for having taken up arms against Spain, and that the sentence must be carried into effect. With this the order was given to the firing-party to "Present!" It was the work of an instant, and Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American consul, rushing with the flags of their respective nations before the leveled rifles of the Spanish troops and in front of the unfortunate man, shouted, "Hold!" and wrapping the English flag around himself and the prisoner, and addressing the officer in charge of the firing-party, Mr. Ramsden said: "Gentlemen, as a consul of her Britannic Majesty, I cannot stand silently by and see this foul murder of an innocent man. It is my duty to protect his life, and if you take his, you must take it *through these*!" placing himself immediately in front of the condemned seaman, his eyes sparkling, while his manly form heaved with the indignation his speech had so heroically expressed. The American consul, wrapped in the "Stars and Stripes" of the Union, stood abreast with him, and for some moments the Spaniards stood aghast, the conduct of these two consuls being more than they could comprehend. The emotion of the prisoner was extreme: he was supported right and left by the consuls, and the poor fellow shed a profusion of tears from weariness and excitement. A consultation was again held, and the prisoner marched back to jail under an escort, the consuls supporting the unhappy man all the way along. The *furor* was beyond description. After dark the prisoner was reprieved, and finally shipped off the country, through the indefatigable exertions of the consuls.]

PRONE from the black-browed Moro—the castle-crested crag—
Drooped in the drowsy noontide the red-and-yellow flag,
And in the seething city the sun with fiery glare
Flashed on a sea of faces—a thousand bayonets bare.

Soldiers with sullen faces—a doomed man trembled nigh—
While a motley throng from every side poured forth to see him die;
And all the mighty multitude beheld with bated breath
The scene of coming slaughter—the many-throated death.

But by the pallid prisoner, bare-headed and stern-browed
Strode forth two valiant consuls before the surging crowd:
One waved Columbia's banner, and one the Union Jack,
While all were filled with wonder and warned the brave men back.

So, step by step together, before those armèd bands,
Paced the proud consuls, holding the ensigns in their hands.
"Present!" The three stood silent, one moment face to face—
The consuls calm and steady, and the prisoner in his place.

A sudden flash of crimson, of red, and white, and blue—
The trembling captive cowered between the dauntless two:
The three stood draped together beneath the banners' fold—
The proud twin flags of Freedom—of the New World and the Old.

Then, turning stern and haughty upon the ordered line:
"By these broad flags I claim him and keep him—he is mine!
Thus England and Columbia stretch arms across the seas
To shield him. Strike the prisoner: you strike through us and these!"

Thus outspake he of England. Like lions brought to bay,
The twain with eyes defiant looked round that stern array.
There fell a solemn silence: the rifle-barrels shone
Still at the doomsmen's shoulders: men shuddered and looked on,

Till in a clear voice, crossing the bullets' threatened track,
Rang out the sudden mandate to march the prisoner back;
And as the shining escort fell back and faced about,
From all the crowded plaza went up one mighty shout.

A mighty storm of *vivas*, that rent the sultry skies,
Greeted the gallant consuls—the deed of high emprise.
Still louder, ever louder, went up that vast acclaim
From all the mighty plaza bathed in its noonday flame.

Onward to future ages, far down the teeming years,
That sea of upturned faces sends forth its storm of cheers:
Long shall the deed be honored, and proudly handed down,
To crown the victor consuls with Fame's enduring crown!

Hail to the hero consuls! Hail to the noble twain
Who dared for truth and duty the bullets' deadly rain!
How strong to face the mighty—how great to guard the weak—
Are these, the great twin nations to whom the helpless seek!

Still shall our arms protecting be stretched across the sea—
Still shall the tyrants fear us who set their captives free.
Wrapped in a mighty mantle from hatred's cruel scars—
The blood-red Cross of England, Columbia's Stripes and Stars!

EDWARD RENAUD.

HIGH LIFE.

IN our childhood we read *Rasselas*.

It was the fashion then. Perhaps children now-a-days have better story-books—perhaps not. Its opening chapter reveals to us the Happy Valley in colors so fascinating to the child's imagination that we fancy we could stay for ever in such charming surroundings, and wonder that the second chapter introduces a discontented spirit. But when our days of childhood have been numbered, we sympathize with the young prince, we weary of the sensuous enjoyments of childhood, we long to act our part in the drama of human life. Like *Rasselas*, we mingle in the great world—we observe all kinds and conditions of men—we seek our legitimate work in active life. *Rasselas* and his companions are at Cairo when the story closes with these words: "They deliberated a while what was to be done, and resolved when the inundation should cease to return to Abyssinia." We picture the prince, now become emperor, administering justice in his own person—finding pleasant relaxation in his annual visit to the valley of Amhara. So we, who carry on our appointed life-work in the great city, love to escape to some quaint and isolated spot, and enjoy for a time that which, if long continued, would prove most irksome.

In our own beloved Pennsylvania the soft Alleghanies environ many a cluster of humble homesteads from whose doors and windows we have gazed upon the climbing mountains, cultivated even to their summits, save where dashes of forest are kindly spared to give variety and picturesqueness to the landscape. Refreshing is their memory. But even these seem full of busy life when contrasted with our present resting-place—this village of Valais, where the sound of wheel carriages (save those used by the summer-traveling world) breaks not the profound rest. On every side the pointed peaks ascend, raising heaven-

ward their glacial storehouses, whence the green pastures of the valley drink their abundant moisture. Here let us spend a few summer days resting from our journey to St. Bernard and the Matterhorn, and anticipating the toils inseparable from the pleasure of our soon-to-be-resumed climbings. Our village—Loeche, Louesche, Leuker Bad or Loeche-les-Bains, as it is variously called in guide-book, conversation and on the one mail-coach—is famous in itself—famous for its entrance, famous for its exit. It is a place of healing waters, a popular resort for invalids and tourists. The latter spend a few happy days, then pass on in their wanderings: the former spend weeks in the health-restoring waters. Curiosity had led us to explore the mysteries of hydropathic establishments, and amuse ourselves at the ludicrous appearance of friends "in pack," whose close-pinioned arms and bound-up feet rendered them utterly defenceless. Crawling flies and stinging mosquitoes sang songs of easy victories over the prostrate victims. Curiosity has led us now to look upon the amphibious life whose description has garnished many a traveler's tale. Before giving our bath-room experience, however, let us say a few words of our road hitherward.

We took open carriage at Sierre, a dull town made bright to us by the vision of the heroic Garibaldi. How pale and thoughtful his face! how soft and kindly his clear dark eyes! how pleasing his smile as he spoke admiringly of America, hopefully of Italy! One drive along this Rhone valley is enough for a lifetime. The valley is broad and level—frequently devastated by inundations and dotted plentifully with boulders large and small. The road, sometimes almost impassable from sudden overflowing, is protected in places by low parapets: now it is covered with several inches of fine white, suffocating

dust. But the bright verdure of the marsh-grass, the waving flax and reeds bordering the stream, suggest the dampness of the soil. This is a special habitat of the deforming goitre, so common in this marshy region that a large proportion of the worshipers in the church at Sierre were afflicted with the hideous disease. The base of the mountain is covered with vineyards. Terrace upon terrace reaches upward to the region of pine trees, called collectively the forest of Pfyn. These wooded and vine-clad mountains are reflected with peculiar beauty from the river. The various tints of blue and purple, with emerald green toward the edge of the huge shadows, offer strange contrast with the turbid waters and dingy gray, the normal color of the Rhone before it enters the blue lake of Geneva. Having undergone a thorough cleansing in that lake, it emerges of brilliant blue and of crystal transparency.

At length our dusty drive is over. Crossing the bridge, a circuitous road ascends to the old market-town of Leuk, high above the right bank of the Rhone. Looking down, we learn how height and distance lend enchantment to the view. The dingy, turbid Rhone has been changed by magic into a winding stream of molten silver, with a rich setting of emerald green. Its moist, fresh meadows, its waving grasses, its graceful flax add their beauty to a panorama so pleasing that we can scarcely believe it to be the dull valley we have just traversed. The landscape is varied by the presence of the Höllengraben gully. Through this huge gully there rushes a mass of mud and stones loosened by the melting snows or the force of summer storms. This débris, from the great semi-circular basin towering high in its wild majesty, pours down from the precipitous and barren rocks and dashes madly into the river below. Slowly our carriage toils up the steep ascent, but not too slowly, for we are feasting our eyes with sights we shall see again no more. A sudden turn dissolves our panoramic view. With a sigh over our loss we look along our

roadside, and realize the wealth of vineyards lining our path and the full clusters of white grapes that hang temptingly over the stone wall of the terrace.

Just beyond the town of Leuk the road makes another sudden sweep, and lo! the magician's wand has again been waving. On the left, but far, far below, the torrent roars invisible in its deep ravine; before us, a gauze-like cascade leaps down into the unseen Dala; just above the cascade a pure white bridge with graceful arches spans the abyss, while fearless birds by turns explore the depths or float joyously in mid-air; on the right friendly firs and drooping larches rise till they reach the bold precipice, bare save where the ancient lichen clings closely to its front. Though it is a summer day, scarce three hours after noon, the sun has already set behind this mighty wall, and a peculiar softness characterizes the cloudless but shaded light, recalling the efforts of Doré's masterpiece in the *Inferno* illustrations. Occasionally the ravine widens out a little and gives room for a humble cottage and some slope of grassy meadow. Even here the industrious and frugal Swiss finds a scanty livelihood, as the presence of yon little village testifies. Approaching, we spell out the name on the village signboard. JNDEN recalls our early orthographical trials, when the confusing of *I* with *J*, and *U* with *V*, in our dictionaries was constantly vexing our patience and our notions of progress. *Inden* is the name. What though our great illustrated quartos have not found their way to these remote wilds, here among these simple people are made and kept in repair roads of surpassing excellence—roads cut from the solid rock—roads that put all America to the blush—roads scarcely less smooth than those of the new Paris. No jolting, no jarring disturb the serenity or the enthusiasm excited by this unique drive along the Dala. At every bend some new beauty opens to the admiring view. May the noise of escaping steam and rumbling cars and rattling chains never desecrate this quiet retreat! Let those

who "do" Europe and her shops be whisked and whistled with highest speed from city to city, or be lost in admiration at the brilliant display of the Palais Royal windows,

"which far
Outshine the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Let those who feel that human art is as nothing in the presence of Nature pure and undefiled, be undisturbed as they linger lovingly through the ravine of the Dala.

At six P. M. we catch our first and furtive glimpse of Loeche, apparently low, though really forty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. On our right is Les Echelles (the Ladders), a short but curious route from Loeche to Albinen. A narrow footpath, shaded by drooping larches, gradually and ascendingly winds along to the base of the mountain wall: the pathway abruptly terminates—the ladders begin, frail-looking supports, occasionally a round being wanting; but, one above the other, the eight are affixed almost vertically to the rocks. Though the ascent presents no difficulty, the descent, unlike the descent of Avernus, is not easy. Either Virgil had never scaled these ladders, or such a method of ascending from the infernal regions was uncongenial to his poetic fancy. Down a continuous ladder the tourist might pass blindfolded and with safety, but at the intervals between the ladders it is necessary to walk a few careful steps. "*Hic labor, hoc opus est*" to one unused to look from giddy heights downward to the dark abyss. Some who have boldly enough gone up have preferred to return by a walk of several miles. Perhaps they only did so for the sake of varying their route! Yet the peasant-women descend fearlessly and with heavy loads upon their backs, bearing their stores of fruits and vegetables for the visitors at Loeche.

Another turn of the carriage-road. The Gemmi is before us. We gaze in silent awe. The Gemmi is often likened to a colossal organ breathing out its

monstrous echoes when the thunder-storm visits this region, but this comparison better suits the organ of the Giant's Causeway on the northern coast of Ireland, where the basaltic columns are ranged like mighty pipes, answering back the sea-bird's scream and the wild fury of the ocean breaking on its rocky base.

The Gemmi rises treeless, grassless, bleak and bare, a gigantic Cyclopean stronghold, with an expression of calm impregnability. And we, weak mortals, are to climb this majestic height! How, we know not yet. As we ponder the subject the evening fast comes on, and our carriage stops at the Hôtel des Alpes. We select our rooms and dine; then walk to the piazza to look out upon the night. What a sublime scene, never to be forgotten! How fortunate the timing of our visit! The moon is shining on the upper part of the Gemmi, while the base is in deep shadow. At the moment the effect is overpowering, for the great, weird, massive height is seen transferred to the heavens: there is deep blue sky; there are brilliant stars; there is rock, but no earthly base on which to rest. We realize as never before the vision recorded in the Apocalypse, in which the Apostle John was carried away to a great and high mountain and saw Jerusalem, "that great city, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." As the moon rises higher, the light spreads down and down upon the surface of the Gemmi till the mass gradually descends from the heavens and stands firmly fixed upon its earthly base. Meantime, its glacial snow and ice are all illumined—its hoary head, its crown of glory.

Other sights await us at Loeche. Our first visit is to the bath-house attached to our hotel. The large room is cheerful and well lighted. The air is very warm and very moist—a tropical hot-house atmosphere. The steaming water is contained in three piscines, large enough to parboil about seventy-five patients at one time. This morning about thirty—men, women and children

—are undergoing the pleasant operation. All are clad in dark woolen robes—all arrange the hair with neatness or elegance. In the centre of the largest, the first-class piscine, stands a round table to hold the books, book-racks or little baskets of the bathers. Some are breakfasting from floating trays; one is reading from a floating book-rack; an elderly gentleman and a young lady are amusing themselves with "hookum snivey"—now throwing the ring forward, now trying their skill in throwing it backward; others engage in conversation, dominoes, flirting, and squirting with great dexterity a continuous jet of water from three fingers and thumb of the right hand. This last is an accomplishment not attainable by all. In the second-class piscine a floating tray of flowers in pots is substituted for the fixed centre-table. Two children become quarrelsome, and now forsake their game to dispute their right to a certain stool, which they both lay hold of under the water, with vigorous cries of "*C'est à moi!*" "*Non, c'est à moi!*" while a man in the same piscine plays a jet of water on them by way of restoring peace and harmony.

A party of visitors enter. Finding the atmosphere oppressively warm, or surprised at the novelty and grotesqueness of the scene, they fail to latch the door. A voice from the first-class piscine cries out, "*Fermez la porte!*" The visitors, not comprehending the situation or the words, suppose the outcry to be a part of the programme, till, half in earnest, half in fun, cries of "*Fermez la porte*" and "*Shut the door*" mingle together in loud chorus.

After a time, another visitor enters, and also, in his astonishment, commits an impropriety: he keeps on his hat. Some one starts the cry of "*Chapeau!*" "*Chapeau!*"—others join in just for the fun of the thing. A lady, the originator of the mischief, covers her face with her hands, as though ashamed of the visitor, but still cries "*Chapeau!*" "*Chapeau!*" The visitor understands the cause of all this excitement, takes off his hat, bows apologetically, and hangs

the offending felt on the offending door amidst shouts of applause. Thus these amphibious beings gladly avail themselves of every incident which may break the monotonous routine and laugh good-naturedly with the amused spectators. As we are about to withdraw, they exclaim in the courteous French leavetaking of travelers, "*Bon voyage!*" Turning, in acknowledgment, one of our party, who had been much interested in observing the grace of their movements in the water, and the skill with which they kept their seats on the floating stools, replied, "*Bon nage!*" Whereat all clapped hands applaudingly.

The morning bath lasts from five o'clock till ten. By ten the bather returns to his well-warmed bed: at half-past ten a bell rings, and at eleven all meet at table-d'hôte. The second bath lasts from two till five; then another half hour of rest is followed by dinner at six. After dinner follow music, conversation and cards in the parlor.

The volume of warm and hot water is so great that most of it flows unused into the ice-cold Dala. The temperature varies from 94° to 124° in the twenty springs. The St. Laurent fountain (124°) supplies a large charity bath-house and cleansing water for household purposes. In the open street the pots and kettles are washed in public.

The cure is under the supervision of skillful physicians, and the time to be spent in the water is carefully prescribed according to the condition of each patient. Gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, cutaneous diseases and general debility are thus soaked out of the system. If the water proves efficacious, it generally produces in a few days what is here called "*la poussée*," a slight cutaneous eruption, which forms an unfailing source of conversation to those enjoying the hopeful infiction.

The table-d'hôte is a great social reunion. One's next neighbor or opposite enters into conversation without introduction or apology. Cheerfulness is the order of the day, and in time of need we find the helper near. Mr. American, who ventured on some rather free

remarks on the bathers in his morning visit, supposing his comments not understood because made in English (a great mistake, as the very agreeable German playing hookum-snivey speaks four languages besides English), now finds himself at a loss. The head waiter addresses him to make some needed inquiries and explanations concerning his absent traveling companions. Mr. American waits in silence till the end, looks amused and answers slowly in English: "There is no use of speaking French to me, as I do not understand a word you have said." Head waiter in turn looks perplexed and embarrassed. It is an amusing play of tit-for-tat often rehearsed abroad. But there is generally some interpreter at hand. Mr. A., addressing a lady, his *vis-à-vis*, asks, "Will you be kind enough to interpret?"

From our windows at the hotel we look down upon the snow-arch at the foot of the Gemmi. A walk through the village, over the Dala and over the meadows sprinkled with Alpine flowers, conducts to this perfectly-formed arch of commingled débris and granulated snow. Its noonday drippings serve to swell the little glacial stream that works its way over the stony floor of the archway down toward the Dala. No summer heat has melted it away in the memory of man, and the loss of one season is repaired by the accumulation of the succeeding winter; for it is in a position so sheltered that the sun rarely visits it, while the bright green grass springs up at its very base.

This canton of Valais is peopled almost entirely by the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, and one house of worship suffices for the six hundred inhabitants of Loeche. A tablet fixed upon the outer wall of the church tells the fearful tale of the avalanche of 1839, and gives the names of eight hundred chamois-hunters who perished amidst the snow. This explains the object of the great embankment on the east of the village that now protects from these destroying avalanches. This Sunday is a fête-day. Quiet reigns without—

within all is animation. We open the door and can scarce repress a smile at the curious spectacle. The church is transformed into a great dressing-room: the congregation are diligently engaged in robing; on the ground floor, in the gallery, in the organ-loft above, men and women, laymen and choristers, young and old, earnestly assume white, blouse-like gowns reaching down to the ankles, and tied around the waist with white cord and tassel. The men wear a white triangular hood fastened to the neck-band of the blouse, and pulled over the head, so as to conceal entirely the hair. The women pin over their Valais hats long muslin veils, whose ends float gracefully behind. The robing satisfactorily accomplished by all, the procession forms in the aisle. The priest carries the host: over his head four men hold a silken canopy; two old men follow with lighted candles, then the chanting choristers, then the white-robed congregation. The priest, in white embroidered alb and surplice with golden cross, happens to be cross-eyed, and seems to gaze intently on the monstrance carried close to his nose. Out into the narrow, dirty streets and through a drizzling rain they march with solemn song. The increasing rain shortens the out-of-door worship: in eight minutes the procession re-enters the church, the canopy is carefully laid aside, the smoking candles extinguished, the white robes taken off, and all is over. And this is worship! It probably has its spiritual teachings to these poor Swiss, and perhaps some words of instruction have been spoken before our arrival. The people disperse, and we are about to leave by a side door when a sound as of one reading leads us to the front door of the church. A crowd of men stands silently listening to one who reads from a newspaper. The mass cannot read, or perchance newspapers are too scarce for general circulation. Is no artist present to immortalize these humble men—this living picture reproducing a phase of English life in the sixteenth century, when he who could read or could procure a book

or manuscript became a centre of attraction to his less fortunate fellow-men? The reading is ended, the paper folded, and the living picture fades from sight.

Living a life of danger and privation, these simple people are sustained by a spirit of devotion and an active, childlike faith. These speak out from the very walls of their houses, that are often adorned, after the custom of the Swiss, with inscriptions expressive of the religious faith of the builders or purchasers. A long line of letters, burned deep into the wood, stretches quite across the front of the house opposite our hotel. The following lines form a free translation :

" All hopefully and trustfully
We build this house, O Lord! to Thee;
For he who trusts to God alone
Builds on a sure foundation-stone.
STEPHEN SCHEUNEZER V. MARIA JULIA,
Anno 1831."

After two days of rain had washed every impurity from the atmosphere, and every fog had been dissipated, there breaks the glorious morning of our expectation, and we prepare to scale the threatening Gemmi Pass.

" Awful the Gemmi looks in vain
In moonlight, twilight, mist and rain;
For still the travelers hurry on,
Nor tarry till the top is won.
The jaws of death may open wide,
But on the precipice they'll ride."

A good subject for a caricature is our ascending party. The courier has engaged guides, mules, porters, chaises-à-porteurs, and chair-bearers, and our little army of sixteen men awaits us in the "place" before the hotel. Soon there is mounting, but not "in hot haste," for we have learned the wisdom of starting leisurely and moving slowly all day. The first sensation one experiences on being carried in a chaise-à-porteur is not quite agreeable. It suggests a journey to one's grave, and we wonder if we are to be buried alive and in a sitting posture. That feeling soon passes away, and soon too our repugnance at using men as beasts of burden; for life beats full and free in this pure air, and the joy felt by these

porters in receiving "American pay" for their services makes us believe that we are performing a meritorious deed of charity in saving them from the ills of poverty when the long stormy winter shall have succeeded the short summer harvest-time. Our company proceeds in Indian-file, with the three bierlike chairs, the three mules, guides and off-porters, in about half an hour, to the base of the precipice. We look up, and instead of a path see only an overhanging heap: to ascend seems as impracticable as to ride up the front of a house on a velocipede.

Imagine an enormous screw; make a vertical section of the same; connect the threads by looping backward and forward on this semi-circumference; place the head of the screw in the clouds, its point on the earth, so that the slope will be down, and you have a rough similitude of this curious zig-zag path winding up the face of a precipice two thousand feet in height. On this bright day there is nothing to break the downlook into the fearful gorges save here and there a little garde-fou (that is fool-guard) of a few stones or a slight wooden rail at some very narrow point. The eye feasts upon the scene below, around and above. Through greenest meadows flows the now sparkling Dala, whose murmurings mingle with the sound of the church-bell, the last sound that speaks peace to the departing tourists. The white church and white hotel and bath-buildings look palatial in contrast with the unpainted huts of the villagers, crowded together with utter disregard of order or regularity. Above the village rest the glaciers in their beds of barren rock, stretching farther and farther as we travel upward, and sending their wintry ice-blasts down the sunless gorges. At some turns we can see the whole party, but often we know their nearness only from the regular and continuous tramp of mules and porters. At each breathing-place we count to find if all are safe, while against the barren rock the white sun-umbrellas and the bright spikes of the alpenstocks, now resting on the men's shoul-

ders, reflect the unclouded sun. We trust not in vain to the firm walk of these well-trained men. No place here for deforming shoes and narrow soles and high French heels and shuffling gait. Else we would soon "shuffle off this mortal coil," for one misstep might suffice to lead to hasty death. Our guide-book records that the Countess d'Angoulême fell from her mule through dizziness as her eyes glanced down the abyss soon to be her grave. We have charged Benedict to point out the fatal spot. At length we reach a rough, stone stairway made slippery by recent moisture, which here finds its way to a fearful chasm. It needs no garde-fou to indicate the danger. So soon as I have passed, Benedict says, "That is the place." A small opening gives room to turn the mule's head, and as I am in advance I watch all make the passage in safety. A few more minutes bring us to the summit of the pass, seven thousand and eighty-six feet above the sea, while Alps on Alps ascend still four thousand feet higher. Our path skirts along the Daube Lake—a lake one mile long and having no visible outlet. The Alpine flora smiles on our path, and the deep blue aconite is in the full glory of its flowering. Flora smiles almost unheeded in the nearness of the Lämmeren Glacier and glistening snow-peak. The words of Holy Writ speak from these solitudes: "Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?" "He sendeth out His word and melteth them. He causeth His wind to blow and the waters flow. The earth is satisfied with the fruit of His works."

The tinkling of bells calls back our thoughts to our narrow path, for it heralds the approach of human beings with mule or cow, asking room to pass. On the necks of our mules also hang the warning bells necessary for the security of all in these circuitous passes, where guide and mountaineer must avail themselves of turnouts to avoid crowding

in dangerous places. First appears a very serious-looking cow: another and another follows, driven by three peasant women who have donned veritable pantaloons. No longer let the American be applauded or reproached as the inventor of the Bloomer. Swiss peasants still follow a fashion adopted time out of mind. How else could they traverse in safety these jutting and stony rocks, or climb by day and by night the fearful ladders of Albinen, or protect themselves from the deep snows of their long winter? Benedict explains it all with honest directness. Pass on, mountain Bloomers! inspire your fresh air, bask in the sunshine, and set consumption and dyspepsia at defiance.

The difficult part of our journey is over, and we find ourselves on a high tableland, where we stop to lunch and rest our porters. They move along more gayly, commence to sing their native melodies, and with a little encouragement one after another warms to the song and jodeln in full chorus. Amidst such scenes time is too short for drinking in the enjoyment of life, light, sky, plain, mountain and sweet song. In one more hour the watershed is passed; the canton of Berne is before us; the tributaries of the Rhone are lost to sight, and the water that leaps along our pathside is hurrying to the Rhine. The descent to Kandersteg is as long and gradual as our ascent had been short and abrupt: the mist skirts the mountain sides and intercepts our view of the increasing rivulet below, whose noise reminds us of its continued nearness; and occasionally a wild cascade comes near enough to bedew us with its spray. As the chill of evening makes the mist grow denser, we reach our inn at Kandersteg.

Here, with a half dozen other travelers, we gather around the open fire, quite free from all irksome conventionalities. Mrs. Grundy is forgotten. It matters not to know the name or country of the guests: for the evening we are united by common interests and common needs; we exchange items of information, give in our experience, let

anecdote follow anecdote till early bedtime says "Good-night." We wish each other a prosperous journey and a safe home return, as we part to meet perchance no more on the morrow.

We record this as one of the rare days of life, to be held in golden memories, to be referred to as a time when our souls were elevated to admire the sublime and glorious works of the Uni-

versal Creator. After a few short months our own little party shall be scattered in far-distant homes to enjoy and suffer the good and evil pertaining to earthly life. Though separate in body we shall be together in spirit, and in blessed companionship again and again return to our Abyssinia and revisit our Happy Valley.

C. A. BURGIN.

THE FREEDMAN AND HIS FUTURE.

II.

A REJOINDER.

THERE is no subject of such vital and world-wide interest as the disposition to be made, consistent with humanity, of the savage or uncivilized races. I shall make no apology, therefore, for requesting you, Mr. Editor, to continue to lend your columns to the discussion of this subject. I congratulate myself that already I have elicited most valuable statistics from Mr. Hooper in his reply, published in your December Number, to my essay on this subject in September. Three years hence, guided by the light of those statistics, we shall certainly be able to dispose of this subject, in one of its phases, understandingly and finally. By that time two hundred thousand negro pupils and their teachers will either be demoralized, or tens of thousands of those pupils will be found successfully competing with the whites as farmers, mechanics, merchants, engineers, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, authors, etc., etc.

I think I have already had ample experience and abundant evidence of the ill effects of attempting to give literary education to negroes—at Hilton Head, before emancipation the very Paradise of the Union, where two years of liberty and literature demoralized the

negroes and many of their teachers, wholly arrested the production of Sea-Island cotton, and brought on anarchy, idleness, insubordination and starvation; at Washington, where negroes most do congregate, and negro schools, colleges and universities most abound, side by side with squalid poverty, mendicity, famine and hideous, frequent crimes of every hue and dye; at and about Richmond and Petersburg and Norfolk, and at and about every city and village in the South; and last, not least, in the peninsula above Fortress Monroe, where for several years they have occupied all the farms, with all the stock and farming utensils on them, free from rent or hire, with rations and abundance of white teachers thrown in gratis. Here, even here, I was told, two years after the war, that they had not made grain enough to feed themselves for four months of the year. Everywhere at the South, as liberty and literature have gone up with the negroes, agriculture has gone down, and universal crime and famine supervened.

In the conclusion of his reply, Mr. Hooper says that "these (his facts) are an answer to my *assertions*." I admit his statement of facts, which he sums up by

saying that two hundred and fifty-six thousand negro pupils are now attending school (with what result he does not deign to inform us, except that these schools will turn out negro schoolmasters), and that Frederick Douglass, who never was at one of these schools, and is not a negro, is the editor of a newspaper. Had any practical good ever resulted from the attempts to give literary education to negroes—attempts which have been carried on assiduously for more than four thousand years—first by Egyptians and Arabs, and for the last four hundred years by almost all the white nations of the world—Mr. Hooper would certainly have cited the instances of such success; but, finding none, he endeavors, driven to desperation, to prove that literary education benefits negroes by naively informing us that Fred Douglass, who is no negro, edits a paper.

Educate negroes? Surely: educate them from early childhood for all those industrial pursuits for which they are adapted. But don't attempt to make carpenters, or manufacturers, or house-servants, or hostlers, or gardeners of the men, nor seamstresses, nor washerwomen, nor cooks, nor chambermaids of the women. They are too slow, too faithless, too unskillful to succeed in such pursuits when brought in competition with whites. But they are admirably adapted—better adapted than white men—for field-work (in which two-thirds of the white population of the earth are, from dire necessity, engaged), also for working on railroads and canals, for wood-cutting, and for coal and iron mining. Educate them (the full-blooded negroes) for these pursuits, and they will be the most happy, useful and productive population in the world.

From infancy I have lived where the black population exceeded the white by two to one. From long observation and tedious study I think I have learned to comprehend the nature of the savage or uncivilized race. In one material and all-controlling respect it differs wholly from that of the whites. All

savages are CONTENTED—all Caucasians DISCONTENTED. Content begets *vis inertia* of mind and body with the savage, and therefore he can never improve, accumulate property, or acquire that dominion over his fellow-beings which results in slavery to capital; which so-called yet miscalled slavery alone begets, sustains and advances civilization.

So long as savage nature continues (and literary education intensifies and increases it, for even among the whites literary men are remarkable for that *insouciance* or improvidence which is the distinguishing characteristic of the savage), so long as negroes are *contented*, they will have no property, no useful arts, no separate ownership of lands, no law, little or no government, and indeed none of the institutions of civilized life. They are by necessity of nature all equals, all paupers, all ignorant, all wasteful, generous, amiable and improvident—all communists and agrarians; yet, properly taken care of and provided for by the whites, and educated to proper industrial pursuits, they become the most valuable part of every population, because the most productive. To teach them to read, write, cipher, etc., and then to throw them, unprotected, into free competition with the selfish, avaricious, designing, cheating white race, is all that their peculiar friends, North and South, propose.

The common laborer, be he black or white, slave or freeman, is the most valuable of all "live stock." We take care of—nay, we love—our blooded horses, our blooded cattle, our blooded hogs. Should we not more love, and more take care of, the amiable and generous negro, who is more valuable than they, and is, besides, our fellow-man? The English understand this thing, and during the dearth of employment for cotton operatives occasioned by our late war they provided amply and munificently for those operatives. We must provide for the negroes in infancy, in old age, in sickness and in winter, for Nature unfits them to provide for themselves. By diminishing

their wages we can effect this purpose without loss to ourselves—in fact, only compelling them, in this way, to take care of themselves. The negroes are now fast diminishing in numbers, and will slowly die out entirely if we continue to teach them what is useless to them, and neglect to teach them, and compel them to learn, those arts and pursuits for which they are alone fitted.

Human equality, established and enforced by law in despite of Nature, between inferior and superior races, is the most cruel engine of torture that the wit of man could possibly invent. Hear what Mr. Greeley said, twenty years ago, of such equality or free competition even in New York, where there is no inferior race: "Briefly, it seems to me if some malignant spirit had undertaken to contrive a social framework which should subject the poor, the humble, the ignorant to the greatest possible amount and variety of temptations—which should virtually constrain many and irresistibly draw far more to the ways of dissipation and sin—he could hardly, in the light of Christianity and of such civilization as we have, devise anything more admirably adapted to his purpose than the social system under which we now live." Now, every word of this is strictly and accurately true when society is composed of inferior and superior races, but not true as to white society in New York, of which Mr. Greeley is treating.

The immense public and private charities of New York ward off or greatly mitigate the otherwise intolerable evils of free competition, which rages there more fiercely than anywhere else. With all her faults and failings, New York City is one of the most desirable residences for rich and poor in the world, and hence the mighty immigration that is continually pouring into her. New York is not the Devil's work, for New York made Mr. Greeley in fortune, fame and character, and he is a kind-hearted, humane man, a philosopher, a scholar and an ornament to his country—a little wild, however, about negroes and Fourierism.

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When mistaken philanthropy has demoralized the negroes by making indifferent scholars of them, and thereby unfitting them for bodily labor—when by educating negro teachers it has diffused the poison of insubordination, of idleness and theft far and wide through the land—when free-love and concubinage have taken the place of lawful marriage, and the negroes are turned over to us Southrons to manage—we will institute a wholly different system. We will encourage the negroes to labor in the fields, give them good wages, comfortable houses, plenty of wholesome food; or, if they will not thus labor, leave them to starve. We Southrons from time immemorial have been kind, humane, generous and tender-hearted. Hence Dido, in welcoming Æneas to Carthage, says:

"Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni;
Nec tam averus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe."

Let not our Northern friends, then, fear to turn the freedmen over to us. It is our interest to treat them well, and our feelings and sympathies coincide with our interests. We see every day around us the bad effects of improper education of negroes. Those who when slaves were accustomed to field-work are better laborers than ever, and are contented, honest and doing well. Those brought up as house-servants, mechanics, etc., are half their time out of employment, thievish, half starved and discontented. Negro aristocracy in the South is dead, and can never be revived. The pampered menials of *antebellum* days have become ragged, starving mendicants and thieves.

Having tried to explain why savages can never become civilized, because they are *contented* and never own separate property in lands, or capital or property of any kind of sufficient amount to make the few property-holders the masters, in effect, of the non-property-holders, I now proceed to show how land monopoly, or the dominion of capital over labor—for all capital proceeds from the land—begets, sustains and advances civilization among all the varieties of

the white race. Now, by land monopoly, I mean only separate individual property in lands and houses, such as exists all around us, has ever and everywhere existed with the white race, and which never has and never can exist with the savage races. I must be particular and clear in my explanation, for so distinguished a journal as the New York *World* bitterly denounced my doctrine, as it supposed it to be, of land monopoly, and in the very next sentence vindicated land monopoly in its greatest excess in the persons of Stewart, Fisk and Vanderbilt. It is painful to be mistaken and denounced by a paper of such standing and circulation as *The World*, and you must excuse me, Mr. Editor, if I become a little tedious and iterative.

Land monopoly, or the ownership of land by the few—such as we see around us—and civilization, seem to have been congenital with the white race; and indeed we cannot conceive how the one could exist without the other. Land monopoly of necessity begets civilization, because those who own lands compel those who own none to fabricate not only the necessities and comforts, but the luxuries of life for them, the land-owners, for the privilege of living on and drawing a support from their lands. I cannot conceive how civilization could possibly exist where lands were held in common, or where each man held just so much as he could cultivate, and consequently each man cultivated his own lands. If all men had to procure their livelihood by the labor of their own hands, would not all live as plainly as possible, dress in skins and furs, live in caves, support themselves by fishing and hunting as far as possible, and till their lands as little as possible? In such a state of things all the arts that distinguish civilized life would perish, and all men become savages. But the white race, everywhere and at all times, have been *discontented*, provident, rapacious, ambitious, accumulative, selfish, avaricious, competitive and overreaching. In the struggle of life, the war of wits, a few monopolize

the lands, and all other capital that grows out of land, directly or indirectly. These few institute what is called "slavery to capital," the greatest of human blessings, because it begets civilization, and renders the earth a hundred times more productive than it can ever be where all lands are held in common, multiplies population a hundred-fold, and places the most abject slave of capital, the poorest laborer, in the enjoyment of more comforts and luxuries than were ever dreamed of by savage princes. Never before were there such large accumulations of capital in private hands as in our day; never was the dominion of capital over labor so complete as now, yet capital and labor are most harmoniously employed in increasing each other's profits. The Suez Canal, the Pacific Railroad, and a thousand other recent great works instituted and carried on by great capitalists, have not only given profitable employment to millions of laborers, but have opened up illimitable fields for cultivation, to which overtaxed laborers can at any moment migrate. These capitalists, by furnishing easy and cheap access to markets, are really increasing the productive capacity of the earth five times as fast as population increases. Ours is the golden age (for the white race, at least), for never before could a living be earned with so little labor. And all this is owing to the mis-called "slavery to capital."

In Turkey, where there is little capital, no taxes, and scarce any private or public debt, and consequently no slavery to capital, the whole population is sunk in ignorance, pauperism and indolence. In England, where there is most of private capital and of public and private debt, there is most of wealth and prosperity; and her population, wealth and prosperity only began to increase rapidly after the chartering of her national bank and the funding and increase of her national debt. If Turkey would give her bonds gratis for a hundred millions a year for ten years to come to enterprising private individuals, she would thereby beget capital,

set industry to work, reward skill and labor, and beget wealth and high civilization. It is the dominion of capital over labor that begets wealth, invention, improvement, refinement and high civilization.

Negroes and all other savages are incapable of inaugurating even land monopoly, the first step necessary to establish such dominion. Teach negroes to make and accumulate money, and to acquire and administer property, and they at once become civilized, although ignorant of the alphabet.

There was a high civilization and much wealth in Europe and Western Asia long anterior to the invention of letters. Homer, the greatest of authors, knew not a letter in the book. His works conclusively show that the useful and ornamental arts were generally known and successfully practiced long before his time—in fact, immemorially—by the white race. His exquisite description of the fabrication of the shield of Achilles would, if it stood alone, prove that the mechanic arts have gained nothing by the use of letters; whilst his own works go far to sustain the opinion of Plato, that the human mind has been enfeebled by the invention of letters. But Homer's works are not the only evidences of the superiority of the illiterate ancients in the mechanic arts. Thousands of architectural remains, older than the invention and use of a phonetic alphabet, show that architecture has declined just as literature has advanced.

But to descend to our own times and to come nearer home, very many Virginia overseers could neither read nor write, yet they managed farms and negroes much more judiciously and profitably than Mr. Jefferson or any other scholar, philosopher or agricultural chemist. Too much learning had not taken away their common sense or run them mad. Many men around us, who can neither read nor write, have made handsome properties as farmers, many such as captains of vessels, and a few even as merchants. Nothing so incapacitates a man for making money as

profound and various learning. Literature is a luxury in which the poor cannot afford to indulge. Teach negroes to earn their bread and make money, and when they have done so leave them to learn their alphabet if they be fools enough to do so.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

The over-sanguine, visionary friends of the ignorant negro, half conscious of this fact, propose to omit the *first step*, which the negro's nature inhibits him, and will ever inhibit him, from taking, and leap at once to the second. To make, to amass and to wield capital is the first step in the road to civilization. A literary education is sure to succeed this step. Reverse the order of nature and teach the negro first to read, and then start him to learn to labor and to make money by hand-work, and he will find that his school education unfits him to compete with those who have been working with their hands all the while he was at school. He will find his improvident nature intensified by his literary culture. He will find his wants increased, and his ability to supply them diminished. He will be thrown upon the world a miserable, discontented, aspiring, idle, helpless, hopeless thief and vagrant. This picture is not overdrawn. We see around us, every day and every hour, the pauperism and wretchedness that false education entails on negroes; and with them all education is false that attempts to teach them other than the coarsest, commonest and hardest labor. Employed at such labor alone, they will prove themselves our most useful, valuable and productive citizens.

I have seen the circus-horse Champion dance. He danced most infamously, but without doubt his education had cost him ten thousand lashes. Negroes sometimes learn to read about as well as Champion danced, for their organs of speech are as unfitted for reading as the horse's legs for dancing. Yet to acquire a little reading they probably suffer "more pangs and fears than wars or women have." The cruelty of a circus education does not exceed the

cruelty of the successful literary education of negroes. And *cui bono*?

Should Mr. Hooper answer this article, I hope he will try to sustain his "assertion," that savage nature may be expelled and eradicated from negroes by education, so that they shall differ from whites only in their skins and their hair, and be morally and intellectually just what the whites are, by proofs beginning with the building of the first Pyramids, and extending to the present hour; just as I have tried by proofs, thus beginning, continuing and ending, to show that the black man is and ever has been, and ever will be, from the necessity of his God-given nature, an irreclaimable savage. To tell us that two hundred and fifty-six thousand are going to schools, without showing that they have been improved by schooling, is almost to admit that literature is useless to negroes. To tell us that a bright mulatto, Fred Douglass, edits a paper, is as good as an admission that full-blooded negroes are too stupid to make any use of literary attainments. Since Mr. Hooper has stepped forward as the champion of negro literary education, the public will expect and require of him to sustain his "assertion" and theory by proofs as numerous as those which I have adduced to sustain what he calls my "assertions." I take no offence at the term. I know that I am habitually dogmatical. I believe Mr. Hooper to be a fair, candid man, and a well-informed and courteous adversary. The questions at issue between us are the most vital and momentous ever submitted to the arbitrament of public opinion. Their solution involves the fate of all the savage races, for civilized nations are everywhere pressing upon the uncivilized or savage races. They will all be exterminated, unless they can be rendered useful as I propose, or educated into white men in all save color and hair, as Mr. Hooper proposes.

When I say that all laboring men without property are the *slaves* of capital, and that *slavery* to capital (beginning with land monopoly) is the sole

parent of civilization, I use the terms "slaves" and "slavery" metaphorically for want of better, for there is no word in the English language that exactly expresses the relation of labor and capital. So, when we say one State has enslaved another, we speak of political slavery, and this term is used metaphorically. Thus Russia has politically enslaved Poland, although she has liberated the masses of her people from the vilest servitude. No honest man is ashamed of being poor and of working for his living, but no one likes to be called a slave. The laboring poor are freemen, heavily taxed or exploited by capitalists, yet more than compensated for such exploitation by the invaluable blessings which capital bestows. I entirely approve of the association and combinations of workmen to keep up the rate of wages. Capitalists, like other men, would be sure to abuse unlimited power. The war between Capital and Labor is evidence of a healthy state of society. When it ceases, despotism, ignorance and pauperism will supervene.

I have been so grossly misunderstood and misrepresented by some of the press that I find it necessary thus to explain myself.

GEORGE FITZHUGH.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, an editorial of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has been seen by me, criticising my article on "Land Monopoly" which appeared in the September Number of this Magazine. The editor charges me with inconsistency in my doctrines before and since the war on the subject of slavery and of negroes. I shall not raise an issue on this subject, because in defending and vindicating my consistency I might have to use arguments and cite facts offensive to the North, and because to write about myself would be obtrusive egotism. I accept the situation. I am entirely reconciled to negro suffrage and negro legal and political equality: social relations will regulate themselves, and capital and skill will regulate industrial relations. We of the South wish to be

friends with the North. We are trying to conciliate her, and to attract immigration, skill and capital from the North. Nothing do we despise and condemn so much as the silly, old-fogy Marplots who are trying to keep alive ill-feeling between the North and South by prating continually about sectional superiority or inferiority, sectional peculiarities and sectional prejudices. Such writing is bad enough in Northern men: when indulged in by Southern men, since we are the weaker section, it betrays equal folly, vindictiveness, bad taste and bad policy. For my part, from the bottom of my heart I adopt the President's motto, "Let there be peace."

The editor does not dispute my first proposition, to wit: That (as he properly quotes it) "the monopoly of property or capital by the few is the parent of civilization." Nor does he explicitly deny my second, and far more vital and practical, proposition, to wit: "That the uncivilized races are incapable of such monopoly, and hence can never have self-sustaining civilization." I add, that "a very few (freedmen) will acquire property," etc. The editor, with the most innocent naïveté and simplicity, remarks on this: "If any, why not a majority?" I answer: Many of the freedmen are mulattoes and quadroons, and some of them may acquire property in considerable amounts and manage it judiciously by virtue of their white blood.

I ask the editor, If Chang and Eng be united by a ligament of flesh, why may not all children be so united? Why are not Chang and Eng's children so united? Why are there so few albinos? and why are their children black? Are not Chang and Eng and all albinos monstrosities—abnormal, sporadic, anomalous human beings? And are

not negroes who make fortunes equally rare, anomalous and sporadic? Is it not therefore true that the uncivilized races cannot institute slavery to capital, and therefore cannot be civilized?

Does not the editor know that the freedmen, who in great numbers were furnished with the best lands, and with stock and farming utensils and rations and clothes and teachers, seven years ago, are to-day much poorer than when they were slaves? Does he not know that ninety-nine in a hundred of all the emancipated negroes are poorer than when slaves? Yes, he knows it, and knows that none of the savage races are civilizable, because none of them ever did, or ever can, hold separate, individual, private property in lands, or amass and wield sufficient amounts of capital to give the few dominion over and command of the labor of the many?

We live in the midst of an awful crisis in human affairs. I believe that the whites are about to exterminate the savage races by assuming that they are capable of civilization, giving them equal legal and political rights, and then throwing them unprotected into free competition with those whites. The weak need protection, and not so-called liberty and equality. I would arrest the Caucasian race in its mad, cruel and exterminating career. I would give special protection by legal regulations to the inferior races, and to do so would, as far as experience proved it to be necessary, limit and restrict their rights and liberties. It is impossible to give to any class special protection without subjecting it to special disabilities.

I might think that, by possibility, I were mistaken in my views if any one would venture to dispute my facts or to reply to my arguments. G. F.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A FRUITLESS RIDE, AND OTHER MATTERS.

"Le bonheur tient aux affections plus qu'aux événements."—MADAME ROLAND.

"WHO is Dr. Rowe?" said Ellinor: they were speaking French, and it was in Meyrac's parlor, after tea.

"I think Monsieur le Docteur must have heard of him," Creighton replied.

"Is it the philanthropist," asked Meyrac, "who has done so much for the benevolent institutions of New England and for the education of deaf-mutes and of the blind?"

"The same. I made his acquaintance a few days since, in passing through Boston."

"I should have been enchanted to be of the party."

"His conversation would have interested you. I asked him which he considered the greater loss—sight or hearing."

"That does interest me. Well?"

"His reply surprised me. 'There is no comparison,' he said; adding that he had sometimes half doubted whether, under favorable social conditions, loss of sight was a misfortune at all. 'I knew a lady,' he went on to say, 'the head of a family with several children, who became blind a good many years ago. She was a somewhat nervous, anxious creature before her loss: now she is cheerful, tranquil.' Dr. Rowe thought her husband really loved her better, admired her more, than he had ever done; and the relation between mother and children was beautiful."

"Yet we must not generalize too hastily," Ellinor put in.

"I do not think Dr. Rowe did. I suggested that probably this was a bright, lively, affectionate household. He admitted that it was, and that with other surroundings the result might have been very different. 'The blind,' he said, 'live more in the world of the affections than we do, and that is the

highest world, after all. Their pleasures are more strictly social than ours: they miss love more, and they enjoy it more. Blindness, to a convict in solitary confinement, might become an intolerable affliction, far heavier than loss of hearing. But in cheerful society it is natural that the deaf, daily witnessing the outward signs of thoughts and emotions that escape them, should be fretful or impatient, for the tender voice, the accent of affection, cannot be interpreted through the fingers.' The doctor added that it was his firm belief, founded on years of daily observation, that the inmates of a well-conducted blind asylum were happier and better satisfied with their lot than the average of persons without its walls."

"As to that," said Meyrac, "I agree with him. Yet if the regulations outside of the asylum were as wise as those within it, that might alter the case."

"And then," added Ellinor, "it cannot be denied that in losing sight we lose much power of usefulness."

"That depends," said Creighton. "Are you sure that children would not be better taught if instruction came more by conversation and less through books? By the way," he added, taking a volume from his pocket. "I've brought a little book for your acceptance, Miss Ellinor. You know of Francis Huber?"

"The naturalist, who wrote so much on the domestic economy of the bees?"

"The blind man who, fifty years ago, dictated to his wife, Maria Aimée—well named!—a book that is still considered the best authority on the subject. Some of his eulogists assert—but I dare say that's exaggerated—that nothing of importance has been added to the natural history of the bee since his time."

"You were thinking of a blind friend, Mr. Creighton: that's like you. Does the volume contain the result of Huber's observations?"

"No—the memoir of his life by his

friend, Monsieur de Candolle; and with such a pretty love-story in it!"

"May not one hear that?" asked Lucille Meyrac.

"Certainly, mademoiselle. When Huber was little more than a boy, he and the daughter of a Swiss magistrate, named Lullin, fell in love with each other. Even then he had commenced his researches; and blindness was brought on, while he was still quite young, from intenseness and minuteness of observation. The prudent father, thinking no doubt, like you, Miss Ellinor, that the youth's usefulness was hopelessly impaired, forbade the match."

"Ah, what unhappiness!" said Lucille.

"The noble girl declared that she would have submitted to her parents' will if the man of her choice could have done without her. As it was, she refused many brilliant offers, waited till she was her own mistress at twenty-five, then married her first love, shared his enthusiasm and his labors for forty years, and aided to make her husband one of the celebrated men of his day. 'As long as she lived,' he said in his old age, 'I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.'"

"But that is altogether charming," exclaimed Lucille. "Shall I read it to you when you have leisure, Mademoiselle Éléonore?"

"Dear child, yes: I shall be delighted."

Just then Ethan joined their party, and Ellinor told him of Creighton's gift.

Meanwhile, Lucille, who had taken up the book, smiled brightly at something that met her eye.

"I'm curious to know what that is," said Creighton.

"May I read, mamma?"

"Certainly, my child, if Monsieur Creighton desires it." So Lucille read:

"Huber was habitually cheerful. When any one spoke to him on subjects which interested his heart, his noble figure became strikingly animated, and the vivacity of his countenance seemed, by a mysterious magic,

even to light up his eyes, which had been so long condemned to blindness."

"I know who is just like him," the girl added.

Ethan's looks showed that he knew it too. How late he stayed that night I don't know, nor did Dr. Meyrac: on such occasions he always trusted Ellinor to lock up the house.

Next morning, Ethan called on Creighton to ask if he would act as "groomsman" in a ceremony to be performed that day three weeks.

"Most willingly; but you take me by surprise."

"We did not intend to marry till next spring, when our cottage on the lake will be ready; but mother told us that if we wished to make her happy, we would have the marriage at once and spend the winter with her. Last evening I got Ellinor's consent."

"An excellent arrangement, I think."

"I want your aid in settling all her property upon her."

"Ah? That is right: I'll attend to it with pleasure. If we lived a dozen miles farther west—just over the Indiana line—it would be unnecessary: the State laws there anticipate such intention as yours. Marriage in Indiana, since the year 1853, conveys to the husband no property, either real or personal, of the bride. But as to that matter, we, this side of the line, are still, like Simon the Sorcerer, 'in the gall of bitterness'—or, which is pretty much the same thing, in the bonds of the common law."

"I thought that had been modified some ten years ago."

"Slightly: so that the husband's interest in the real estate of the wife cannot be taken for his debts, nor conveyed nor encumbered without the wife's concurrence; and one or two other similar items. But a husband in Ohio becomes the absolute owner of his wife's personal property, even so far that if both unite in selling her land, the money received for it is his, and if he buys other land with it, that too is his, and descends to his heirs. As to the wife's real estate, he cannot, indeed, sell it without her

concurrence; but, except in case of desertion or failure to provide for his family, he has the control of it, and the rents and profits are his while the marriage lasts."

"Twelve miles of longitude make all that difference!"

"Even so; yet an Indiana lawyer told me, the other day, that he did not believe one vote in twenty of their people could now be had to change the law back again."

"Well, one Ohio wife shall have the same rights as if she were an Indianian."

"The wonder is, Mr. Hartland, that any man can omit such an act of common justice without feeling self-condemned as a tyrant."

After paying all law-expenses (including a fee of one thousand dollars, which they had the greatest difficulty in getting Creighton to accept, his charge being five hundred dollars only) each of the sisters had about twenty-six thousand dollars, invested so as to bring in nearly eighteen hundred a year. They were rich!—far richer, they both felt, than either had ever been in her life before. They would not have been poor if they had lost it all.

After Ethan had looked over the statement of Ellinor's property, and was about to go, Creighton felt tempted to inquire who was to be bridemaid, but he refrained: it would be the bride's sister, of course. The thought made him grave.

The marriage was quite private and simple. The bridegroom was more self-possessed than his groomsman, and Celia showed evident emotion; probably because, as soon as breakfast was over, she was to part with her sister on a ten-days' tour to Niagara and the Canadas. Dr. Meyrac gave the bride away. When the carriage which conveyed the two to the station had driven off, he said to his wife: "But it is astonishing! One reads of such things—"

"What things, my friend?"

"That face of young Hartland's. I wish I were sure that any of us will have such moments by and by in

heaven as he is having now in that fiacre."

"But, Alphonse, has not the good God—"

"Without doubt. It may be that it is all well arranged. Yet one likes to be certain, my dear. In waiting let us hope." And he took his hat and cane to visit a patient.

The next day was Saturday, with a bright November sun cheating one into the belief that winter was yet afar off. Mrs. Creighton and her daughter sat in the afternoon sewing.

The girl dropped her work on her knee: "So Eliot's gone out riding with Miss Pembroke?"

"Yes."

"How much does that mean in this part of the country, mother?"

"Not much if it happen but occasionally; only that the girl thinks well of her cavalier, and has no objections to become better acquainted with him."

"That's something; but of course she thinks well of brother, and who wouldn't want to be better acquainted with him? Still, you think she might say yes to somebody else next week?"

"Certainly, and no one would think strange of it."

"Well, that's sensible; and she looks like a sensible girl and a nice girl enough: then twenty-six thousand dollars is a convenience for a young lawyer—"

"For Goodness' sake, Harry, don't say that before your brother: he's crazy enough on that subject already."

"He's a noble fellow, and I won't plague him. But I can't see why the male animal, when he accepts without scruple a maiden's 'priceless affections'—with a life's devotion thrown in—should shy off at a little yellow dross. Then she ought to be very grateful to him for the skill and care he has shown in recovering her property, to say nothing of saving her sister's life."

"Worse and worse, Harry! Do pray be careful. If there's one thing Eliot has a horror of, it's marrying a woman who should accept him out of gratitude. He's haunted by that idea."

"Yet gratitude, like pity, is akin to love."

"Or to friendship. Mr. Sydenham is a charming man, very handsome, I think, and doesn't look a day over thirty-five years old—hardly that. And the girl may have no heart to give."

Harriet took up her work with a sigh. "I won't think anything more about it," she said, resolutely; but I don't believe she kept her word. It was a scarlet sacque she was making, and thoughts must have been worked in with the stitches, for she never after took it out to wear without thinking of Eliot and Celia.

A little later the brother returned. He said not a word beyond common-places till after tea. Then he asked his sister: "You'll stay with us this winter, Harry? Or is somebody with a heartache waiting for you in Philadelphia?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"Then you can stay. I must work hard now, and I will."

"I wonder if I could guess what put it in your head to ask me, just this minute, about staying?"

"Don't you believe that I like to have you with us?"

"Indeed I do: you're a jewel of a brother. I wish I were a certain young lady that I wot of, or else that she knew, as well as I do, what a jewel of a husband you'd make."

"A girl may think that a young fellow would make a creditable husband, and yet fancy some one else and marry him."

"No doubt. Will you give me a penny for my thoughts?"

"A silver penny, if I had it—copper's too base: ah! here's a tiny three-cent piece."

"You were thinking that if a man's lady-love refuses him, what's best for him, and what he ought to turn to, is hard work; and that's quite true. Then you were thinking, besides, that if a man works hard all day, and hasn't a nice wife to come home to for comfort in the evenings, the next most comforting things are a nice mother and sister. The mother might see that the tea was

warm and strong and the omelettes up to the Paris notch; and the sister, that no button was off and no stocking undarned. I think I'll stay."

"You're a clairvoyante, Harry, and a dear girl besides," with a kiss.

"Poor brother!" giving him two in return.

"What did she say, Eliot dear?" asked his mother in a low voice.

"I'm ashamed to tell you. I think it's the nature of women to think better of us men than we deserve. She said: 'You're as good as you can be, Mr. Creighton. I honor you, and I feel the honor you have done me. I owe you, for saving Ellie from death, a debt of gratitude that a lifetime couldn't pay. But I think far too highly of you to offer what you ought not to accept—what I know you would refuse—a divided heart.'"

"She's a good child, brother. It's hard for a girl that's not engaged to let a man into such a secret. She *does* honor and trust you, or she wouldn't have done it. I'll stay and get better acquainted with her."

"It's no business of ours," said Mrs. Creighton, "and I'll try to put it out of my head; but I *should* like to know just how Mr. Sydenham feels toward her."

"As if any one she cared for could help loving her!" said poor Eliot, with a deep sigh.

"So you've made up your mind," said Harriet, "that it's Mr. Sydenham?"

"If you had seen her blush when she could hardly get that little mare of hers, Bess, past the lane that turns off to Rosebank, you wouldn't ask that."

"Ah, well! it can't be helped. There's a wide, wide gap between a wife and a sister, or even between a wife and a mother, Eliot; but yet—"

"Don't, Harry. I must get such fancies out of my head. I must work, work!" The mother's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing. He went on: "Help me to think of that, mother. And help me to remember how many millions never dreamed of such love as is mine already, here by this fireside."

Happy they who can turn from what

they have lost to what they still enjoy! It *was* a bright, blithe fireside, and the little group gathered around it loved each other, in a quiet way, very dearly. To any one who was himself of genial temperament there was a charming home-atmosphere, redolent of peace and harmony, about that pretty cottage and its inmates. Alas! that such oases are found but here and there amid the social bleakness of this lower world!

Early next morning Harriet Clifford met Celia Pembroke on her way to the Chiskauga Institute. She turned and they walked on together. "Miss Pembroke," she said, "I taught school for eighteen months when I was a girl younger than you. Let me help with your sister's classes till she returns. I want something to do."

"I shall be delighted. I was just wondering how we should manage. We have more pupils than ever before. While Ellie and I were dependent for support on our teaching, the numbers fell off. Now that we are both—thanks to your brother—in easy circumstances, scholars pour in."

"The way of the world, Miss Pembroke. By the way, since we're to teach together, hadn't we better be Celia and Harry to each other? You needn't adopt the final *y*, if you don't like it. I've been thinking myself of spelling it with an *ie*, like Mattie, so as to avoid the imputation of trenching on the masculine prerogative."

Celia laughed and assented. The two took to each other from the first, and Mrs. Clifford proved an excellent teacher.

That afternoon Celia had a music-lesson to give at Rosebank, but when she rode up she found Leoline's pony, Bucksfoot, saddled and bridled at the door, and Leoline herself came out.

"Papa suggested that we might not have many more such splendid afternoons before winter sets in, and that we had better make the most of it."

"I believe your father has intuitions, Lela: I *did* want a ride—that's the truth."

Leoline, as our readers may have observed, was sometimes troubled with a restless desire to see her friends happy. She called to mind her father's advice not to interfere in Celia's love-matters, but after they had chatted some time about other things, she didn't think she was disobeying his injunction by saying, somewhat abruptly, "I wonder, Celia dear, if you'll ever marry?"

"I do not think I ever shall."

"That's what I was afraid of. But you won't do for an old maid. I'd make a much better one?"

"Why?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. I'm not a girl that's nearly so apt as you to—"

"To take a fancy to a handsome face?"

"I wasn't going to be so rude as to say that, though maybe it's true enough: falling in love isn't much in my way. You'd make such a good wife, Celia—far better than hard-hearted I. Papa said so yesterday."

"He said I'd make a better wife than you?"

"Not exactly: he's too polite a papa for that. But he said you'd make an admirable wife, and of course he knows I wouldn't."

"But I'm not inclined to fall in love with handsome faces, or any faces, now."

Leoline looked grave; then, after a pause, "I'm very sorry for that," she said, thoughtfully.

"Sorry that I'm getting to be a little more like you? You ought to be glad. You would never have made such a mistake as—"

"Never mind about that, my dear. I once heard papa say it was one of the failings that 'lean to virtue's side' to think better of others than they deserve. I like you all the better for it; but I can't be glad to think of you as an old maid."

"Why not?"

"Because, as I told you papa said, you'd make somebody *such* a good wife. And then wife and mother—that's woman's vocation, you know."

"But if you don't take to that vocation, why should I?"

"Oh, I'm different. It's a pity I don't take to it, but how can I help that?"

"I think I know one who might get you out of that difficulty, if you'd let him—some one I once heard you admire."

"Naughty creature! but you're mistaken: that wouldn't work: I told you it wouldn't, from the first. I'm a hopeless subject in that line, Celia, but you're not."

"Suppose nobody wants me."

"That's not a supposable case. I can suppose that you don't want them, and it makes me sorry to think of it."

"Lela darling"—her eyes moistening a little—"let me tell you something. I hope you'll never, never have such an experience as I've had. I know it was sent in mercy. I feel—oh so thankfully!—all I've escaped. I hope I shall never see him as long as I live; but yet, for all that—"

"It's I that have been a naughty girl, Celia. Papa told me not to meddle with your love-affairs, and I didn't intend to do it. But now I've gone and made you think of things that—that it's not the least worth while—"

"It is not your doing, Lela, it's mine. I can't help thinking about them: some day I hope I shall be able to help it."

"And some day I hope you'll be somebody's pet and make him so happy. And till that time comes I'll let your heart alone. It has been plagued enough already, without my blundering. Let's have a good gallop, Celia."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AS FAR AS THE STORY GOES.

WINTER passed. Of those in whom our readers take interest no one died—no one had been married. Ethan and Ellinor were established at Mrs. Hartland's. If Dr. Rowe had visited them, his doubts as to whether, in a genial home, blindness was always a misfortune, might have been strengthened.

Ellinor had intended to continue her

labors at the Chiskauga Institute, but a conversation with Dr. Meyrac modified her plans.

"You have done nobly, so far, Madame Hartland," he said; "but a married woman, when she can afford it, should husband her strength and her thoughts for home necessities and home duties: the next generation may benefit thereby. Permit me to suggest that you gradually withdraw from the school, and let Madame Clifford, if she will, take your place."

Much to Ethan's satisfaction, Ellinor followed this advice; only retaining, for the present, the senior classes in English and French literature, and, when the weather permitted, continuing those weekly excursions to the woods which her pupils had come to regard as a pleasure and a privilege.

Celia spent a good deal of her time at Rosebank; sometimes remaining there, at Leoline's urgent invitation, for the night. She felt the less scruple in so doing because her aunt had now a daughter as well as a son to gladden her fireside, and seemed contented and happy beyond what her niece had ever believed she could be. Those fancies about Sydenham, of which Meyrac (though of course he could not have deciphered them) had detected the unwholesome tendency, were gradually fading out: a grandchild or two, Celia felt convinced, would dissipate them altogether. Now and then the widow took herself to task—for Alice was given to self-accusation—because she could not help feeling the death of her husband to be a welcome relief. He was so good a man, she thought, and she, as his relict, ought to be mourning his loss. He *had* been just, upright, a faithful provider, a man who intended, no doubt, to make his wife comfortable; but good?—how about that simple, homely virtue? Musselmen buy birds in the market and set them free, under the beautiful superstition that the souls of these liberated captives will one day bear witness to their kindness before the throne of God; but if Hartland had lived in Mecca, he would have regarded

such ransom as money thrown away. Like the Pharisees in Jesus' day, he had failed to "learn what that meaneth: 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice.'" Can there be goodness without mercy? Is a domestic martinet a good man? Harshness, exaction of implicit obedience, severity in household rule—are these the qualities that fit a human soul for a high place in another world, where love is supreme? If in that world we "know even as we are known," Thomas Hartland had already found out that the widowed partner he had left behind ought to rejoice, not to lament, that Death had freed her from tyranny.

Celia was a frequent visitor also, during the early part of winter, at Mrs. Creighton's. Harriet Clifford and she had become fast friends, and she intended her visits to the cottage on the lake in pure kindness. When she refused Creighton she earnestly felt that she valued no one more highly as a friend. Besides, she was deeply grateful to him for all he had done for her sister and herself; and, though she had resolved never to marry him, yet on every account she wished, as much as possible, to take off the edge of her refusal, and to show him that she liked his company. Must she make a stranger of an excellent and agreeable man merely because she could not give him her hand?

All this was very well intended, and indeed generous, on Celia's part, yet I don't think it was very wise. It is a pretty theory enough that a young girl, free in every respect but one—namely, that she has no heart to give in marriage—should cultivate the friendship of a man a few years older than herself, and deeply in love with her, after she had refused to be his wife. Yet in practice, somehow, it doesn't work. Unless she thinks that by and by she may change her mind—when Celia refused Creighton she had no such idea—she may be doing a cruel thing.

That was the last thing the girl dreamed of doing or meant to do. She saw that when she entered Mrs. Creighton's parlor the son's eyes lighted up.

The evenings were pleasant to her: they seemed even more pleasant to him, and Celia liked to give pleasure. Then they talked of Europe, of London and its wonders, of Paris and its attractions, of Eliot's student-life in Göttingen, of a visit he had paid to Rome and to Naples. Sometimes they branched off to other subjects, literary, artistic, scientific. Creighton was thoroughly well read, of sprightly intellect and comprehensive mind. He had been a shrewd observer and he was an excellent talker: Celia liked to listen to him. Surely there was no harm in all that—great good, indeed.

And then it was not as if he could mistake her motive. Forewarned, forearmed. She had told him in plain terms that she wished his friendship, and that she did not wish, because she could not return, his love. It was quite safe. There was no inkling of flirtation about it. Why couldn't he have her for a friend and some one else for a wife?—Leoline, perhaps: she wished he would.

Ah, Celia! I think you couldn't have helped knowing that you were not a disagreeable person. And you surely didn't need to be told that Creighton thought you particularly attractive. These long talks the poor fellow had with you about France and Germany and Italy—were they just the likely thing, do you think, to turn his thoughts to Leoline as a wife? You didn't calculate all that matter well.

One good came of it, however. Creighton threw himself, heart and soul, into his profession. He worked up his law cases with untiring industry. One or two important ones were thrown into his hands. He electrified the court and his brethren of the profession by several brilliant efforts, resulting in unlooked-for success. How much midnight oil he burned—for Chiskauga had no gas—I am not able to say; but he grew nervous-looking and pale. Gradually he attracted to himself the best half of Cranstoun's practice. He was spoken of as a rising man.

An unexpected event still further

brightened his business prospects. Amos Cranstoun, disappointed on every side, foiled alike in his plot against Celia and in his intrigues against the Institute, seeing a profitable practice melt from him day by day, sold out his Chiskauga possessions in disgust and emigrated to Texas.

He persuaded Cassiday to join him. Ever since Ellen Tyler's death the latter had been restless and unsettled. Once or twice he had relapsed into his old habits of intemperance; and Ethan, highly though he prized him as groom, had told him that the next time it happened he should be dismissed. Cassiday preferred, as others in higher places and similar circumstances have done, to resign his office.

"What did I tell ye, Teddy?" said Norah to her husband when she heard of their departure. "Didn't it answer best to let the spalpeen go?"

"But God hasn't drowned him, as ye thought He would."

"An' hasn't He sint him off on wan o' them steamboats down the Mississippi, an' isn't that the next thing to it?"

The same evening Norah had a letter, out of which, when she opened it, dropped a hundred-dollar note. When she had recovered from her amazement she and Terence read:

"MISTRESS NORAH O'REILLY:

"It was very good in you to nurse Miss Ellen Tyler when she lay sick. She and the old man were both very kind to me. I don't care about livin' here, now she's gone. I planted some flowers on her grave, and I want you to keep them in order and water them, and to set out some more when they're gone. The note that's in this letter will help pay for your trouble. I'll send you seventy dollars more from Texas just as soon as I can spare it. B. C."

Terence was the first who spoke: "Ef God gets him drowned on the way down, ye'll lose yer seventy dollars, Norah."

His wife did not answer: she was fairly crying. "God forg' me!" she sobbed out at last.

"An' is it cryin' ye are, acushla? He was niver worth it. But I expec' it's a true sayin' for all, that the Divil isn't not half as black as he's painted. I'm mighty glad I didn't go after the fellow wi' a shillalah, any how."

One pleasant day early in March, Ellinor being somewhat indisposed, Celia had taken her place in the weekly excursion to the forest. On the way they met Leoline and Creighton on horseback. She mentioned this to Harriet Clifford on her return.

"Leoline is a charming girl," said Harriet—"bright, outspoken, and a young person of much character, who improves greatly on acquaintance. I like her. Mamma told me of her 'speaking out in meeting.' There isn't one girl in a hundred would have had courage to do it."

This set Celia a-thinking. For several weeks past she had been visited with qualms about the discretion of her visits to the lake cottage, and she had made these less frequent, usually timing them when she thought Creighton was likely to be absent. When he visited her, which might be once a week on the average, the symptoms made her uneasy: he was getting thinner, and she noticed a restless, nervous, unsettled look that was anything but habitual to him.

"You work too hard," she said to him one day.

"Hard work is wholesome for me," was the reply, but she did not like the bitter smile with which he said it.

After the encounter above mentioned, and Harriet's comments in connection with it, Celia scarcely visited the Creightons for six or eight weeks. Then conscience upbraided her for treating good friends so coldly. With all her love for her sister, she missed their society, thinking of them often and uneasily. She was not satisfied with herself.

"You are working too hard, Celia dear," Harriet said to her one day after school was over.

Celia had it on the tip of her tongue to say that hard work was good for her,

but she remembered the spiritless smile with which Creighton had made the same reply, and merely said, "Not harder than you, Harriet: one feels languid the first warm days in spring. I'll come and have some music with you to-night: that will brighten me up."

She came. In the course of the evening Mrs. Creighton begged for the ballad, "When stars are in the quiet sky." Celia had sung it once or twice in the early days of their acquaintance; and now, for the first time, the request embarrassed her. With self-chidings for being so silly, she sat down to the piano at once. There was some uncertainty in her voice at first, but Mrs. Creighton thought and said that she outdid herself. Creighton said nothing, and his conversation, that evening, was less interesting than usual. Celia was grave and evidently out of spirits, though she did her best to conceal it. After a time Ethan dropped in, and she went home with him.

Next day, on her return from school, Celia found a letter on her table. She knew the handwriting, and locked her door before she opened the suspicious-looking missive. Her color came and went as she read:

"TO MISS CELIA PEMBROKE:

"I write because I would not have a hasty answer, and because I want to say what I have to say, calmly.

"It can't go on, Miss Pembroke. As God is my witness, I have done my best. A hundred times I've taken myself to task. Heaven help me! I think I've done little else (except what I've been driven to) than take myself to task all this last winter. You can say nothing to me in the way of reproach that I have not said to myself. I know I ought to be able to go on with my work in peace, but I cannot: the doubts, the uncertainties of my position thrust themselves into my office-hours. I ought to submit to the inevitable—and when I know it *is* the inevitable I suppose I shall learn to submit to it—but I need not submit to the tortures of suspense: they darken my life.

"I know that all you said about wishing me for a friend, and then all your visits to mother's house, were as kindly meant as they could be. I enjoyed your visits far too much; and when you discontinued them lately I felt miserable. But don't you see that there must be an end of this? I would be an ungrateful wretch if I did not value your friendship: priceless it would be to me if I cared for you less. But, Celia (let me speak to you this once—Eliot to Celia), even if I could keep on working near you, it would never do for me to stay here and be only your friend. If you knew just how I feel toward you—how day by day and week by week the yearning grows—you would not wish me to stay on such condition. If I did, and you married here, how would you like, each time you saw me, to feel that I loved you as no man ought to love another's wife? Do you think I would ever subject you to such an indignity? That's one of the things I *can* help—and I will.

"Don't vex yourself about it if I have to go. It's not your fault that I had to love you. It may be my fault, but it is certainly not yours, if you have no heart to give in return for mine.

"Have you none to give? I thought I could leave Chiskauga with the answer I had from you six months ago about that. But I felt last night—no matter why—that I couldn't go without asking—not the same question I asked then—not whether you would be my wife now—but only, just as I have put it, whether you have a heart to give that *might*, some day, when past regrets shall have faded, possibly turn to me.

"I cannot go without trying the sole chance that remains. But if you have to dismiss me, I ask only four words: '*There is no hope.*' Absolve me, I entreat, from the impertinence of desiring to know *why* there is none. I want the bare fact—that which regards my own fate only, not any one else's.

"If it must be, we shall leave Chiskauga in three or four weeks. And if I must hear, some day, of your marry-

ing a man worthier and happier than I shall ever be, oh be sure, Celia—be sure—that your sister herself will have no good wishes for your welfare, heartier, warmer, than mine.

"ELIOT CREIGHTON.

"CHISKAUGA, May 2, 1857.

"P. S. My present income from my profession, if you care anything about knowing, somewhat exceeds two thousand a year."

Abrupt enough: not much of a love-letter—not a fine sentence or impassioned period in it. Yet it awoke to consciousness some fruitful thoughts that had been lying, half dormant, in the girl's heart. It was one of Celia's idiosyncrasies that odd scraps of poetry, floating like driftwood on the Mississippi, were apt to lodge and accumulate in the nooks and corners of her brain; now sinking out of memory, anon coming to the surface when some strong influence, as just now, stirred the depths. The scrap which emerged on the present occasion was a stray stanza, translated from some German sonnet or other, the rest of which had been swept down the Lethean stream. The waif had haunted her several times, especially during the latter part of the winter:

"Now tell me how Love cometh?"
 "It comes unsought, unsent."
 "And tell me how Love goeth?"
 "That was not Love that went."

Had that young dream of hers been of something other than love? Was it but a fancy, built on the shifting sands of Impulse, which, when the winds rose and the waters beat against it, ought to be overthrown?

The dream was fading away—no mistake as to that. Nor did it seem less certain to the girl's awakened sense that the fancy had never been founded on esteem. Could she ever have respected as husband a youth idle of habit, infirm of purpose, selfish to the mother who loved and indulged him? And then, if that terrible tragedy had happened after their marriage, could she have lived, as wife, with Ellen's betray-

er? She shrank appalled from the thought.

If Love, once the heart's inmate, cannot go, this had been but its worthless similitude. The sooner the thing was out of her sight—ten feet underground—the better.

In after time—because the heart, if it be genial, waxes charitable with years—there was a certain reaction: then news of his well-being came to be grateful; but not now. She wished no news about him: she was sure of that after she had read Creighton's letter.

That night she lay awake she knew not how long. Next day her school-hours were invaded, as Creighton's office-hours had been, by vagrant doubts. In the afternoon, after giving Leoline her music-lesson, she had a long, solitary gallop in the woods: then she slackened rein and let Bess walk lazily back. By the time she reached home she had decided that she must have a talk with Creighton. Ere she went to rest she wrote and burned up several notes. Next morning, before breakfast, she indited and sent to one whose heart was beginning to wax sick with "hope deferred," the following:

"TO ELIOT CREIGHTON, ESQ.:

"I have taken time, as you wished, to think over your letter, and I am not willing to dismiss you, as you phrase it, with four words. Can you spare time to ride out this fine morning?

"CELIA PEMBROKE.

"Saturday."

Almost before breakfast was over Creighton's horse was at the door. While they traversed the village little passed between them. As they rode by Harper's modest dwelling, Celia said, "I'm sorry you missed that sermon after Ellen's death."

"Good Mr. Harper wrote it out at my suggestion; and I have not read so powerful an appeal for many a day. Your sex is often adored, but seldom fairly treated. Flattery, Courtesy, Indulgence are gay courtiers, but grave, sober-eyed Justice is worth them all."

Celia had concluded, the day before,

that it was good for a wife to be proud of her husband. The thought came to her again.

"Which road do you prefer?" Creighton asked.

"Shall we ride to Grangula's Mount?" Then, with a smile, she added, "I have pleasant associations with it."

Creighton ought, in common civility, to have expressed his assent, but he did not. Perhaps, too, it was his part to allude the first to the letter he had written, but that also he neglected. He spoke, instead, of Ellinor, saying how much pleasure it gave him to see her so bright and contented. "It was but the other day," he added, "your sister said to me that she had never known what happiness was till she became blind."

"A sentiment I met with in Madame Roland's autobiography may explain that, I think."

"And the sentiment was—?"

"That happiness depends not so much on events as on the affections."

"It is one of the foundation-truths of the world. Every year stamps it more and more on one's heart."

"On some hearts."

They were getting didactic. Conversation flagged till, arrived at the Mount, Creighton, to use the language of the country, had "hitched their horses to a swinging limb" and they had seated themselves in the shade.

"Mr. Creighton," Celia then said, her voice somewhat unsteady, "I am perfectly sure that if I married a worthy man, no one would congratulate me more sincerely than you. But when you wrote that were you thinking of any one in particular?"

The usually self-possessed Creighton reddened with embarrassment, and Celia, despite the guard she thought she had set on that silly habit of hers, blushed over face and neck.

"I pained you, Miss Pembroke," he broke forth when he saw her emotion: "I had no right—"

"I think you *had* a right," she tried to say quietly. "I wished to tell you—" There she stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, abruptly and very

irrelevantly, it seemed, she added: "Harriet tells me you've been reading *Sir Charles Grandison* lately."

He could not imagine what this was leading to, but he answered, instinctively, "Yes."

"Have you come to the episode about Sir Charles' ward?"

"Emily Jervois?" Then it flashed on him—her hopeless love for her guardian!

"Her case is not mine. I never was in love"—she said it with a nervous sort of smile—"I never was in love with either of my guardians."

"Thank God!" He did not intend to say it aloud. The tone of his voice went to Celia's heart: it revealed to her all he had been suffering, and she added, very earnestly,

"I have been weak and foolish, Mr. Creighton, but I solemnly assure you that I never loved Mr. Sydenham except as his daughter might; and he, as surely, never dreamed of me as a wife. When I spoke six months ago of a divided heart—"

"It was Mowbray!"

"It couldn't have been what we ought to call love, yet it *would* come back for months in spite of pride, in spite of reason. Could I say yes to you while it haunted me?"

"And now, Celia, now?"

"Evelyn Mowbray would be less dead to me if he were in his grave."

It was all told. And then Celia Pembroke found out, for the first time in her life, what Love's words are like. All that Creighton had garnered and guarded in his heart for long months, that happy heart poured out now—a revelation of which she had never even dreamed. On the grass at her feet, both her hands in his, those wonderful gray eyes on hers, she felt that this was her first love. It quenched all lingering recollections of that other feeble counterfeit, as the sun puts out the faintest star. She had had visions, as girlhood will, of a fair world, but this that was opening upon her outshone her brightest dreams. Grangula's Mount was hallowed in her memory for evermore.

When the first wild waves of emotion had subsided, and on the long swell of satisfied affection that succeeded something like conversation was possible, Creighton said: "Celia darling, what helped you to find out, at last, how it stood in that dear heart of yours?"

"There was a short sentence in your letter about leaving us in three or four weeks."

"I hated to write that. It seemed so like an appeal to your pity."

"Did it? Perhaps we might both have been much to be pitied if you had gone: at all events, I discovered when that alternative came suddenly before me, that I should be. I wanted to know if I really, really loved you; and when I found out that I couldn't let you go—"

A sudden interruption prevented the conclusion of the sentence; not that any impertinent intruders showed themselves: it would have been quite awkward if they had.

When Celia recovered herself—all to the bright bloom that *would* linger—she said:

"Now it is my turn, Eliot—"

"Is it?"

"Don't be foolish—my turn to ask questions."

"Ah!"

"The other evening, when you felt that you couldn't go without interrogating your fate—no matter why' you wrote me—"

"You want to know about the *why*?"

"Yes."

"Yesterday I should have been ashamed to tell you. If there's one creature I despise more than another, it's a man who presumes on a woman's favor. But that evening when you sung to us, it was like Nourmahal's song in *Lalla Rookh*."

"The air with the 'deep magic' in it that the dark sorceress taught her? You must have a powerful imagination."

"I wonder who taught you such an expression of that exquisite fancy of Bulwer's. There *was* sorcery in it, I'm certain. I never felt its beauty before. *Did* you think of me, Celia?—

did you care for me a little while you were singing?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. It was the first time I had thought it."

"You did not use to care for me."

"When?"

"When you first came here."

"I was drawn to you the very first evening we sang together. But you were an heiress then, and I was a poor, briefless lawyer. You were engaged, too, and I had no business to care for you as I did. It provoked me."

"I thought there was something wrong—that I had displeased, disgusted you, perhaps—"

"I *was* disgusted, but it was with myself for my own folly: that was all."

"It seems to me so strange now that there ever was a time—"

"The future, Celia!—the bright, happy future! Let the past go."

"I thought my fate a cruel one. How little I knew about it!"

I don't believe either of them ever knew how long they sat there under that magnificent elm. In after years they made an annual pic-nic pilgrimage to the spot on a certain anniversary.

As they mounted their horses at last and turned toward home, Creighton asked: "Celia, what made you say you had pleasant associations with Grangula's Mount?"

"Because it was here I first got an idea what sort of man Eliot Creighton was. By the way, saucy Leoline, who had been admiring you that day, told me, as we were riding home, that you would never fancy her, but that I was just the sort of person you would be sure to fall in love with."

"Sagacious girl!"

"I wish she could find somebody worthy of her—"

"No hurry, Celia. Far better she should enjoy in that pleasant house of her father's a few years of beautiful girlhood, fancy free."

"She's only three years younger than I."

"But three years of innocent gladness, three years to lay in a stock of strength

and health and spirit and experience against the realities of life! And then I think you're more than three years older than Miss Sydenham. You've crowded two or three years into the last twelvemonth."

"I feel as if I had. I think I must be about twenty-five—only two years younger than you. Lela seems to me a mere girl in comparison, but such a dear, brave, spirited darling."

"I like her so much."

"Hadh't you a nice time with her that day we met you in the woods, lover-like, on horseback together?"

"You can't make me believe you were jealous."

"I think it rather opened my eyes. But any one might love Lela. Don't you wish, as somebody has it, that you had 'another heart to shrine her in'?"

"One God and one heart, Celia. That's Nature's creed and Love's."

"Forgive me, Eliot."

"For an innocent pleasantry? Soame Jenyns believed that part of our happiness in heaven would spring from an exquisite perception of the mirthful. I dare say he's right."

"Shall you find excuse for every foolish thing I say or do?"

"If anything you ever say or do needs excuse—yes."

"Now I think of it, there's one thing I did that was rather shocking."

"Pray, what was that?"

"I pretty much asked you to have me—and this is not leap year."

"You asked me to have you?"

"Didn't I? Your modest prayer was—don't you remember?—not by any means that I should agree to be"—she blushed a little—"to be Mrs. Eliot Creighton, but only that I should be so good as to let you know whether I had a heart to give which, some day or other—in five or six years, I suppose—that would be a reasonable time for the fading of past regrets—might possibly turn to the humble suitor who would wait just as long as my ladyship pleased. And now, as the children say, I've gone and done it—"

"That's shocking, is it? Don't I

know why you did it? From pity. You saw I was getting ghostly—quite lackadaisical and hatchet-faced."

"You mustn't joke about that. You *are* looking pale and thin, and it's my fault: I knew it was that day you told me hard work was wholesome for you. I've repented of that. The bad child won't do so any more."

But lovers' talk, unmatched in its proper place, will seldom bear retailing.

The sixteenth of June was their wedding-day. Mr. Harper was asked to officiate: a great pleasure it was to the kind old man, for both Celia and Creighton were favorites of his: he thought he had half persuaded the latter to study Hebrew.

The morning before the wedding Celia found, on her toilet-table, a deed to herself of the Hartland dwelling-house and its appurtenances, signed by her aunt and cousin—a very pretty marriage-gift: plenty of room for her new mother and sister-in-law—and then Bess would remain in her old stall. She had scarcely recovered from her surprise when, descending to the parlor, she espied, standing there, a semi-grand Steinway, with a kind note from Sydenham lying on it. She tried the tone and could not restrain an exclamation of delight.

"When you return from your wedding-trip you will find me at Ethan's," her aunt said to her during breakfast.

For Ethan had found out that his wife and her mother-in-law were unwilling to be separated. And like a good fellow, as he was, he had modified his building plan, interposing between the ground floor and the French attic a second story.

Mrs. Wolfgang was disgusted with the arrangement, declined to visit her sister-in-law, and changed her residence to Mount Sharon: report said, because she had matrimonial designs on a rich old bachelor, clerk of the court there. I have not heard that she succeeded. If he finally escape the snare, the husband-market of California is still open; and Leoline may some day be gratified

by the intelligence that the Rocky Mountains are interposed between herself and the object of her special aversion. I don't think the widow will go to Texas, as she once thought of doing; for by the last accounts from thence the Chiskauga public learned that Cranstoun had lost his property and Cassiday his life in the Great War. Some time, however, before the Mississippi was closed by Confederate batteries, a letter reached Norah, postmarked Austin, Texas: it contained seventy dollars, but not a word of explanation.

If any reader of ours, traveling in Western Ohio, should happen, some summer day, to look in upon Chiskauga, and if, as he ought, he visit its picturesque cemetery, entering it by the eastern gateway, he will find, on the left as he passes up, a neatly-fenced burial-spot, marked by a white marble slab bearing a name not unfamiliar to him; and planted around it he will see choice flowers fresh and carefully tended. Which is happier now—the young girl whose earthly burial-place was beneath these flowers, or a man, young and handsome still, owner of a marble-fronted, richly-appointed dwelling on Arch street; prosperous, all the world says, and envied by all who are struggling for similar prosperity? He married well some time since—this young man—for he was accepted in due form by a stylish-looking person about his own age, boasting good family connections, who dresses becomingly, enters a drawing-room gracefully, receives her guests with ease and dignity, and is satisfied, on the whole, that she married him; for she finds that twelve thousand a year, carefully managed, does tolerably well. The villa she got him to rent last summer at Newport was rather small, to be sure, and she has to be a little careful about evening-parties—they are so frightfully expensive now-a-days. Nor has she been to Europe yet; but they expect to rent their house in Philadelphia, furnished, next summer, and then they can afford to go. Meanwhile, she contrives, by well-ordered economy, to keep a brougham and never to neglect

an evening at the opera. It's not amiss, take it all together, she thinks. Her husband (though his poor mother knows better) still inclines to believe that his wife loves him, and it may be a year or two before he is undeceived.

It is to be taken into account, however, that if that fashionable husband were to be brought face to face with an evil deed of his that would not usually be called murder—if he stood beside that village grave and read, cut on the pure marble, a simple name—his cheek might blanch, and his heart, all selfish as it is, might sink within him. But then he is not obliged, that I know of, to visit Chiskauga at all; or even if business should take him there, he need not enter the village graveyard. The world he lives in is another world, having no connection with that in which he was once doomed to vegetate. Old things have passed away: he has left his youthful follies behind.

It would be an unheard-of thing—yet how often is truth unheard of, and how infinitely, sometimes, does human conception of the strange fall short of the truth!—it would be a strange, unheard-of thing to say that Ellen Tyler is far, far happier to-day than he, the falsely-styled favorite of fortune, by whom she was cheated and betrayed.

Yet, withal, the man is not worse than hundreds of others on whom Society smiles—children of this world, who look upon riches as little less than a passport to heaven. Let him make the most of the cumber and trouble he idolizes. Let him smother, if he can, under glitter and gauds, ugly recollections of lying and cruelty. Let him robe conscience in purple and fine linen. He has chosen his part. Of all such it may be said, as in the olden time it was of the self-seekers who "loved to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets:" "Verily I say unto you, They have their reward."

What of the humble, sequestered future of the two sisters and the husbands of their choice? They had escaped life's worst perils, but they were still young

and inexperienced. All earthly seas, even beyond the breakers, are visited by storms; and Goethe has wisely said:

"All beginning is hard, but hardest is household beginning."⁸

Yet, through error and trial, through storm and sunshine, they have enjoyed

* The line here paraphrased occurs in that charming pastoral, *Herman and Dorothea*, reading in the original:

"Aller Anfang ist schwer, am schwersten der Anfang der Wirtschaft."

a liberal portion of happiness. Many hours they have spent when life was "lovely and pleasant," and when husband and wife felt they had little left to desire except that one day—in death undivided—they might pass together to those regions where skies are brighter and pleasures are higher than are skies and pleasures, at their best and brightest, here below.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

OUR GEOGRAPHICAL SPONSORS.

BY some unaccountable oversight, Niagara was not, at an early date, appropriately christened "Smith's Falls" or "Simpkins' Cataract;" and the Mississippi, instead of being honored with the poetic title, "Big Muddy," has been allowed to retain a patched and lengthened form of its ancient name.

In view, however, of the numberless cases in which our geographical sponsors have thoroughly and efficiently performed their part in the work of destroying the aboriginal names and substituting others of their own selection, it would seem to behoove us, their grateful obligees, to look upon such little accidents in a lenient manner.

These gentlemen (the sponsors aforesaid) seem, to tell the truth, to have conducted themselves generally in a way that is truly remarkable and well worthy our attention.

The title-givers of colonial days, who properly come first in the list, appear to have had two favorite *modos operandi*. The first of these may be designated the *funkeyistic* style. It consisted in an indiscriminate and persistent application of the names of members of the royal families in their respective countries, including sundry ill-bred and thoroughly insignificant boys and girls. Perhaps their loyal and reverential eyes recognized a connection between the

supposititious majesty of these royal personages and the grand glory of American primeval scenery. But whatever may have been their theory, their practice was very thorough and effectual; and numbers of places and districts in this republican country are now stamped, it would seem irrevocably, with the names of monarchs and their relatives, of whom the present occupants think very little, and for whom they care even less. Prominent instances of this are the appellations of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, and, in a certain sense, New York; as well as the modern title of that exquisitely beautiful lake, the Horicon of the Mohawks, now, by a sad transformation, converted into Lake George.

The other nomenclatural idiosyncrasy of these people was a limitless capacity for discovering resemblances between localities in the country of their adoption and the particular portions of Europe that had once been their homes. The result of this tendency in the minds of these worthy pioneers of civilization has been to produce, in our time, some very striking effects. For instance, the greatest city on the Western hemisphere, whose phenomenal growth rightfully ranks it among the modern wonders of the world, preserves a title which, taken

literally, indicates it to be a counterpart or imitation of an English provincial town—one, too, which has been just that, and nothing more, ever since the days when the ancient Romans Latinized its British name into *Eboracum*. An appropriate remark, in this connection, is the one indulged in by "Lummy Ned of the Light Salisbury," who (as Martin Chuzzlewit was informed by the wagoner), on arriving in New York, "wrote home that it brought Old York to his mind quite wivid, in consequence of being so exactly unlike it." It may be observed also, with regard to the same municipality, that Manhattan, which was the term originally applied by the Algonquin Indians of that section to one of their own towns on the island now so called, and which means, literally, "Island-town," would be a much more suitable designation for the great metropolis than New York, Nieuw Amsterdam, or any other second-hand and perfectly meaningless expression.

It would not be easy to discover in the busy city at the Mississippi's mouth, with its crowded levées and wide-awake, heterogeneous population, any family likeness to the antiquated and ill-built town on the banks of the Loire of which it purports to be a new edition. Equally dissimilar is cold, mountainous New Hampshire to the flat, warm, misty downs of the English county of Hampshire or Hants; and the flourishing State of New Jersey certainly has not much in common with the little, old-fashioned Channel island of Jersey, where the people speak a Norman-French *patois*, and which is far inferior in area, wealth and prosperity to the smallest county of the American State.

This principle was, however, so thoroughly carried out by the topographical godfathers "of the period" that every one of the original thirteen States contains a larger or smaller number of counties still known by the names of particular districts in Great Britain; and in hardly a single case can the slightest resemblance be detected between the American county and its British namesake.

But whatever may be our opinion of these doings in colonial days, it must be confessed that our more immediate predecessors have not displayed a much greater amount of taste or discretion in the same line.

The most popular method with these later name-wrights strikes the observer as having been a general and impartial distribution of their own cognomens. In this way vast numbers of geographical points in the United States have been dignified with such suggestive and romantic titles as Brown, Jones, Robinson, etc., the patronymics of a host of squatters, whose names do not possess the slightest interest or meaning for anybody but themselves.

Another style of proceeding, which seems to have been very much in favor with the same individuals, consisted, to judge from appearances, in choosing a title which should be as completely devoid of euphony and poetic associations as possible.

Thus, the longest (and, if we are to credit Mr. Catlin's "sub-montane-river" theory, the most wonderful) mountain chain in the world, which has been allowed in South America to keep its ancient name of Andes, as soon as it reaches our borders is coolly dubbed *The Rocky Mountains*—a phrase which suggests very little more than a range of stony hills. Then, too, one of the most prominent projections on our Eastern coast, situated, also, in the immediate vicinity of the so-called "Athens of America," possesses for a name nothing more like the surroundings of the *City of the Violet Crown* than Cape Cod!

Perhaps the best of the names conferred during the period in question upon places in the United States are those which are properly the appellations of our celebrated and really great men; such, for example, as Washington, Franklin, Adams and Jefferson. When an American has made a world-wide reputation and gained the respect and gratitude of all his countrymen, it is certainly very becoming and proper to honor his memory in this way; and no great nation has been able to con-

struct a greater monument to the founder of its fortunes than we have in building up a capital city known by his name. Indeed, it may be doubted whether a really parallel case to this can be found in history; for Philip of Macedon, Constantine and Peter of Russia were absolute tyrants, who named their capitals after themselves, and left their people no choice in the matter; and as for Romulus, Ninus, etc., if such persons ever existed at all, they probably did the same thing.

But, unfortunately, this propensity in the characters of our respected progenitors appears to have been so very strong that the names of some of our most noted men have almost ceased to be any distinction. By referring to *Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer*, it will be noticed that in the State of Ohio alone there are forty-two townships bearing simply the name of Washington, without any prefix or appendage; while Indiana contains the large number of thirty-eight townships which have no other designation than Jackson. These are only special instances of a very widely-extended system; and if this custom continues to be carried out to the same extent, the Lincolns, Grants and Colfaxes in some of the newer States and Territories will probably in a few years be equally numerous.

The difficulties and inconveniences created by this state of things are undoubtedly very great, and are by no means on the decrease. In sending letters to townships entitled in this manner, it is absolutely necessary to write out the names of the townships themselves, together with those of the counties and States in which they are situated; and even when this is done, it frequently happens that mistakes are made, and letters are delayed by going the rounds of numerous post-offices.

Having thus briefly reviewed the name-making operations of our ancestors, more or less remote, it may be worth while to notice what has been done in the same direction by another and totally different division of our geographical sponsors.

There are probably very few topographical features in the United States that did not originally possess ancient names—names which were in their nature distinctively American, and which had, in almost every case, an extremely appropriate and natural meaning. These names could never have become liable to the objection of confusion from similarity, as they were applied by a number of distinct races, speaking languages which were radically dissimilar, and moreover possessed dialectic differences in themselves. This is particularly noticeable in the case of the State of New York, the south-eastern portion of which was occupied by Indians of the Algonquin family, while all the rest of the State belonged to tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois language, which really bears less resemblance, in sound, to the Algonquin than the latter does to English.

The surviving Indian names of our country are often said to be awkward and unpronounceable, and many of them are generally associated, in common parlance, with the vigorous epithet of "jaw-breakers." Yet the ground for this objection, so far as it exists at all, is really attributable to the white adopters of these names, whose guiding principle seems to have been to crowd as many letters as possible into each word. When they have been pruned of the superfluous letters for which they seem, in the transition state, to have formed a sort of verbal nucleus, even the worst cases may be pronounced with impunity, and do not involve the slightest danger to the maxillary construction.

In reality, though there is much variation in this respect among the different languages from which they are derived, the majority of these indigenous names are, under their proper forms, by no means ineuphonious. Those taken from the Iroquois language—among which may be mentioned Niagara and Saratoga—are almost invariably full and sonorous, even in their present shape; and many of those traceable to the cognate divisions of the same language spoken by the Muscogees (or

Creeks) and Seminoles—such, for instance, as Alabama, Talladega and Pensacola—are extremely musical. Even the dialects of the Dakota language (using the term in its generic sense), which is undeniably very flat and too full of nasal sounds to admit of much euphony, have furnished some names that are quite harmonious; for example, the terms Wenona and Minnehaha, which Longfellow considered worthy of poetic immortality.

It should be remembered also, in considering this branch of the subject, that the aboriginal languages of the United States, as far as they are known, are agglutinative and polysynthetic. Consequently, these names, instead of being, as they seem, very long words, are really combinations of short ones, often of monosyllables; and each of them, on being translated, forms a complete sentence. The significations of words of this kind form, in themselves, a boundless subject for research. In almost every case they describe the object or locality to which they were applied with a simple, terse directness that could not possibly be improved. It was seldom, if ever, that the Indians imposed their own names on points in the scenery of their country; and they do not seem to have made a practice of using even the appellations of their chiefs and noted men in the same way. When any natural object appeared to them particularly grand, striking or mysterious, they almost always connected it with the name of the Great Spirit; thus displaying the true reverence for and faith in the Creator of the world that seem to have been deeply seated in their minds.

Many names of this description have been translated in a perfectly arbitrary manner by persons who did not possess the slightest knowledge of the languages to which they belong; and these false renderings have frequently obtained a wide circulation and belief. In this way Niagara has been said to mean "wonderful," "terrible," and various other things that would never have occurred to the Indians in connection with it; and Mississippi has been fitted out with

the fanciful signification of "Father of Waters." In reality, Niagara (or Neagará) was the name given by the Seneca-Iroquois to the *river*, irrespective of the *falls*, and means literally "across the neck;" referring to its course over the strip or *neck* of land lying between Lakes Erie and Ontario. Mississippi, when divested of the various unnecessary letters that make it such an aggravation to the youthful mind, bears more resemblance to the original Algonquin term from which it comes. This, as that thorough student of aboriginal philology, Mr. Schoolcraft, tells us, was *Misisepe*; and its meaning, which was simply "vast river," shows it to be just such a title as that noble stream ought to have.

The name of the Ohio is not less natural and appropriate; the Iroquois of old having been prompted to call it *Oheo*, "beautiful water," by the same instinctive admiration that caused the French to designate it *La Belle Rivière*. Massachusetts, like Mississippi, has *grown* during the process of adoption. Its original form, in the Natick-Algonquin dialect, was *Masajuset*, "place of the great hill;" meaning Blue Hill, eleven miles south-west of Boston, and the highest point of land in Eastern Massachusetts.

The Indians frequently named the particular districts they inhabited from the most common vegetable or mineral productions of their soils; and the names of this kind that have been retained are particularly appropriate, as the localities in question are, at present, even more noted for the same products. Chickahominy—now generally associated with the, first campaign near Richmond, and with the white-oak swamps to which the name has been extended—is properly the appellation of the country around the lower portion of the Chickahominy river. This fertile, maize-growing district was the granary of King Powhatan's dominions, and its title, which is a corruption of *Checahamin-end*, signifies "land of much grain." Appomattox, which has also become best known in connection with the late

war, seems to be a variation upon *Apo-matac*, which has the very peaceful, but in reality extremely apt, meaning of "tobacco-plant country." Dahlonga, the central point in the gold-mine district of Northern Georgia, takes its name from a corruption of the Cherokee word for gold, which was *talauneca*—literally, "yellow metal." Menomonee is derived from the Ojibwa word for the wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*), called by the Canadians *folle avoine*, with which the river of that name so plentifully abounds.

It is a noticeable fact that a number of the indigenous American names, which were applied in good faith by the Indians, are, in these days, far more applicable, though sometimes in a different sense, than they were when given. Illinois, a Gallicized form of the Algonquin word *illiniwoc*—"men"—is a title that the teeming population of that great State fully justifies; and Milwaukee—literally "rich land"—will do very well as the name for one of the wealthiest and most flourishing cities in the West. Then there is Sing-Sing, derived from the Algonquin *Asinsing*, "place of stones;" the place being used in our time as an asylum for gentlemen who spend their days, as Artemus Ward says, "*poundin' stum*."

About the only regularly-organized, systematic plan for applying names that has ever been practically carried out in the United States is the one of which Mr. Schoolcraft was the originator. That gentleman's personal familiarity with the Ojibwa dialect of the Algonquin language, and his persevering and intelligent researches in connection with other Indian languages, enabled him to furnish the necessary materials for the selection of appropriate and really American names; and his conception was so successfully utilized that many names in the North-western States and Territories owe their existence to it.

The plan of operations adopted by Commissioner Schoolcraft was as follows: When a place was to be named, its exact situation and the particular tribe of aborigines that inhabited the neighborhood were first ascertained

then its local peculiarities or most prominent features were taken into consideration, and some expression briefly and concisely describing them was selected. The compound phrase thus formed was translated into the dialect of the aboriginal occupants of the spot; and this latter word was abbreviated or otherwise altered into a practicable and convenient form.

The most noted instance of this systematic name-making is the case of the lake which forms the source of the Mississippi. When Schoolcraft and his party discovered this body of water, the former, instead of following the example of many other travelers in similar positions, and instantly fastening his own name upon it, formed its present title, Itasca. This he derived from the Algonquin term *totosh*, "a woman's breast," with the addition of a locative termination frequently used by the Indians in such compound words; thus typifying the support and sustenance the lake affords to the great river in its infant state. If there had been any distinctive Indian name for this lake known to him, there can be little doubt that he would have left it unchanged; but no native tribe having been permanently located in the vicinity at that time (the Kenisteno-Algonquin nation being the nearest), such does not seem to have been the case. In fact, this system was generally brought into requisition where the original Indian designations had been forgotten or were never known, or else in the case of a county, township, settlement or other political division which had had no existence before the occupation of the country by the whites.

This effort to introduce a systematic and reasonable custom into the application of names in our newly-settled districts attracted considerable attention to the subject, and undoubtedly produced a good effect. Although the enthusiastic philologist and true Christian gentleman who thus brought the topic into notice is now no more, his work, in this respect as in many others, was not done in vain.

Indeed, it may be said that from the period referred to the proceedings of our geographical sponsors have been much more satisfactory than ever before. A majority of our new States and Territories have received names that cannot be objected to on any reasonable ground; and the principle of giving American titles to American localities seems to be firmly established all over the country.

The latest additions to our family circle, Alaska and Wyoming, might have fared much worse at the christening, and indeed very probably would have done so twenty years ago; and in most cases the new counties that are springing up in every direction have been equally well treated.

We even discover a gratifying disposition on the part of the permanent population that is filling up the mining districts of the Far West to exchange the old, harum-scarum nicknames of the first occupation for rational, practicable titles; and there seems to be good ground to believe that in those precincts the days of "Roaring Hell," "Root Hog or Die" and "Howling Wilderness" are about numbered.

That this state of things indicates a great advance in the enlightenment, good taste and national feeling of the people generally, there can be no doubt; and it should consequently receive the approving sanction and hearty co-operation of every true American.

W. W. CRANE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EPISODE.*

ON a fine autumnal day, some ten years ago, one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's splendid mail steamers left Southampton for the East with a large company of passengers. Amongst them was a gentleman of the name of Miranda, who speedily became a special favorite. It is notorious that on a long voyage, so soon as the seasickness and the novelty of the life are over, people get dreadfully bored with one another, and are apt to become disagreeably quarrelsome. The occasion in question would probably have been no exception to the rule but for the unusual amiability, tact and sweet temper of one or two passengers, of whom Mr. Miranda was the most remarkable. This gentleman had the happy art of setting everybody and everything to

rights. Irritable women grew patient under the charm of his presence; cross children left off squalling so soon as he and his delicious bonbons hove in sight; whilst the officers and company of the ship could not sing his praises too loudly. One of the passengers was a gentleman (well known to the writer of these pages) of a very thoughtful temperament, high scientific attainments and remarkably fastidious in the choice of his acquaintance and friends. He too entirely fell under the spell exercised by Miranda's good-breeding and agreeableness. During the splendid nights peculiar to that climate these two sat upon deck for hours, engaged in long and delightful conversations, the writer's friend deriving, from his intercourse with his highly-cultivated companion, a great deal of interesting and valuable information. At Malta the latter displayed the utmost interest in the antiquities and associations of that famous island, while at Alexandria he was so profoundly occupied in his æsthetic researches

* The contributor of this article lays no claim to originality. Some time ago, when in Australia, he heard the extraordinary circumstances to which it relates alluded to. His curiosity was aroused. He searched the old files of the Melbourne and Sydney papers, and from them, and from the information of a friend, derived the present story.

that he was left behind, and obliged to come on by himself in a special conveyance. One remarkable habit in the man the writer's friend particularly noted: he drank every day a large bottle of port wine and another of London porter—a mixture which when taken with impunity, especially in a very hot climate, should surely prove the consumer to possess that *bonne digestion* which, when in company with the *mauvais cœur*, has been said to be so grand an element of success.

On arriving at Melbourne the gentleman mentioned parted with effusion from his pleasant companion, who announced his intention of presently proceeding to Sydney. Meanwhile, a letter had been received by the joint-stock bank of the latter city, containing enclosures addressed to Mr. Francis Miranda. It purported to come from Messrs. Baring Brothers, and stated that the firm had been recommended by a house mentioned to negotiate with the joint-stock bank on behalf of Mr. Miranda, the head of a large and well-known Portuguese house, who was about to visit the colonies on important commercial business. Messrs. Baring Brothers had been set in motion by a Portuguese establishment, also named, and instructed to send a letter of credit for Miranda for fifteen thousand pounds, together with bills drawn upon a house at Hong Kong. It was intimated that the movements of this gentleman were somewhat uncertain—that it was not known to them whether he would make his appearance first at Melbourne or in New South Wales. The bank was, however, requested to keep a good lookout for his arrival, and to inform him as soon as possible of the letters which awaited him. Having made these communications in reference to Mr. Miranda, a partner of the firm of Baring Brothers, as it was pretended, proceeded to communicate some information respecting the railway loan then under consideration, and suggested that it might be desirable to establish an agency for the disposal of Russian bonds, inviting the bank to become the

medium of communication with the colonies.

The manager of the joint-stock bank, having received this letter, cast about to fulfill the request of the distinguished firm, and addressed a note to the Spanish consul, requesting him to furnish the names of the Spanish consuls of the colonies, that inquiry might be made; and he was requested himself, should any opportunity occur, to afford to the person designated a clue to the whereabouts of his letters, which were described to be of great importance and urgency.

Some time in the month of October, the Spanish consul was in his office, busily employed with correspondence, when a person of about forty-five years of age made his appearance, and, with the manner of a gentleman, announced himself as a Portuguese, requiring some information which his own consul was not in a position to afford. The Spanish consul replied that he was now pressed for time, and could not enter into conversation, but he should be prepared to afford him any such assistance when more at leisure. The gentleman then left his card—"Mr. Miranda, Petty's Hotel." The Spanish consul, having completed the business of the day, rose to quit his office, when his eye caught the card upon the table. Miranda is not an uncommon name, but having looked upon it for a moment, it occurred to the consul that it was contained in the note he had received from the joint-stock bank, and that this might be the person sought after. Having found this note at home, he called next morning at the hotel and inquired for the visitor of the previous evening. The Portuguese gentleman immediately answered the inquiries, "Are you Mr. Miranda? Do you expect letters?" in the affirmative. The Spanish consul now offered at once to take the stranger to the bank. There he was introduced to the parlor, and received by the manager with the courtesy due to a person so highly recommended. He immediately asked for the letters addressed to him, and remarked that he expected

the arrival of a letter of credit. The Spanish consul knew the house by reputation of which this gentleman was said to be the head, and, finding the bank fully satisfied with his identity, never, of course, entertained the smallest doubt that he was the person whose name and reputation he bore. Having thus secured his footing at the bank, the Spanish consul paid him all the attention which a person coming on an important visit to the colony might expect. He then explained his errand: he stated that he was employed by the Portuguese authorities to purchase gold for the supply of the mint: this he proved by showing letters addressed to him by the ministers of the Crown, one of whom he represented to be a brother-in-law of his own. He also described himself as having authority to provide for the removal of Portuguese vine-dressers to this colony from a place where they were too numerous, and declared that he was authorized to make purchases of land for their settlement. He was further charged—such was his representation—to procure samples of the products of this colony, such as might become the foundation of large transactions hereafter. Having thus a wide basis for the exercise of his ingenuity, Miranda proceeded with great deliberation. He continued to reside at a first-rate hotel, freely expending his money. His manner was open and unembarrassed; he spoke freely on all subjects, and was fully up to the science of the times. In carrying out his plans he spared no labor. His correspondence was large and minute. He received, after his arrival, letters from his foreign correspondents: he returned answers, particularly describing how transactions were to be conducted, providing for all contingencies that might interrupt his plans, and posting these letters to the various persons whom he had asserted to be his connections.

Having carefully provided for the introduction of immigrants, the thought struck him one day that in all probability the priests of Portugal would oppose the emigration of their countrymen on

religious grounds, and that it would be desirable to have the attestation of some high authority to the fact that the members of the Roman Catholic Church were in the enjoyment of full toleration. Nothing could be more opportune; and accordingly the consul procured from the archbishop the most ample testimonials, which were, I believe, despatched to the proper authorities.

On the departure of the mails for Europe, Mr. Miranda was careful to perfect his correspondence. He despatched by vessels no less than four hundred pounds' worth of specimens of what New South Wales could furnish, which were probably received by the house of Miranda in Portugal with considerable astonishment. In pursuing his great designs, he entered into negotiations, through his agents, with a colonial gentleman for the purchase of an estate. One seemed to meet all the requirements of the case. With rare forethought, he took care that the owner of the estate he preferred should be a gentleman residing out of the colony of New South Wales, so as to afford a reasonable excuse for the transfer of his funds. Accordingly, property belonging to a Mr. Cohen of Port Philip was the subject of considerable negotiation. During this time, Mr. Miranda had drawn upon his letter of credit. He expressed great regret that the intermediate house between his own and that of Messrs. Baring Brothers should have blundered respecting the drafts upon China. He had no intention, he said, to go to that country; and even if he had, the bills would involve considerable inconvenience in converting them into dollars, they having been made payable in pounds sterling. Accordingly, it was suggested that it would be better to forward the bills at once to the firm of Baring Brothers through the joint-stock bank; which was accordingly done, and thus, instead of fifteen thousand pounds, he obtained, in all, twenty thousand pounds—having, of course, the exchange, which was in his favor two hundred pounds. At Melbourne he had previously presented a

letter of credit from Coutts & Co. for twenty-five hundred pounds. On its presentation to the bank at Melbourne, it was at once received as genuine. Being asked what sum Mr. Miranda intended to take up, he said that for the moment he only required fifty pounds. A few days after, however, he obtained a further sum of six hundred pounds. Some time before his departure for Melbourne he expressed a wish to transfer his funds from the bank to the house which he had selected here as his agents, and this was accordingly done. The plausible reason given was that as they were employed in transacting his business, it might be desirable that they should have control of his means. Having carried on his correspondence for the purchase of land until it became necessary to wind up his affairs, he expressed discontent at the slow and unsatisfactory nature of the negotiations at a distance, and resolved to go to Melbourne at once to perfect the contract. To enable him to complete his bargain, he obtained from the Sydney house a letter of credit on a Melbourne bank, which was, of course, correct, and immediately paid. He also obtained the balance of the twenty-five hundred pounds authorized by the letter of Coutts, and which he had allowed to remain for nearly three months to his credit.

Having arrived at Melbourne at a time when a run was apprehended on the banks, he affected to be alarmed, and excited the merriment and pity of those to whom he expressed his fears; which, however, were excused in a foreigner. Accordingly, he insisted upon having all his cash in notes converted into gold and conveyed to his hotel. He announced that he was proceeding to the gold-fields to purchase gold, in furtherance of his Portuguese mint projects. His trunks were removed to the office of the Castlemaine stage, and his place taken and paid for; but so it happened that after the coach had gone he came in great haste and excitement, deploring his great misfortune in missing his passage by the mail. The proprie-

tor, of course, had no reason for much regret, his fare having been already paid. The trunks were allowed to remain at the office.

This took place on the 30th of January. On the 31st the trunks were removed, in order, it was alleged, to take the conveyance to Ballarat, and the last traces of Mr. Miranda—under that name, at least—were lost in Australia. In the mean time, a letter had been received in Sydney, stating that he was about to return as soon as he had completed the business in hand; but not making his appearance, the Spanish consul became alarmed; not that he distrusted in the slightest degree the reality and honor of Miranda. It appeared not at all improbable that a foreigner having with so little disguise converted his paper into specie, and going on a long journey, had fallen into atrocious hands, and was probably murdered. This conclusion was extremely natural, for Miranda, with the self-restraint which constituted a marked peculiarity of his whole career, had left in the hands of the Sydney house some seventeen hundred pounds. The Spanish consul went to Melbourne and set the police in motion for the discovery of the missing gentleman. After a time he received a telegraphic despatch to the effect that Miranda was really at the gold-fields. A second and a third continued to trace his progress from one to another; but the fourth announced to the consul that the person who had been taken for Miranda was a Polish Jew answering to his description. After this, all hope of his arrival, which had been expected every moment, was ended. In the mean time, some fears were entertained at the joint-stock bank that all was not right. Further inquiries seemed to confirm this impression, and it was resolved to send after the absentee a clever detective, Mr. Singleton, who, on his arrival at Melbourne, obtained traces of the fugitive. Upon inquiry he found that the boxes had been removed from the coach-office on the 31st of January; that about the same day, a person calling himself Emile

Prairel had taken his passage for Cal-lao, after stipulating that no expense should be spared in providing wines of the best quality. From the description of the person and manner there was no doubt on the mind of the detective that Prairel was the man, under another name, who had managed to carry off, by a series of the most ingenious movements, about twenty thousand pounds.

The arrival of the English mail at length proved how well founded had been the suspicions too tardily entertained. The chagrin and rage, not unaccompanied with a certain sentiment of admiration at the swindler's skill, were profound. Nor was the disgust confined merely to men and to those engaged in commercial affairs. The ladies—especially the fashionable world of Sydney—had also been completely gammoned. Not only had that charming cosmopolitan Mr.—some styled him Count—Miranda been welcomed as a great accession to the *vie intime* of the vice-regal circle, but rumor even went so far as to aver that, with the grace and *aplomb* for which the cavaliers of the Sunny South are renowned, the gallant *chevalier d'industrie* had contrived rapidly to ingratiate himself in the highest favor of several fair ladies, and had, in more than one household, enacted the part described by Mrs. Malaprop as that of "a gay Lutheran." There are indeed, to this day, houses in Sydney where it is as prudent to mention the name of Miranda as to hold up scarlet to a bull. Of course, all those who are ever monstrously wise after the event soon were found avowing that *they* should long since have detected many flaws. But the fact is, that Miranda possessed most extraordinary qualities; and was, besides, marvelously favored by luck.

The letter purporting to come from the Barings disclosed, when examined by the light of subsequent events, peculiarities somewhat foreign to the habits of a great commercial house. There was a diffuseness in its style, a minute particularity in giving reasons where none were required, unusual, to say the least,

in the correspondence of bankers. Nevertheless, the sum involved was so considerable, and the style of communication so plausible, that perhaps those who have detected suspicious indications owe their acuteness to the sagacity acquired by experience. Again, the bank supposed that the man was known to the consul: the consul imagined he was known to the bank; and both, trusting to each other's information, relied fully upon the genuineness of his credentials. A director of the bank, anxious for further information, set out to inquire of the consul as to his personal knowledge of Miranda. Had he made a written inquiry, no doubt it would have led to an explanation that the adventurer was unknown; but it so happened that they met at the corner of a street.

"Do you know Miranda?" he inquired. The consul, not knowing he was speaking to a director of a bank, with the confidence inspired by the fact that twenty thousand pounds had been placed to the man's credit, and assuming upon that very authority his respectability, answered without hesitation in the affirmative. Miranda pretended to be deficient in his knowledge of the English language, which, of course, enabled him to enjoy the advantage of delay afforded by slow interpretation; but he had on certain occasions thrown off his disguise, and had entered into conversation with a passenger on board the vessel which brought him from Melbourne to Sydney so freely and fully as to show that his use of a foreign language was a mere matter of choice. This fact, again, never transpired until after his departure. He was favored by every chance. Even the monetary disorder which existed for a few weeks at Melbourne covered the most difficult part of his retreat. His coolness and self-possession, his apparent fastidiousness and correctness of dealing, the labored minuteness with which he entered into particulars respecting his colonial projects, altogether formed so perfect a disguise that no ordinary sagacity could penetrate it. Accident

might have discovered it—a moment's light would have led to the detection of the entire plot; but that light was never afforded until too late.

There was, of course, endless speculation as to who and what this most accomplished artist in roguery could have been. He was evidently well acquainted with the process of trade, having access to the very paper employed by some of the London banks in their communications, imitating their stamps—their seal in one instance: he must certainly have been well equipped for his work. Some have supposed that he must have been a clerk in one of those houses with which he feigned to be connected. Others, with stronger probability, imagined that he belonged to the higher class of European merchants. His attainments, together with his minute knowledge of high life and mercantile arrangements in Spain and Portugal, favor the latter hypothesis. It was observed that in describing some transactions which supported the impressions of his rank and position as a merchant, he descended to a minute description, both of persons and places, with a dash of reality which might have made the fortune of a novelist.

Many years have now elapsed since the extraordinary episode related occurred, but no tidings have ever come to hand of the missing man. Not long ago, however, a swindling transaction occurred, which has been thought by many persons who were familiar with the grand *coup* in Australia to bear the impress of the same master mind.

A gentleman, whose description tallied sufficiently well with that of Miranda, and who had contrived to win golden opinions among the *élite* of Hong Kong, presented himself one day at the office of a marine insurance company there, and begged to know whether it would insure a large quantity of bullion and other valuable effects which he was desirous of conveying to Shanghai. Led astray by the apparent respectability of the

client, the company undertook the risk, or a considerable portion of it, and was not a little chagrined when, not long after, the gentleman reappeared to acquaint them with the total loss of his cargo; he, as he alleged, having, by a miracle, escaped with his own life. The company almost immediately paid up a very considerable sum, but one or two suspicious circumstances having transpired, it resolved to send down divers to try and recover some of the lost treasures, which, it was ascertained, were lying in comparatively shallow water. Like those famous boxes, so carefully sealed, which Becky Sharpe deposited with the Parisian hotelkeeper as security for her bill before starting for London to take possession of the vast fortune which that exemplary wife alleged that her Rawdon had inherited, the boxes of bullion were not found to be particularly valuable.

Judicial prosecutors are apt to tell acute criminals that had they only carried the talents they had evinced in a bad cause into a good one, they would have risen to fame and fortune. Certainly, Miranda's is a case which naturally suggests such a conclusion. The tact, temper and moderation evinced by this man, together with the extraordinary power of calculating and providing for chances, present the qualities which, united with a belief in his destiny and an iron will, have placed the present emperor upon the throne of France. We believe, however, that judges are generally mistaken in assuming that those qualities which enable swindlers to succeed for a time in crime would enable them to do so in an honest calling. Success in the latter demands not only acuteness, but that plodding patience of which criminals, to whom existence is, without constant excitement, simply unendurable, are almost invariably destitute.

REGINALD LEWIN.

THE REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

THE law creating the office of Special Commissioner of the Revenue provides that that functionary "shall, from time to time, report, through the Secretary of the Treasury, to Congress, either in the form of a bill or otherwise, such modifications of the rates of taxation or the method of collecting the revenues, and such other facts pertaining to the trade, industry, commerce or taxation of the country, as he may find, by actual observation of the operation of the law, to be conducive to the public interest."

The duties thus imposed upon the Commissioner do not constitute him the finance minister of the nation; but if the Secretary of the Treasury, in a time like the present, forbears to make recommendations concerning our industry, trade, currency or taxation, we do not very well see how the Special Commissioner is to escape the duty—certainly not a pleasant one, nor separable from much abuse and calumny—of setting forth the true condition of the country, and proposing whatever legislation may appear to him necessary. It is hardly a question whether he will or not, but whether he can, hold his peace. Be it the right man or the wrong man, some one must be finance minister this year; and if the task is declined until the office of Special Commissioner is reached, the responsibility devolves with full weight upon him. Somebody must say something in times like these. The work cannot be done by clever pamphleteers, popular magaziners or Washington correspondents of metropolitan journals. There must be some official, high or low, who shall tell the wants of the people and indicate the demands of the situation.

Mr. Wells has come to his present position by natural and easy steps. Three and two years ago he was simply a revenue expert engaged in making practical suggestions as to the precise

rates of duty calculated to yield the largest absolute receipts, the relative efficiency of the stamp and the package system, and questions of a similar nature. Last year, the knowledge which he had long been accumulating upon the condition of the country, and the working of the existing scheme of taxation, fairly broke him down, made him a confessor in spite of himself, and constrained him to testify against policies and practices which a twelvemonth before he would not have presumed to attack, or even to criticise. This year, partly by the necessity of advance which urges on all reformers, partly by inspiration from the country, now thoroughly aroused, and partly because the discussion of currency and taxation has been practically declined by his superiors in office, the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, with a boldness which, in truth, has characterized none of his previous reports, assumes the position of finance minister of the republic. And such, in fact, he is. It matters little what the officer is called to whom the people look to indicate the financial and industrial policy of the country, and whose annual utterance—call it message or call it report—becomes the signal for a general engagement all along the line of opposing parties. Whoever, for the want of a better, he may be, he is finance minister for the time; and a higher title or a seat in the Cabinet would add little to his influence or his reputation.

But if the responsibilities and duties of such a position have come to Mr. Wells this year by something very like default, it is not too much to say that they have never been more ably and satisfactorily discharged. The report of the Special Commissioner, with some defects and perhaps a few extravagances, is certainly the most important State paper on the finances which has appeared since the inauguration of the

present general scheme of currency and taxation. The evils that afflict the country are traced to their causes with an unerring hand, and the effectual remedies set forth with a directness and distinctness which hardly allow of improvement. Mr. Wells has shaken himself free alike from fears and from "soft regrets," and speaks with a courage and a conscious strength becoming the message he has to deliver and the vast constituency which he represents. Apparently, the Special Commissioner has ceased to be anxious to avoid giving offence. There is no touch of policy, from first to last, about the report; and it is well that its usefulness does not depend on its fitness to please the body to which it is addressed. But Mr. Wells knows perfectly that it is to the country he speaks, and that the battle is to be fought this winter not upon the floor of Congress, but in the press and on the platform. He knows that he is making public opinion, which is hereafter not only to decide elections, but to control parties, and that he cannot afford to speak to so small an audience as the present Congress.

Undoubtedly the Special Commissioner is right—right as against the positive views of the Secretary's report and the complaisant acquiescence of the President's message—in declaring for a reduction of taxation; not incidentally or by implication, but as a distinct object, proper, just and necessary in itself. It is not an unimportant point for officials aspiring to direct the policy of the country to differ about—whether the people really do or do not desire an abatement of taxes to the amount of fifty or eighty millions. Less differences on less important points have split cabinets, overturned administrations and revolutionized governments. We do not anticipate any such formidable consequences in the present case. The difference will be adjusted in a much simpler way. Congress will ignore the Secretary's recommendation entirely, and proceed to reduce taxation just as if it had not been made. If any doubt as to the desire of the people for

relief remained in the minds of our national legislators before their adjournment for the holidays, we have no idea that any considerable number of them have returned from their constituents to resume their congressional duties with the least question that a considerable abatement of taxes would be agreeable to the country, as well as conducive to their own re-election.

Just what does this proposition to postpone the question of taxation mean and amount to? Ever since the first of July the receipts of the Treasury have been in excess of expenditures by the full sum of ten millions a month, or at the rate of one hundred and twenty millions a year; and this in the months of smallest revenue. The Special Commissioner estimates the surplus at one hundred and twenty-five millions; but the reasons he adduces for this would justify an estimate higher by fifteen or twenty-five millions. That is, the people are now paying into the Treasury one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and forty millions of dollars above the actual needs of the government. Whether this is well or not depends on the answer to the previous question—Whether the industry of the country is in such a healthy and flourishing condition that it can bear so tremendous a contribution without suffering from it? and whether the consumers of the country, not themselves in turn engaged in direct production—the helpless and dependent classes, the salaried, retired and pensioned classes—are so flush with money that they can without distress pay their share of this additional one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and forty millions?

It must be upon this point that the observations of the Commissioner diverge from those made by the Secretary and the President in their summer travels. If industry and trade are indeed in a flourishing and fortunate condition; if the great manufactures—wool, cotton, iron and paper—are full of business and "coining money;" if the minor trades, employing even larger numbers, are active and advancing; if

the artisan and the factory-hand find it easy to get work and easy to live on ruling wages; if capitalists are receiving a handsome return for outlay and investment, and are therefore ready to undertake new enterprises which shall employ the constantly-increasing forces of labor; if all these happy conditions unite in our present economical state, then a hundred or a hundred and fifty millions may possibly not be an excessive surplus for the national government at the present time. It is a mere question of proportion—of the relation between burden and strength—to be decided by officials charged with making financial recommendations according to their lights, and by officials charged with voting supplies and taxes upon their responsibility to their constituents.

The readers of *Lippincott* will never find a word in these columns in disparagement of any judicious effort to reduce the principal of the debt. We fully believe in the propriety of an early payment, and in the rightfulness and expediency of taxing the nation year by year according to its strength for that purpose. But while we urge such principles at all times, we do not hold ourselves concluded thereby to accept any measure of annual liquidation that may be proposed. It is a good thing for a laboring man to free himself from debt, but it is not a good thing for him to work so hard one day as to lay himself up for three days after. It is a good thing for a young farmer to clear the mortgage off his land, but it is not a good thing so to starve his land as to destroy any of its productive power. Those who believe that the United States can just as well as not pay one hundred and twenty-five millions this year and one hundred and fifty next, toward the liquidation of the debt, have their whole case to prove.

To our mind, the proposal to pass by the question of taxation this winter, thereby, in effect, continuing the present scale until the first of July, 1871, is both bad politics and bad finance. With the former consideration this is not the place to deal; but that the Special Com-

missioner is right in asserting that the condition of our industry and the necessities of unprotected consumers are such as to require all the concessions which are consistent with meeting the current expenses of government, after discharging fifty millions of the war debt, we believe there are few persons in the United States, besides the Secretary of the Treasury, to deny. We cannot but regard it as unfortunate that this officer—for whom in his personal and public character we have great respect—should have committed the undoubted blunder of proposing to continue taxation at its present rates. It is unfortunate that he should have allowed himself to assume a position on which another officer of the government, with an amount of knowledge on such subjects far exceeding his own, could not but take issue with him—a controversy in which it was not even conceivable that he should be supported by a respectable minority in Congress or through the country. This is not good government. It is anything but good government.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Wells in his inquiries into the subject of customs reform. The results at which he arrives with respect to any particular impost may or may not be correct. It is a good thing to have such inquiries made. The contumely with which the Special Commissioner has been treated whenever he has ventured upon the discussion of these and similar questions is the strongest proof that could be given of the necessity of such an office and such an officer. Personal abuse like this generally shows the existence of public abuses. And if a gentleman rarely gifted for such inquiries, and bringing to them a degree of authority such as belongs to no other citizen, can hardly sustain himself against the assaults of highly-organized and aggressive interests, what, we ask, is the probability of the average politician having either the disinterestedness or the courage to encounter such hostility? If it is treason to inquire into the elements of the cost of making salt or pig iron, in order to as-

certain whether the taxes now laid upon the consumers of these articles in favor of the producers are or are not excessive, then it is quite time for a revolution in the State which shall transfer our allegiance from the capitalist class to the people. Such investigations can hurt no honest interest. It has, we believe, never been complained that Mr. Wells' inquiries were wanting in acuteness or technical knowledge; and, with half the members of the Ways and Means Committee personally interested in the industries affected, his recommendations, if unwarranted by his facts, will hardly be adopted.

But wholly apart from the main question of protection lies the subject of reforming the customs, with a view to making the present tariff consistent and rational, and relieving trade from vexatious imposts and restrictions for which no sufficient reason in any interest can be assigned. This is by far the weakest point in the Presidential message. The recommendation that the tariff be allowed to stand over for another year without modification was perhaps the only recommendation on the subject which could not possibly be adopted—which could suit no party or section, and could find support from no point of view. The recommendation is as little likely to do harm as good, except as it is unfortunate that the President should have injured the effect of a generally well-considered and judicious message by such a hopeless and useless suggestion.

The only thing that has saved the tariff, for some time past, from extensive modification, with the full approbation of all parties to the question of protection, has been the reluctance of the advocates of high duties to have the subject opened at all. This is now accepted as inevitable. The extreme Protectionists find themselves in the condition of the later emperors, and feel the necessity of withdrawing from the remoter provinces and concentrating their forces for the defence of the capital. They are, therefore, quite willing to take the initiative of movement and

anticipate their expulsion from territory which for their own good they ought never to have occupied. Hence it is that we find the proposition for customs reform originating with the Ways and Means Committee, and hence the singular inconsequence of the recommendation to postpone legislation. As it is certain that it will not be acted on, and as it does not profess to contain any principle, it had better not have been made.

One word on this matter of Mr. Wells' tariff views. Neither his friends nor his enemies appear to appreciate the full significance of his position. The "American system," even in the eyes of its strongest supporters, has no validity except as affording necessary protection to new and feeble industries against the better-established and more highly-endowed manufactures of the Old World. It is a defensive system purely, and has no meaning in any other point of view. Mr. Wells is not, and never has been, a Freetrader, since Freetraders deny the rightfulness or expediency of protection, even as a condition of establishing manufactures or supporting them against foreign competition; whereas the whole record of the Special Commissioner shows that he acquiesces fully in the propriety of retaining any impost that is necessary to maintain an important industry in being. The explanation, then, of his present position is, that from a study of the manufactures of the Old and New Worlds, such as no other living man has made, he is fully persuaded, and would persuade the American people, that we are *past* the stage of general protection; that, instead of being at a disadvantage in competition with Europe, we have opportunities and endowments which give us a clear superiority; and that therefore it is the greatest possible mistake for us to remain behind our barriers, instead of pushing forward to conquer and rule in the markets of the world. Upon this question of fact none of those who have vilified the Special Commissioner have shown any disposition to join issue with him.

The whole effort of our protective legislation has been to diminish our imports: the object Mr. Wells would have us seek is to increase our exports; and as the one plan is mere negation, implies our permanent national inferiority and operates solely by obstructing or destroying commerce, the great agent of civilization and peace, we say without hesitation that the other plan is the hopeful, the self-respectful one; that it is certain to be the plan of the future; and that any man, not talking idly or ignorantly, who argues its present feasibility and urges its immediate or gradual adoption, is entitled to a candid and a grateful hearing; and the attempt to put him down by personal slander or political proscription is cruel and cowardly—cruel, that is, if he cares anything about it: cowardly anyhow.

If it be true that we are persisting in a defensive policy, although our magnificent natural advantages and our industrial genius as a people amply qualify us to encounter the best nations of the Old World in the struggle for commercial and maritime supremacy, then we certainly are stultifying ourselves by remaining within our works and declining the stern but salutary competitions of trade. And if there is any reasonable probability that such a state of things exists, or is likely soon to occur, then the fullest discussion of our industrial condition is wholesome and proper; and the imputations of unworthy motives must lie not against those who court such investigations, but against those who seek to avoid them.

Upon the far more important question of the currency, we are heartily glad that Mr. Wells has the comprehension and the courage to pronounce for "contraction pure and simple, without artifice or indirection." Is it not, after all, rather humiliating to reflect that for two years the friends of sound currency, instead of advocating their principles, have been devising expedients which should disguise the single salutary measure of relief, and bring the country back to specie payments "without knowing it"?

Unquestionably their intentions in this have been for the best, but it is not a part which it is agreeable to dwell upon; and those have most reason for selfish congratulation who have kept themselves most scrupulously out of it. And now that these schemes have met the fate of all compromises and artifices, the better sense of the country is returning to the original plan of contraction, deliberate and direct.

There is but one way back to health and soundness. Expansion has unsettled all industrial relations, demoralized labor, exaggerated prices, engendered the most ruinous and far-reaching speculations, given the domestic money market completely into the power of greedy and insolent combinations, and cut our export trade up by the roots. Nothing but contraction, with all the proper incidents and effects of contraction, will enable us to enter again with success into the competitions of general commerce, put a final stop to the "locking-up" game, reduce speculation to insignificance by removing the element of gambling from honest trade, restore prices to an international standard, and return the country again to hard work and equable production. There is something pitiful, at the best, in the idea of trying to hoodwink a great nation and bring it around by a circuitous path. But we might submit to the indignity were it not certain that all such indirection and artifice must be futile, and that the very first effects of contraction thus produced would be resisted with a blind terror, in which the natural fear of contraction would be increased to panic by the feeling that the degree and direction of the forces operating could neither be anticipated nor measured.

The Special Commissioner has no such concessions to make to supposed expediency. After the clearest exposition we remember to have seen of the nature and uses of money, and the effects of credit currency in perverting and corrupting the body industrial and commercial, he declares that "Contraction, direct and undisguised, is the one necessity of the situation—the only rem-

edy for existing evils, so far as the currency has relation to them; and the nation cannot emerge from its embarrassments and difficulties until the makers and administrators of the law have the honesty and courage to take it up and carry it forward to the end."

At the point thus reached is the true place for all the advocates of sound currency to stand. They are stronger here than they can be in any other position; and by something like a great moral law the country is nearer to them here than when they go out of their way to meet the country. Whenever the fullness of time shall really come, the nation will find it just as easy to accept contraction without evasion or disguise; and meanwhile the economist or the statesman will better command the respect of those who differ from him, and better command his own respect, by standing firmly on the true principles of finance and awaiting the ripened convictions of the people.

The estimates which Mr. Wells makes in regard to the present amount and annual rate of increase of the national wealth are especially interesting and timely. It will be two or three years before the census will give the results of a new enumeration; and meanwhile it is of prime importance that some reliable and authoritative statement should be substituted for vague conjecture and foolish declamation about the industrial greatness of our country. It forms a curious commentary on the condition of financial and economical science in the United States that the Secretary of the Treasury should set the wealth of the nation as high as fifty thousand millions, while another officer, specially charged with investigating the capability of the country for taxation and production, should reach a total so low as twenty-three and a half thousand millions.

That Mr. Wells takes a rate of annual increase (eight per cent.) which is sufficiently high, we have no doubt. It is another question whether he has not somewhat exaggerated the expense and the

effects of the war. All the sums paid out by government certainly did not represent waste or destruction. What was paid to officers and soldiers of the army and navy did not go out of the country: contractors made enormous fortunes out of the government, but the United States, as a whole, was neither richer nor poorer for the profits of a class. Again, the interest-charge of the debt is not properly to be included in the cost of the war.

In this portion of his estimate we deem Mr. Wells' calculations at fault. If we suppose fifteen hundred millions of dollars to be added on all these accounts to the present national wealth, the total will still be but twenty-five thousand millions of dollars, against a popular and even an official estimate of fifty thousand millions of dollars. A remarkable discrepancy! But the conclusions of the Commissioner are strongly founded, and, at least as against the loose conjectures to which they are at present opposed, must be accepted as authoritative and correct. They cannot well be discredited until some one equally qualified by study and observation to pronounce a judgment shall present a statement in detail of the items of the national wealth. The idea that after all the tangible elements have been calculated and included there still remains to be added some vast and undefined amount, all because we are "a great and growing people," or that the American eagle by himself is worth fifteen or twenty thousand millions of dollars, must be utterly discarded. Our national wealth is just the sum of our individual properties, reduced by the amount of the big mortgage laid upon them by the rebellion. The gold and silver, the houses and lands, the railroads and shops, which we hold as the net results of our labor as a people, are worth just as much as the shops, railroads, lands, houses, silver and gold of the unhappy subjects of absolute or limited monarchies, and no more. The notion that there is anything in our character or destiny as a nation which puts us out of the categories of the logical under-

standing, and enables us to transcend the ordinary conditions of industrial growth and progress, will do for the Jefferson Bricks and Elijah Pograms of the stump, the press and Congress; but this country is now quite old enough to have economists and politicians who are capable of better things.

In fact, to any one who soberly considers, there appears something essentially shallow about the more popular estimates of the national wealth. Nothing, for instance, more impresses the imagination and influences the mind in this direction than the surprising advance in wealth over sections which are opened to civilization and settlement by the extension of our railroad system in the new States and Territories. We see land which had absolutely no market-price a year ago suddenly becoming worth from five to fifteen dollars an acre; and we suffer a sort of illusion that somewhat the same rate of increase is obtaining through all the property of the country. Whereas, the fact is, this advance takes place there once for all. The worth of the land for wheat-raising purposes is realized almost as soon as the rails are laid; and whatever enhanced value it may subsequently acquire is due chiefly to accidents of location—small portions bearing a high price because population and trade are determined to their neighborhood—the great part, however, remaining absolutely stationary.

This rapid increase of values upon the border of settlement and along the lines of railway is not unlike the phenomenon which was exhibited so strikingly in the progress of the Pacific Railroad across the continent. Wherever the western terminus of that road was temporarily fixed there would spring up a city almost in a night, a population of thousands would gather, and speculation in corner lots became almost as interesting as in Chicago. Another fortnight would find another city built fifty miles farther on the path to the Pacific—another busy human hive swarming with life and industry. And so the whole route of that wonderful advance was

marked by new cities, each certain to be "a great railroad centre," and guaranteed to possess all the elements of metropolitan grandeur. Yet the traveler returning along that line finds many of these places already deserted, and the sites of some hardly more distinctly marked than the former camping-grounds of a great army. In reality, all these cities were but one city; their populations, reputable and disreputable, were the same; and all were but passing phases of a great industrial enterprise. Very much of this kind is the Aladdin-like growth in wealth which characterizes each new section brought within the scope of settlement and civilization through the opening of railroads by the application of Eastern capital.

And in the older sections of the country the same compensations are observable. Our cities are increasing rapidly, but the hill-towns of New England and the Middle States are absolutely declining in population; and thousands of farms that for one and two hundred years have been cultivated by native American labor—nay, the very farms from which were sent forth the men by whom the Great West is built up—are passing rapidly into the hands of the Irish, the Canadian French, and the least intelligent and capable of the German population. Even among the cities themselves the same changes are taking place: some are growing rapidly, others are declining either absolutely or relatively. Salem, New Bedford and Charleston are just as much facts in the national situation as New York or Chicago.

In the name of Common Sense—that divinity so rarely invoked in controversies of this kind—why should our growth transcend all human limitations and conditions? Is it from the superior quality of our labor? Well, our labor is superior in quality to that of other nations; and we only wish that some people we know of realized that fact, and would trust the American workman a little more. But this advantage is only measurable—the supe-

riority is one of percentage merely. Is it the greater abundance of capital, of tools and machinery? The very reverse is incontestably true. Our labor is hindered and embarrassed at every point by necessities for which our realized wealth does not afford a supply. Is it our national habits of frugality and economy? Notoriously we suffer greatly in such a comparison with any other people. The American, whether as producer or consumer, is the most wasteful being on the face of the earth. Hence, to assume for our industry a growth out of all proportion to that of the most highly-organized and best-equipped societies of the Old World is

something that would be preposterous even if the testimony of our senses and the consent of all statistical evidence did not directly establish the contrary.

The propriety of such investigations and inquiries as the Special Commissioner is charged to make does not depend on the merits or qualifications of any particular man. Mr. Wells is not a necessity of the office. If he is not the proper man for the place, let another selection be made. But it is to be hoped that the valuable results already attained will move Congress to establish the Revenue Commission as a permanent agency of the General Government.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

SECRET HISTORY OF LINCOLN'S CABINET.

PERHAPS there never was a public man in this country more diversely estimated than Edwin M. Stanton. By one side he was regarded as a pure patriot, a great statesman and the ablest war minister of modern times. By the other he was regarded as a remorseless tyrant, a time-serving politician and a patriot only when patriotism paid better than treason. In this estimate of Mr. Stanton both sides were right and both sides were wrong. He *was* an able war minister, but he was not the ablest war minister of modern times; he was a patriot, but a patriot more for the love of power than for the love of country; he was a statesman, but not a great statesman, like Somers and Pitt in England, and Hamilton and Webster in the United States. On the other hand, he was not a remorseless tyrant, but, having "the strength of a giant," he sometimes "used it like a giant;" he certainly was not a patriot because patriotism "paid," for it did not pay him: on the contrary, he gave up a practice at the Bar which was

worth twenty thousand dollars a year to take office; and during the six years that he was Secretary he not only spent his salary, but the private fortune which he had earned by years of arduous labor.

It is not so easy to defend him from the charge of being a time-serving politician. It is a notorious fact that, during the memorable winter of 1860-'61, when Davis, Slidell, Mason, Wigfall, Floyd and Benjamin were holding those nightly conclaves in the Capitol at Washington which resulted in the hasty secession of the Cotton States, Stanton, if not admitted to *their* entire confidence, still gave them *his* entire sympathy. A distinguished actor in those stirring times, who knows the secret history of that period as well as any living American, has said of Stanton: "He was an ultra, violent, noisy Democrat, and went very far toward the slaveholders: he was not reliable at that time" (winter of '60-'61).

But after the fatal bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Hotspurs of the

South and the sudden and extraordinary uprising of the North, Stanton at once dropped his slaveholding friends and came out as a War Democrat of the reddest hue. Always vehement, he now went ahead of the most ultra Republicans in his anti-slavery views. A conspicuous advocate for peace in January, in April his voice was loud for war. Having contributed, by his sympathy with the Southern leaders, to destroy the Union, he now displayed the most active zeal in restoring it. His reward came in due time.

In January, 1862, Mr. Cameron resigned the position of Secretary of War, and Mr. Stanton was appointed in his place.

The secret history of Mr. Cameron's resignation and Mr. Stanton's appointment as Secretary of War has never been made public. It is believed to be substantially this: For some time President Lincoln had shown a growing distrust in Mr. Cameron's capacity to manage the War Department in the unprecedented exigency of a civil war of gigantic dimensions. This and other circumstances made him anxious to be relieved from the cares of the War Department. At this juncture he received a note from the President, offering him the mission to Russia. Mr. Cameron was wounded by what he, perhaps erroneously, considered the unfriendly tone of the President's note, and so expressed himself to his friend the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase—who never loses his gentlemanly grace and dignity—went to the President and suggested that it was not exactly the sort of note which should be addressed to the retiring Secretary. "Well then," said Mr. Lincoln, "write what you think proper, and I'll sign it." Upon which Mr. Chase wrote a more cordial and friendly letter to the Secretary of War. Mr. Cameron then resigned, expressing a wish that his successor should be from Pennsylvania. When the President in-

formed his Cabinet that he proposed nominating Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War, there was only one dissenting voice, and that was the voice of Montgomery Blair, the then Postmaster General. Mr. Stanton's nomination was confirmed by the Senate on the thirteenth of January, and he entered upon his duties immediately.

That Mr. Stanton was an active, zealous and *successful* war minister no one will deny. On one memorable occasion his firmness saved the Western army from destruction. It was after the battle of Chickamauga, when the army of Rosecrans was in great peril. A Cabinet meeting was called at midnight. The President, Seward, Chase, Stanton and Halleck were present. Stanton vehemently urged the immediate reinforcement of Rosecrans by troops from Meade's army. The President and General Halleck were not inclined to weaken Meade in order to strengthen Rosecrans. Seward and Chase were with Stanton. The latter asked Halleck how many men could be sent to Rosecrans in ten days.

"Thirty thousand, if all other transportation is stopped," was the answer.

"In five days?" asked Stanton.

"Thirteen thousand."

"They must go: Meade can spare them—he *must* spare them. The Western army must be saved."

The next day thirteen thousand men from Meade's army were sent West under General Hooker. Rosecrans was relieved. This is the way Stanton saved the army of the West.

Personally, Mr. Stanton was not prepossessing. His manners were rough, ungracious and sometimes bearish in the extreme. Not only did he treat the *oi polloi* in this churlish and forbidding way, but to officers of high rank, to distinguished civilians, to the learned and venerable Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, he was the same *brusque* Edwin M. Stanton.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE Declaration of Independence by the Provisional Government of Rupert's Land and the North-west Territory is a grave event—one not unlikely to precipitate a crisis in our relations with the Dominion of Canada, and with Great Britain itself. Should it come to war, the President of the United States will doubtless lose no more time in recognizing the new government as a belligerent than the Queen did in the case of the Confederacy. The example of the other portion of the late Hudson's Bay Territory will probably be followed by British Columbia; and should a war-vessel accidentally escape from San Francisco, hoist the colors of the new Power and prey upon British commerce in the Pacific, the damages she might inflict would form an appropriate set-off to the Alabama claims. The upshot of the business must be the annexation of all British America to the United States with the consent and at the request of its inhabitants; and we on this side of the line can well afford to wait until the pear is ripe. In the mean time, the acquisition of the bay of Samana and the island of St. Thomas by peaceful purchase, in accordance with the traditions of the United States, would only be a statesmanlike precaution against the eventualities of a naval war. It is in view of the possibility of such a war that it becomes the part of wisdom also to husband the resources of the country, to come back to specie payments, and to make such wise modifications in the scheme of taxation as will place the industry of the country on the most solid basis. We appear to be on the eve of great events, consequent upon the late war for the Union—a war whose far-reaching consequences, as well in the Old as the New World, no man can possibly foresee.

Another Southern monthly! On the

first of November was issued the first number of "*The Southern Farm and Home: A Magazine of Agriculture, Manufactures and Domestic Economy.*" It contains not a word about politics, but a great deal about hillside ditching, how to keep a gate from sagging, deep ploughing, farm-buildings, planting fruit trees, cotton and the cereals; and is altogether a gratifying indication of the reviving industry and prosperity of the South.

There are various other monthlies started in different parts of the United States with the new year, their multiplication looking as if on the part of the readers of the country "increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on." The most noticeable is *Old and New*, published by Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston, and Hurd & Houghton, New York. It presents a combination of the literary and the theological elements in the world of thought, the former predominating, and the latter being decidedly liberal or Unitarian in character. Though laboring under the proverbial embarrassments attending first numbers, the January issue of *Old and New* indicates that there is an experienced hand at the helm, and gives promise that the new magazine will be a notable addition to the present extended list of American monthlies.

Among the candidates for public favor, *The Penn Monthly*, published in this city and conducted by some of the younger alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, must not be overlooked. The first number contains able papers by Dr. William Elder, Professor J. P. Lesley and others, and the magazine promises to do credit to its venerable Alma Mater. The article on Political Economy and that on Periodical Literature indicate that the *Penn Monthly* will grapple with questions of the day, such as finance and the tariff.

"Beyond the Breakers," by the Hon.

Robert Dale Owen, which is concluded in the present Number, will be immediately reprinted in book-form by the publishers of this Magazine.

... We are glad to learn that a biographical memoir of the late Dr. Robley Dunglison, the most distinguished medical writer of his age, is in preparation by his son, Dr. Richard J. Dunglison of this city.

... Under the title of *Count Teleki: A Story of Modern Jewish Life and Customs*, just published in London, an interesting account of the rites and ceremonies practiced by the Jews at the present day is given to the world. In the course of it many extracts from the Talmud are furnished, some of which are startling to modern ears. For example: "A man is bound to get so drunk with wine at Purim as not to know the difference between Cursed is Haman and Blessed is Mordecai." This precept is curiously illustrated by the following anecdote: "Rabba and Rabbi Zira made their Purim entertainment together. When Rabba got drunk he arose and killed Rabbi Zira. On the following day he prayed for mercy and restored him to life. The following year Rabba proposed to him again to make their Purim entertainment together, but he answered, 'Miracles don't happen every day.'" A dry man, that Rabbi Zira for a drunkard!

At a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, on the 21st of December last, Professor E. D. Cope exhibited specimens of fossil bones which he described as belonging to two new species of *Hadrosaurus*, one being about twice as large as the *Hadrosaurus Foulkii*, of which a skeleton is now in the museum of the Academy. This water-lizard in life must have stood twenty-six feet high. The same learned gentleman read a letter from a correspondent in Brazil, stating that he had discovered there a species of monkey of the marmoset type, no larger than a mouse.

... A rain-storm at Chester, Pa., last June, was accompanied by the unusual

event of a fall of shells, which descended in such immense quantities as to resemble a light snow-storm. They proved, on examination, to be a minute bivalve, belonging to a marine genus. Probably a waterspout has scoured some shell-laden bank of the ocean, and carried these shells cloudward, to be afterward blown inland by the winds. The shells, about whose species there is some doubt, will be described in the next number of the *Conchological Journal*.

... Mr. William Huggins, in his discourse, recently published by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the results of spectrum analysis as applied to the heavenly bodies, thus sums up our existing knowledge on the subject: 1. All the brighter stars at least have a structure analogous to that of the sun. 2. The stars contain material elements common to the sun and earth. 3. The colors of the stars have their origin in the chemical constitution of the atmospheres which surround them. 4. The changes in brightness of some of the variable stars are attended with changes in the lines of absorption of their spectra. 5. The phenomena of the star in Corona appear to show that in this object at least great physical changes are in operation. 6. There exist in the heavens true nebulae: these objects consist of luminous gas. 7. A part of the light of comets is self-luminous. 8. The bright points of the star-clusters may not be in all cases stars of the same order as the separate bright stars.

... One of the most distinguished naturalists of this continent, Principal J. W. Dawson of Nova Scotia, has contributed a valuable paper on the Origin of Species to the June Number of the *Canadian Naturalist*. He thinks that the following among other objections to Darwin's theory is fatal to it in its capacity as a sole mode of accounting for derivation: "Conditions which involve a struggle for existence are found by experience to result in deterioration and final extinction rather than improvement, and are directly opposed to

those employed by breeders for their purposes." This is a striking statement, and may well make the unlearned pause before pinning their faith to Darwinism.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE NATCHEZ MAN.

BY JOSEPH WILLIAM MILLER.

[A human pelvis was found with the bones of the Mammoth and Megalonyx near Natchez, Mississippi. They had been deposited thirty feet below the present surface. Geologists estimate the age of these remains at over one hundred thousand years.]

A thousand centuries have rolled away,
O Natchez savage!
Since you by Mississippi's floods did stray,
Or view their ravage.

Oh why, of all your country kith and kin,
Or man or woman,
Have you, sole legacy to our times, been
The sole thing human?

Why, since your evidence to us you're giving
In days of ours,
Did you not keep your bones, and keep on living
With all your powers?

How you would bother all our mortal sages,
Who'd die of spleen
To hear you tell the story of the ages
Post-pliocene!

How you would hammer out your arrow-head
Of quartz or onyx,
With which to smite the *Ursus spelæus*¹ dead,
Or *Megalonyx*!²

How you the huge and shaggy *Mammoth*³ chased,
That tusky roarer;
Or saw the *Dinotherium*⁴ in the waste
Bear all before her!

You smote the *Teleosaurus*⁴ in the brake
To quick delirium;
And then, when hungry, dined from off a steak
Of *Megatherium*.⁵

Did not these friends oft cause you grief too much,
When you would find them,
That they must leave to after ages such
Hard names behind them?

How did you pierce the thick and armored hide
Of *Tichorhinus*?⁶
Were you teetotal? Or did you provide
Your spirits vinous?

Did you prefer champagne or whisky straight?
Were you a Stoic?
Held you some dim traditions of the state
Paleozoic?⁶

Did you in dreams e'er stray, and dwell upon
Our Age of Iron?
What think you of that last case of *crim. con.*
"Twixt Stowe and Byron?

¹ The Cave Bear.

⁴ Gigantic Crocodile.

² Gigantic Sloths.

⁵ Rhinoceros.

³ Gigantic Elephants.

⁶ The Primary World.

Perhaps you're like your Mississippi State,
So ill conducted,
And want to—what she's striving for of late—
Be reconstructed.

One day, alas! you longed for a *filet*
De Megalonyx;
So him you killed, then carved and slashed away,
With knife of onyx.

A *Mammoth* spied, and charged right on you there:
Your first, last arrow
Crashed through his brain, and all sunk in despair
In one tomb narrow.

And there you lay, slow covered o'er by Time,
A thousand ages,
Reserved to prove how may a fact sublime
Startle our sages.

We're sorry you are dead: you leave us doubt
Enough to shelve us;
But rest in peace: we'll say no more about
Your blackened pelvis.

The expression "Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes," in Mr. Carlyle's letter acknowledging the receipt of some Spiritual rhapsody, appears to have greatly taken the fancy of many of our journals. One widely-circulated daily thanks him for the phrase, and others copy it, adding, "How Carlyleish!" or, in effect, "Just what we should have said had our opinion been asked." Considering that the philosopher of Chelsea wrote "Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apples," the comments are rather amusing. We should have been thankful, however, if he had written it as first quoted, for the figure would have been at least novel; whereas no one ever reads a reference to the fore-mentioned mythical fruit without a sense of personal injury and a rising at the gorge, as if he had inadvertently bitten a specimen of it.

... Bought a washing-tally the other day, a really convenient little thing for checking the description and number of pieces given out to the laundry, without the trouble of writing them down. The peripatetic vender of the recently-patented article was more edified than delighted when we exhibited to him one of precisely similar design, but of inferior workmanship, which we had made for our own use some years since; and his discomfiture was completed by the sight of the wood-cut on page 231, vol. ii. of the *Book of Days*, published by

Messrs. Lippincott & Co., where is displayed one of the time of Charles the First, from which wood-cut we had obtained our idea.

. . . Is anything more tenacious of life, or more phoenix-like—if one may be allowed to refer to that much-abused bird—than an anecdote of some public man? There is one credited to the late President Lincoln going the rounds, to the effect that, being importuned by an aspirant to diplomatic fame, he promised to let him know of a "good thing" if he would learn Spanish, and on the suggestion being attended to, recommended him to read *Don Quixote* in the original. Alas! we remember reading this in our boyhood of Talleyrand (everything of that sort was given then to him); some years after our acquisition of a tail-coat we saw it attributed to Palmerston; and three years ago were rather astonished to find that Bismarck was the originator of it.

. . . The following advertisement for the recovery of a red calf was actually published in a paper of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1869:

LOST.—A Calf Ret. His two behind legs was White. He was a she calf. Everybody what catches him gibs tree Dollars.

. . . The late Major S., of the United States Engineers, had a thorough dislike for England: he would have pleased Dr. Johnson, who liked a good hater. The major used to say that in any foreign complication which might arise it would be the simplest thing in the world to determine what the policy of this country should be: "All the President would have to do would be to find out what the policy of England was, and—*then go dead against it!*" On one occasion, conversing with an Englishman, he told him frankly that in this country Great Britain was "looked upon as the enemy of the human race." "Yes," replied the other, "I suppose nurses frighten their children by telling them that John Bull will come and eat them up?" "Not much!" shouted the major. Once, when he was coming over from England in one of the Cunard steamers, on a fine Sat-

urday afternoon a band on deck played Yankee Doodle. A gruff Englishman who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," retorted the major: "that is the tune the old Bull died of!" This apt reply made John Bull pause and consider, as indeed, according to the old ballad, the cow in question did:

"A certain sifer had a cow:
He had no hay to give her;
So he took his sife and began to play,
'Consider, cow, consider.'"

MR. EDITOR: As the public has recently learned, through the gossip of the Rev. Dr. Bellows, that our American sculptor Powers avows himself a "Spiritualist" and a faithful believer in the miracle-worker Home, and as the public interest in Lord Byron has been warmed up by the unholy fire of the monstrous charge brought against the poet, the following facts may be worthy of record. The reader can draw his own conclusions from them:

Among my friends in times long past there was included an officer in the United States Army, an intelligent, well-educated and highly estimable gentleman, whom I will designate by his initial, N. He lived on terms of the closest intimacy with a brother-officer of the same grade, W., a fellow-student at West Point, graduating at the same time. N. became, to the astonishment of all who knew him, a thorough Spiritualist, devoting to the novel intercourse with the unseen world a great deal of his time and attention. An ardent admirer of Byron's verse and prose writings, he sought the society of the eccentric nobleman, and was gratified by frequent meetings and long and familiar conversations with his disembodied spirit. He often entertained us with reports of these interviews, and availed himself, at our suggestion and of his own accord, of the opportunity of making inquiries of his interlocutor as to the meaning of obscure allusions in his poems and letters, and asking the names that should fill up blanks and asterisk marks. If not "true," each answer was found to be "*ben trovato*" and plausible.

Meanwhile, W. had been profoundly scandalized at his friend's weakness, and while he listened, scoffed at all the stories told us by N. The religious views of the two were as different as their sentiments on this new

topic. W. was an avowed Deist—N. a faithful Christian disciple. The mother of W., a pious and venerable old lady, died at a time when their professional duties had separated them widely; and shortly after her death, N. was surprised at receiving a letter from W., informing him of his conversion, and stating that he had become a Spiritualist, receiving daily visits from his mother, to whom he had always been most tenderly attached. Still more surprised was N. at being kindly but seriously warned by the mother of W. to beware of the false spirit who was amusing himself and playing upon the enthusiastic admiration of N. for the great poet by personating that wretched ghost. W. was enjoined to deceive his friend, and to declare to him that the author of *Cain* and of *Don Juan* was not only damned in the usual and formal manner, but regarded as

so great a criminal that he was not allowed the ordinary freedom of the denizens of the shadowy world, but was kept in close, solitary and perpetual confinement.

It is impossible to express and difficult to imagine the mortification of our friend N. at thus finding himself cheated by a lying demon, and his "imaginary conversations" deprived of their assumed importance.

S. H. D.

MR. EDITOR: Among the many grammatical difficulties in the English language is the proper use of the words *shall* and *will*. For instance, "The United States *will* pay to bearer Two Dollars."

Is this a prophecy or a promise?

If prophetic, when *will* it be fulfilled?

If promissory, when *shall* it be performed?

HIBERNICUS.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Discourses. By the Reverend Father Hyacinthe. Translated by Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 12mo. pp. 298.

It is rather to be regretted that the introduction of the eloquent French preacher to the general American public should have been made through the very imperfect medium of a hastily and (we are sorry to add) carelessly compiled collection of his detached efforts.

No doubt it is proper and—in view of the evanescent nature of the interest we as a nation take in any subject not immediately connected with ourselves—quite laudable to rush a book through the printer's hands without much regard for the accuracy of its execution or for the author's feelings, in an agonized attempt to catch the public attention before its diversion to some newer novelty; but it is unfortunate that Father Hyacinthe should have fallen such an early victim to the system. It was quite unnecessary for the reverend translator to inform us that "the work has been driven through at the

utmost possible speed of the pen." Indeed, the "scissors" seem to have shared in no inconsiderable degree the labors of the "pen;" and the general result is the patchwork appearance that forms so unpleasant though so common a feature in American book-making. A biographical sketch of Father Hyacinthe—presumably from the pen of Mr. Bacon—fills the first thirty-seven pages. Then follow, in the order indicated, a letter from the "great Carmelite" to the general of his order—his famous speech before the Peace League in the July of last year—six of the discourses at the conferences of Notre Dame—two sermons—and a letter prefixed to a French edition of the works of his uncle, Charles Loyson. The remainder of the book consists of an appendix, containing part of a well-known article by De Pressensé on the general condition of the Roman Catholic Church in France. By means of this appendix, the biographical sketch and the notes, explanations, remarks and interpolations of the translator—which are introduced with exceeding liberality—a book of some two

hundred pages is produced, of which about one-half is the author's. A very annoying peculiarity in these notes is their inclusion in the text. It is usual for the most enthusiastic commentators to either place their annotations at the foot of the page or gather them into the secure fold of an appendix, so that the intelligent and experienced reader may easily avoid them. But Mr. Bacon has arranged his comments in so ingenious a manner—inserting them, as we have said, in the body of the text—that the most wary and circumspect may fall into the trap, and in bitterness of spirit find himself reading a "note." Nor does the character of these annotations tend to make one forgive the unseemly manner of their introduction. Comments such as the following—"Having to define civil society in this first lecture, Father Hyacinthe considered he could not better do this than by," etc. (p. 19); "Father Hyacinthe proposes to consider," etc. (p. 28); "Father Hyacinthe remarks," etc. (p. 44); "In conclusion, Father Hyacinthe remarked upon the error," etc. (p. 54)—with which the book is filled, are alike unflattering to author and reader. The sole object of the notes—apart from their intrinsic value as "words," and their function of increasing the size of the book—seems to be to explain what the author has done or is about to do in his argument—a species of assistance for which authors are not apt to be grateful. There are other, many other, blemishes in the book of a minor sort—instances of bad taste, such as reporting the expressions of applause in the speech before the Peace League ("Good!" "Great applause," "Smiles," "Enthusiastic shouts"), etc., in the newspaper style; and on p. 129 we find the following valuable quotation and reference: "Patience smiling at grief," with the foot-note, "Shakespeare."

The real fault of the book, however, is its failure to present the individuality of the thought of the great pulpit orator of France, or any true idea of the nature and effect of his eloquence. It is only fair to say that no book can do more than approximate an absolutely truthful picture.

Father Hyacinthe is in every sense, and to the fullest meaning of the word, an orator. He is not a great *thinker*—sometimes hardly logical even in the sequence of his thought, and far from remarkable for any power of wide generalization. Much of his power lies in that subtle, curious influence men call

animal magnetism. In the graces of elocution he is an adept, and more at home with them than with the flowers of rhetoric. The construction of his thought, if the phrase may be allowed, is graceful, but with a shade more of fancy about it than is usually found in men of his depth and power. For while he is not a great thinker, he is more than a man of fine and fervid imagination skilled in the tricks of voice and manner that make oratory powerful with the masses. There is something for every man to learn from the lips of the great priest. Every now and then a sentence, clear cut as crystal, and holding in its crypt the thought that it illuminates without obscuring, flashes across the thread of his speech, never disturbing the hearer, because never out of place itself, yet serving to light up and mark for his future study some transitional point in the argument, where other men would have left a gap. Every now and then a thought comes like an inspiration to close the gaping inconsistencies between two seemingly discordant doctrines which the utmost ingenuity of ordinary thinkers could not so much as temporarily bridge. To his eloquence and oratory Father Hyacinthe adds a delicate and poetic conception of life, acute and active perceptions, and a power of *realism*, of throwing himself into close, earnest sympathy with other thoughts and systems than his own, which are both rare and wonderful. His treatment of a subject can only be illustrated by the method in which an artist paints—doing everything by the law of his art—guided in every touch by the unrecognized force of experience that is perhaps his best text-book, yet seemingly bound by no rule but of his own making. To those who have heard him in his own pulpit this book will recall the author. To those who have never listened to his marvelous voice, and felt the subtle power of his enthusiasm and eloquent thought, Mr. Bacon's work will bring no revelation of the man Charles Loyson. The difficulties of translation have been considerable, and the haste with which the book was prepared has not permitted the translator to meet them very successfully. But, however far this haste may shield Mr. Bacon from adverse criticism, it must to a still greater extent prevent the book being used as the basis of any intelligent examination of Father Hyacinthe's doctrines and character.

The approaching struggle between the two

great parties in the Roman Church is one that must surely leave a broad and ineffaceable mark upon the history of the century. Nor are we altogether the disinterested spectators we sometimes fancy ourselves to be. The polity of the Mother Church on subjects of real importance is no matter of indifference to a nation in which its members outnumber—it is claimed—the communicants of all other churches combined. On the side of the liberal, advanced spirit of the age stands no abler champion than the eloquent and powerful Loyson; and it is to be hoped that Americans may be yet more familiar with one of the leading actors in the great drama on which the curtain has been just rolled up than they can be made by the reading of the book we have reviewed.

Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life. By John Neal. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 430.

A gossiping book written by a gossiping man about a wandering, many-sided life. John Neal is little known to those who have recently come upon the stage of life, but since he has settled down in the "seventies" of his life to revise his early works for republication, we may expect to learn more of his abilities. The first volume of the series is his autobiography. This is entertaining reading, though it can claim but little merit in point of artistic finish. It seems ill arranged—somewhat as if it had been originally written in the order of time, and then a new arrangement of the pages had been made by placing them at random. This, however, suits the random reader, and such a one is most likely to read the life of a man who never did anything great, except a great multitude of little things.

John Neal was a member of the Society of Friends until over twenty, when he was disowned, partly because he was uncertain what he believed, but chiefly because he showed a disposition to pick a quarrel with every one who would not get out of his way or who looked at him insolently. The earlier years of his life had been made dismal by the persecutions he endured not only in the streets of Portland, but even when at the school of Friend Boyce, a few miles out of the city. He says he never was quarrelsome, always forgiving, but "I forgave in fear, not in love. I was born a coward—not to be mealy-mouthed, a downright cow-

ard." He amply expiated this fault in after life. He tended store in Portland, Boston and Portsmouth, and kept shop on his own account in the two former cities and in New York and Baltimore. Not doing any good, he read a course of law and was admitted to the Bar. His debts becoming greater than his estate, he went to England to answer the question, "Who reads an American book?" Here he remained a number of years, writing anonymously on the United States for *Blackwood* and some five or six other magazines and reviews. In this field he was very successful, being equally accomplished at blowing his own or America's trumpet. He received fifty dollars an article from *Blackwood*, and wrote the longest essay it ever admitted, every paragraph of which, Professor Wilson said, was an article in itself. The height of his ambition was to let loose the American eagle from the battery of Edinboro' town, but the great Jeffrey and the small Neal never came to terms. As a member of a London debating club, he made the acquaintance of Jeremy Bentham, J. S. Mill and others. Here, he says, "I had no antagonist worth mentioning except young Mill, who contented himself with half a dozen syllogisms which did not reach the heart of the subject." He thinks neither Grote nor Mill would ever have been anybodies but for their wives: the latter is timid, politic, without originality, wholly destitute of imagination, enthusiasm or warmth. On the strength of his literary and legal ability he lived a while with Bentham as a secretary, and became so attached to the great lawyer that he incurred the hatred of the housekeeper, who accused him of getting the old man under his thumb and his fingers on his property, and of being a "nasty Yankee" generally. Although Bentham's biographer makes Jeremy say he would rather have a rattlesnake in his house than that Neal, we have the fullest assurance that they were the best of friends, and that the said biographer was Neal's enemy because he was insolent to our country in the *Westminster Review*. After he returned home, and had floated around a while, he settled in Portland, chiefly because he was told he would not be allowed to stay. His answer to the warning indicates his character: "Verily, verily, if that is your position, here I *will* stay until I am rooted and grounded—grounded, if need be, in my grave." And there he remains, the sage of

Portland, regarding all other cities as outposts and makeshifts—Portland as unmatched, unmatched. Of the great men the city has produced, Neal is the first and Longfellow the last. In that village he has given lessons in boxing, fencing, drawing and penmanship; founded gymnasia; written for forty or fifty newspapers and other literary concerns, many of which, he pathetically remarks, died soon after; edited some three himself, wherein he received and encouraged the first efforts of Whittier and Poe; sent out stories without number, poems by the score, criticisms on literature and the fine arts by the acre; and finally, what the world will not willingly let die, two dime novels. He has always advocated the abolition of capital punishment; and in a Fourth of July oration in 1826 claims to have laid the foundation of all that has since been built up in favor of woman's rights. If he really did start this aggravating question, he has more to answer for than most men. He has often tried politics, but being uniformly unsuccessful, says, "I never did run well: I never could—I never shall."

Such is John Neal, and such are the outlines of his career—a man who made some stir in the literary world of the first half of this century, but whose faculties needed better organization, who should have driven fewer wedges into the characters of other men, and striven to conceal an excessive confidence in his own abilities.

The Professor's Wife; or, It Might Have Been. By Annie L. Macgregor, author of "John Ward's Governess." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 336.

It is a positive relief in these days, when extravagant sensationalism, *fade* sentimentality or wearisome sermonizing makes dreary the pages of so many novels, to meet with a fresh, simple and well-told story like the one before us. *The Professor's Wife* is the story of one of those dramatic tragedies that are enacted every day in so-called happy homes: it is the history of a selfish, silly woman, who by her silliness mars and wrecks the lives of those to whom she should have brought only love, consolation and guidance. Miss Macgregor possesses considerable power of character-painting, and Mrs. Ashton, Kate, the real heroine of the book, her fair, selfish sister Florence, and the colored servant, old

Auntie, are all flesh-and-blood personages, each with an identity and individuality of her own. A vein of genial humor sparkles through the book and relieves with its brightness the sadder portions of the narrative. Whatever errors or imperfections we discern in this work are mainly the results of youth and inexperience, and they are accompanied by so much originality of thought and conception, and such power of individualizing character, that we look forward with pleasing anticipations to the future works we hope to see from Miss Macgregor's pen, and predict all success for the pleasant and interesting story before us.

Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets: Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher. By Edwin Paxton Hood. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 453.

Selections from the sermons of the most distinguished preachers from Saint Paul to Puritan Adams, with critical remarks and essays on matters connected with the pulpit,—these topics form a promising subject, and the author has made out of them a book which is agreeable and instructive. It displays considerable research, and is a favorable specimen of the copious literature of our day intended to open a royal road to knowledge. It is, of course, only by the consultation of his sermons in full that a just estimate can be formed of such a man, for example, as Jeremy Taylor. Still, such books as the present, though they may be open to the objection of being purveyors of "disjointed thinking," have their uses.

Three Thousand Miles Through the Rocky Mountains. By A. K. McClure. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 337.

The incidents described in this book were jotted down day by day, as Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*—a plan which gives an air of reality to the narrative. There is enough of Western slang in the book to show that the author was, if not out of humanity's reach, at least beyond the influence of conventionalism. In truth, his slang is more acceptable than his sentiment and philosophy—articles which the intelligent reader can supply for himself; and while the work is not one of high artistic execution or of profound thought, it is what it sets out to be—an entertaining and instructive book of travel.

Books Received.

- Order and Chaos: A Lecture delivered at Loyola College, Baltimore, in July, 1869, by T. W. M. Marshall, Esq., author of "Christian Missions." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 45.
- The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber, D. D. By John Edward Bowden. With an Introduction by an American Clergyman. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 12mo. pp. 487.
- A Memoir on the Life and Character of the Rev. Prince Demetrius A. de Gallitzin. By Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, of Bedford, Pa. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 16mo. pp. 200.
- Aurelia; or, The Jews of Capena-Gate. By M. A. Quinton, Advocate. Freely translated from the French by P. F. de Gournay. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 12mo. pp. viii., 366.
- Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. With a Biography of the Author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 276.
- The Romance of Spanish History. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The French Revolution," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 462.
- France and England in North America: A Series of Historical Narratives. By Francis Parkman. Part Third. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Crown 8vo. pp. 425.
- The Village on the Cliff, with other Stories and Sketches. By Anne Isabella Thackeray. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 277.
- Juventus Mundi: The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age. By Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Crown 8vo. pp. 554.
- The Boy Farmers of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," etc., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 300.
- Woman: Her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges and Responsibilities. By L. P. Rucket, M. D. Illustrated. Hartford: L. Stebbins. 12mo. pp. 447.
- The Story of Elizabeth, with other Tales and Sketches. By Anne Isabella Thackeray. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. pp. 282.
- The Building of the Ship. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Square 16mo. pp. 79.
- Wrecked in Port: A Novel. By Edmund Yates, author of "Kissing the Rod," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 142.
- The Pathology of Bright's Disease. By Wm. B. Lewis, M. D. With Illustrations. New York: Turner & Mignard. Pamphlet. 12mo. pp. 29.
- The Prose Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. New and Revised Edition. 2 vols. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 566, 491.
- How Eva Roberts Gained her Education. By the author of "Forrest Mills." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 250.
- How Charley Roberts Became a Man. By the author of "Forrest Mills." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 256.
- Ballads of New England. By John Greenleaf Whittier. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 8vo. pp. 92.
- Miscellanies. By William M. Thackeray. Vol. II. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 590.
- The Sunset Land; or, The Great Pacific Slope. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 322.
- Rena; or, The Snow-bird. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 273.
- The Red Court Farm: A New Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 438.
- The Uncle Sam Series for American Children. With Colored Illustrations. 4 vols. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 4to.
- My Enemy's Daughter: A Novel. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 162.
- A Physician's Problems. By Charles Elam, M. D., M. R. C. P. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. viii., 400.
- A Chapter of Erie. By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 18mo. pp. 152.
- The Young Detective; or, Which Won? By Rosa Abbott. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 256.
- Dotty Dimple's Flyaway. By Sophie May. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 18mo. pp. 200.
- Lake Shore Series. By Oliver Optic. 4 vols. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo.
- Living Thoughts. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 246.

